



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

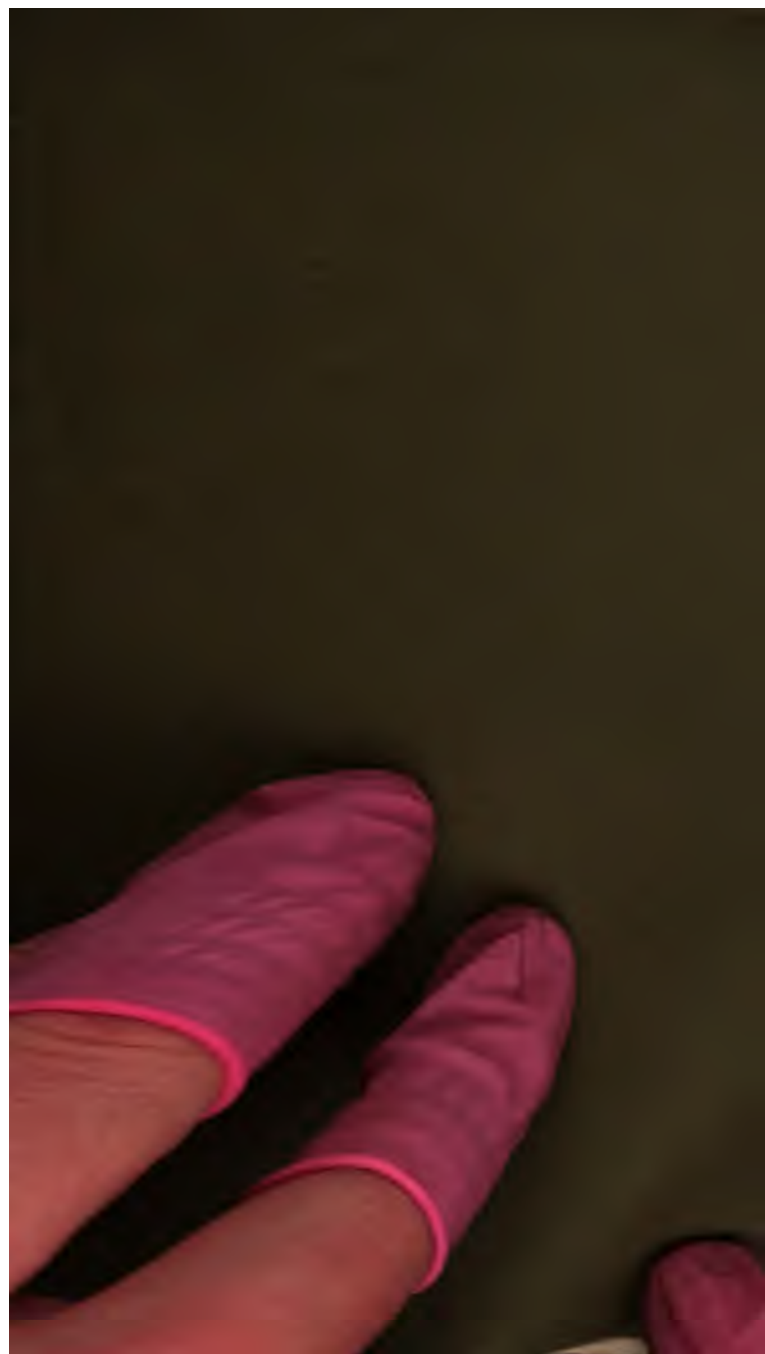
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

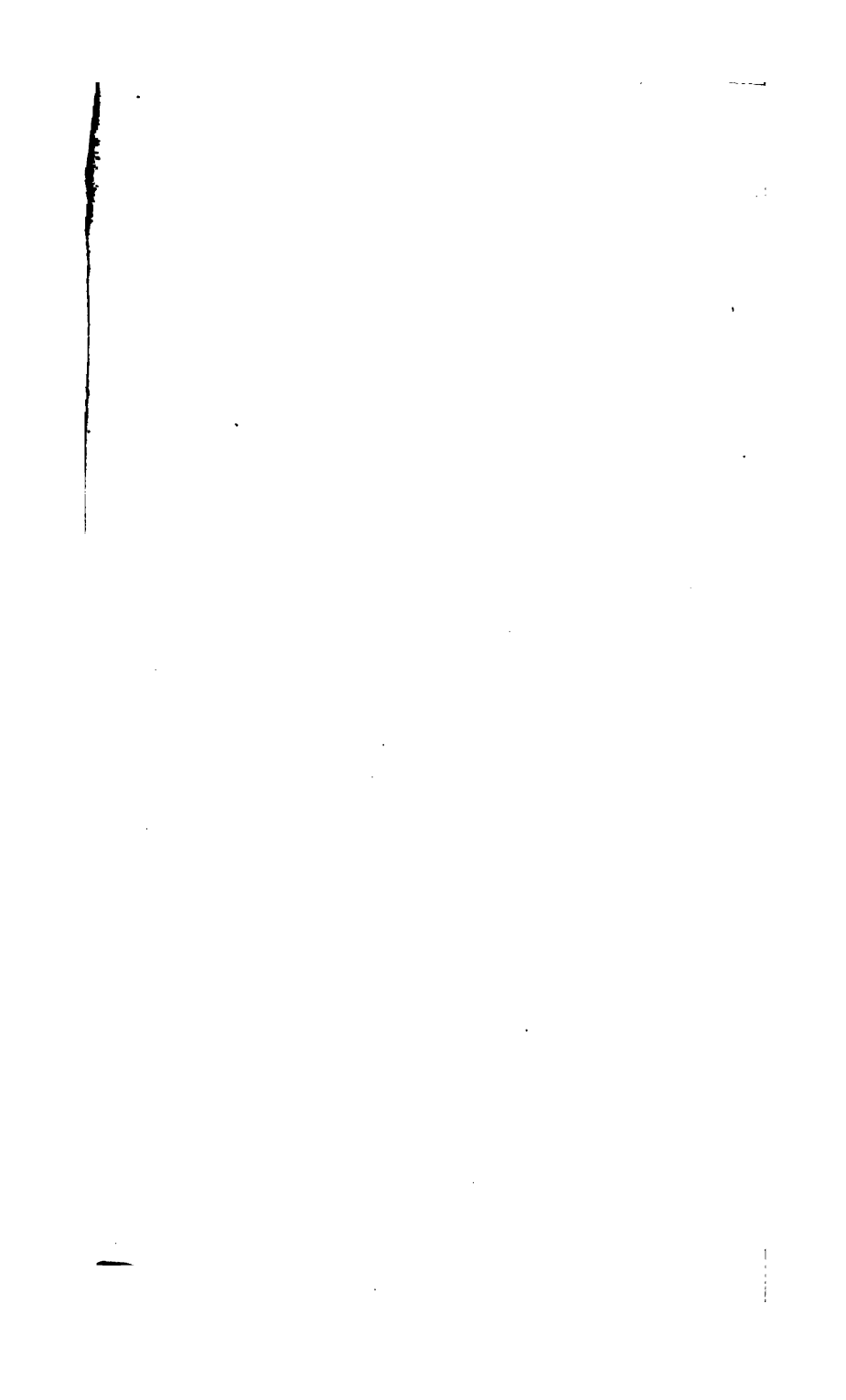




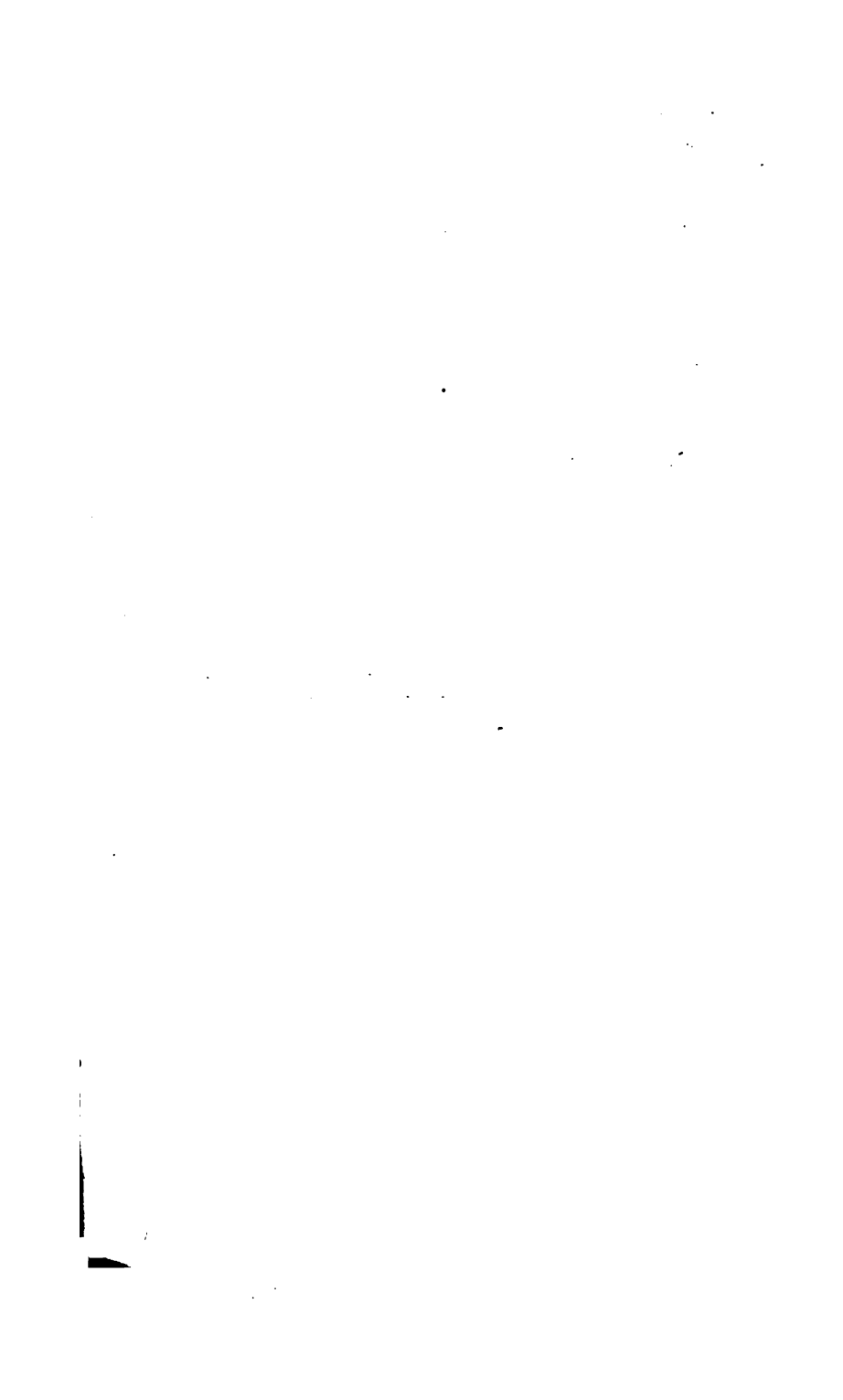
600013790Q







AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS.







yours affectionately
Thos Godwin

THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS

OF THE LATE
THOMAS GODWIN,
FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS MINISTER OF THE
GOSPEL,
SIXTEEN YEARS OF WHICH HE WAS THE BELOVED
AND FAITHFUL PASTOR OF THE
STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH,
CAMBRIDGE STREET, GODMANCHESTER;

TOGETHER WITH
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST DAYS.

—
A sinner saved by sovereign grace.
—



LONDON:
J. GADSBY, 18, BOUVERIE STREET;
ALSO OF
MRS. GODWIN, 44, BUCKINGHAM ROAD, BRIGHTON.

1878.

Price, Cloth, 2s. 8d. ; Half Calf, 4s.

210. m. 711.

LONDON :
CLAYTON AND CO., TEMPLE PRINTING WORKS, BOUVERIE STREET,
WHITEFRIARS.

To the Christian Reader.

IN sending forth this short account of the dealings of the Lord with one of his servants, I feel much my inability for the work. But on reading over what my dear husband has left behind him, I saw that it was his wish that it should appear in print; he having experienced so much of the Lord's goodness, both in providence and grace, it might encourage others to trust in the Lord. A few years back, he read over what he had written in his earlier days, and revised and much curtailed what he formerly had written, both of his trials and the deliverances connected therewith; feeling that, although they had, under the gracious hand of the Lord, humbled him and done him good, they would not be to the edification of the reader; for "in many things we offend all." But he had proved a remark he often made: "He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done." But, under the gracious leadings of the Holy Spirit, these things are among the "all things" that work for the Christian's good. They humble him, lay him low in the dust, make him willing to take a low place, and exalt

the Saviour, "who of God is made unto" his people "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" yea, their All and in all.

His many troubles and trials made him especially tender and sympathizing with those in affliction and trouble. He never forgot to plead for the widow and fatherless, both in public and private; thus carrying out that injunction: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this,—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."

I take this opportunity of thanking those kind friends who assisted me in the work by forwarding me their letters for insertion. And if the Lord be pleased to bless the reading of it to the hearts of his dear people, to him be all the praise and glory.

I remain, dear Reader,

Yours faithfully,

ANN GODWIN.

44, *Buckingham Road,*
Brighton.

P R E F A C E.

IN attempting to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one so retiring, and yet so endeared, as the lamented author of the following letters, I fear lest, on the one hand, I may say too much, or, on the other, too little about my worthy friend ; but, should I err, I may perhaps be excused if the sorrowing of intimate friendship be considered.

Man is apt to lean to the side he loves ; and more so in the case of a brother minister, who could not be known without being loved, yet one who did but little to make himself the property of the public, nevertheless one who was entirely the property of the church of Christ, and with the fondness of a kind heart breathed a true Christian spirit.

No book merits our attention as the inspired Oracles do ; and no pen can furnish matter equal to God's Word ; nevertheless, the effect produced on the heart of man by God's Spirit, through God's Word, is, I think, next in importance to God's Word itself ; inasmuch as each one so taught is a living witness for God, while speaking according to the law and the testimony. Hence God says, "Ye are my witnesses." (Isa. xliii. 12.) And remember, no exposition of God's Word can

be known with equal power and beauty as that portion is, sealed upon the heart by God the Holy Ghost, that blessed Teacher and Comforter our Lord Jesus Christ promised to pray the Father to send. And the Father, answering the prayer of his own Eternal Son, does send the Comforter into the hearts of his people. (Jno. xiv. 16.) What a heart that is where this Comforter abides, and where the Father and the Son have also taken up their abode! (Jno. xiv. 23.) No falling from grace here.

Brother Godwin was not a man of mere grammar, who could heap together, in order, words of scriptural truths, doctrinal, experimental, and practical truths, all of which may be found in God's Word, but which, like the head of the axe the prophet caused to swim, may be borrowed. The day will come when all borrowed matter will have to swim before the public gaze of an assembled world; and then Solomon's prating fools, who cannot walk uprightly, shall be known. (Prov. x. 9, 10.) Jeremiah sets such in a somewhat obscure light, though beautiful when seen. He says, "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." (Jer. xvii. 11.) Jeremiah's partridge, when her own eggs fail, steals from a neighbouring nest. Alas! alas for all such! Not so Thomas Godwin. His matter, though somewhat rough, was worked

out of his own system, and drawn out of his own well ; as all who rightly knew him were and are willing to admit. Christ, the living Fountain, was the source from whence he drew all his supplies ; and Christ being formed in his heart the Hope of glory, he enjoyed much of Christ's Spirit. He was a man truly humbled, whose beginning and ending in the divine life ran one grand parallel. The grace of God had warmed his heart, and the fear of God regulated his life.

As a scholar, our brother stood on no high elevation, except in divine things. He had been at the best school, and was truly taught of God ; and having learned of the Father something of God's most holy law, and the terrors of the Lord, as a perishing sinner he heard the sound of a great trumpet ; and, drawn by the Holy Spirit, he fled for refuge to him who says, " As soon as they hear of me they shall run unto me."

The uplifted Saviour was to him a wonderful sight. He learned that Christ received sinners ; and, venturing, he felt the spirit of grace and supplication sustain him as he approached. Then, blessed with a sense of pardoning mercy, his mouth was opened amongst the people of God ; and before he or the people well knew what he was doing, he was preaching Christ to sinners. This was something dreadful and unpardonable, especially in high circles, where priestcraft rode rough-shod round the parish ; while the " Meetings "

were held up to ridicule and contempt. Our brother went on preaching Christ, and baptizing believers in the Name of the Lord Jesus. Poor fallen nature around him, even where it might be called religious, could not see in him God's work, any more than the despising Jews could see in Jesus of Nazareth the Eternal Son of God. Though the fulness of the Godhead bodily dwelt in him, they only saw the man.

As a friend, Mr. Godwin was open and kind. There was much simplicity of manners and integrity of character in his whole bearing, that endeared him to his friends. He was extremely fond of meeting with one whose eyes were being opened to divine things. He did, without design, mingle cheerfulness with sedateness; and, pointing the anxious one beyond the future, could throw a handful of purpose, which often endeared him to the troubled soul. Even grace had not altered the character of his mind. It is true, much was changed; but the fragments of youth were visible to the last. Many still inquired with no ordinary respect after him. Alas! The answer to those inquiries must now be that he is gone the way of all living; while the Christian friend will add, He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.

In handling a doctrinal subject, or any point of discussion, our author seldom succeeded; and sometimes the balance of his judgment seemed in danger, so anxious was he to get at what he called "savbary

meat." His heart was warm ; discussion seemed too dry for him.

The strength of his ministry lay in relating the operations of the Spirit of God upon the heart ;—times of refreshing, sealing times, heaps of stones, Ebenezers, Bethels, Hermons, and Mizar Hills ; all testimonies. On these subjects he could revel with pleasure when his heart was warm. He would, at times, burst out in his own provincial dialect ; and this was rich indeed when his congregation happened to be in the "wilds of Wiltshire," when the more humble of his hearers felt themselves enriched under a shower of what to them was the most powerful eloquence. When his heart was thus warm, he seldom failed to invest his subject with considerable interest.

Our author was twice married. His widow still survives.

Throughout his ministerial life, quietness was dear to him ; and seldom indeed could he be brought on the foreground, except in the pulpit,

His letters will, no doubt, appear to have a certain amount of sameness ; nor need that be wondered at. The matter contained in them is pretty much the subject of grace and salvation. Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His atonement is the same ; his justifying righteousness is the same ; his sufferings are the same ; regeneration is the same ; the love of God is the same ; the power of the Spirit is the same ;

- and it is the same Lord who is rich unto all that call upon him in truth ; so the sameness of his letters need not surprise.

Christian humility was very apparent in his character ; yet no extent of misrepresentation or calumny could move him from what he believed to be his duty in observing the weaknesses, errors, and evils of his brethren. He was clear-sighted and firm as a rock in claiming respect for the servant of Christ, in honour of his Master ; yet in things personal he was very retiring. To blame his friend was a task to his tender heart ; yet he stood firm where guilt was plain. He stuck to his friend in adversity as in prosperity. He could soothe the bed of affliction ; and many a child of sorrow has he beguiled into holy resignation by his peculiar method of opening up the treasures of God's love, grace, and mercy, in a way suited to the case in hand. And thus, though, like other servants of Christ, and mankind in general, he spent his years as a tale that is told, there is an eternity of real enjoyment for the ransomed of the Lord.

Those to whom the memory of Mr. Godwin is deservedly dear will be pleased to have something from the pen of him whose face they are no more to see in the flesh.

A. B. TAYLOR.

Moss Cottage, May 2, 1878.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

M R. GODWIN.

BIRTH AND EARLY DAYS.

THE Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, help me to do the thing which I have had on my mind for many years, and help me to be honest before God and men and with my own conscience.

I have for many years past been much exercised about giving an outline of my poor unprofitable life, and of the gracious dealings of my covenant God and Father in the Lord Jesus Christ. My first birthplace was at Purton, in Wilts. I was born at Purton, in the county of Wilts, a village about five and a half miles from Swindon, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three. My father's name was Ralph Godwin; and my mother's Susan. My parents were poor; and my father's calling or trade was that of a shoemaker. There were eight of us in family,—five boys and three girls; and I am the youngest son of my mother.

As I grew in years, and everything was so dear, I was obliged to go out to work, just after I was turned six years of age. My first employment was to ride about with an old farmer, to open the gates for him, as he was a cripple; and my wages were two pence per day,—one shilling per week. As I grew older, my wages were advanced; and when I was about ten years of age I became a milk boy, and cut my own loaf. But I was then a steady and a hard-working boy, and had to rise in the morning about four o'clock.

And so I was moved on, by God's good providence, from one step to another, until I became about fifteen

years of age ; and then I began to think myself something. The pride of my heart, and the lust of my flesh, began to show themselves in a most rapid way and manner. I was then living with a widow woman, at the Vicarage house, in a village called Rodbourn Cheney, near Swindon, in the county of Wilts. She feared God, and would often correct me. I lived with her three years, and then went home to my father and learned the shoemaking, as I had done a little to it before. Then I ran further into sin than ever. I was then just nineteen years of age ; and I commenced in business as a shoemaker at a village called Shaw, about three miles and a half from Swindon, in the county of Wilts. There I ran further into sin and wickedness than ever, until I was just over twenty-three years of age. At this time I was married ; and as we were much addicted to card-playing, and visiting from place to place, and people getting into my debt ; although my wife and I worked very hard for the bread that perisheth, and tried hard to pay our way, yet we were never satisfied unless we were card-playing or visiting. And we were both as proud as the devil and the pride of our hearts could make us.

CONVICTION OF SIN.

But now troubles and afflictions of one kind and another began to fall upon us, and I began to be very unhappy and very miserable, so that I did not know what to do with myself. One day, I had been into a neighbour's house, where I often used to resort, as I was so fond of foolish talking and making sport of one and another ; and an awful blasphemer when in a passion, and that was often. But, as I was passing from this person's house to my own, just as I got into the centre of the road, these words dropped into my heart and soul with such power: "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof

in the day of judgment." And now the Lord put a damper upon all my wicked practices, and spoiled all my sport in this world. At that time I was very fond of singing ; but the arrow was shot into my conscience, and stuck fast there. I tried with all my might and power to get it out and shake it off ; but all was in vain. The Lord began to show me that I was a sinner in his sight ; and I began to make vows and promises that I would mend my life, and go to church ; and I then thought that I should soon grow better. At that time I could not read at all, no, not the alphabet ; and what to do I could not tell ; for, I thought, if I could read, the Lord may be pleased with me, as I wanted to do something to try and please the Lord. I knew that we had got one old book in the house, and I thought it was a Bible, because I knew some of the letters, but not all. So I got this old book and went up into my cutting-room, and kneeled down, and opened the old Bible, and began to try to pray over it, to ask the Lord to teach me to read. On a Lord's day morning I used to be up before the sun all through the spring and summer, as my soul's trouble commenced in the spring of the year 1826. I had been very diligent in business ; but yet not so earnest in it nor at it as the Lord had made me about my never-dying soul. Here I used to spend all my Sabbaths, from daylight in the morning until dark at night, with the exception of going to the parish church twice on a Lord's day.

When I could read the little words without spelling, this encouraged me to press on and redeem all the time I could ; but as convictions grew within my conscience, and one sin and another was opened up in my soul, I felt that all my seeking and trying to read and pray did not make me any better ; but I rather grew worse and worse. But still, as the Holy Ghost showed me what was wrong, he gave me power to leave it off. And here I went on until the Lord made me leave off all the business that I had practised on

the Lord's day from the commencement of my marriage. All my old companions looked with a scornful eye upon me; and although they could do nothing without me, neither could they go anywhere with pleasure without me before, but now they hated me, and began to persecute me, and say all manner of evil against me. But still, my soul was on the full stretch after something; but I was as ignorant of salvation as a beast.

After a time, I got a New Testament, which was better print than this old Bible; and down I fell upon my knees to thank the Lord for it, and tried to ask the Lord to teach me to read it, and often with weeping eyes. After a long time I could read a little, and then I began, as I thought, to be thankful to the Lord for teaching me this little. As I had left off all my former practices, and was very diligent in the use of the means, and tried to do all the good I could to my neighbours, and never lost a moment in idleness, therefore pride and self-righteousness sprang up in my heart to that degree that I began to think that I really had become a better man. The church minister that I sat under began to praise me, and set me up very high among the congregation, until I thought that I must be a Christian in deed and in truth; and I used to go from house to house to talk about, as I thought, *religion*. But, alas! alas! I neither knew my own heart nor anything of the fall of man, nor anything of the bitterness and evil of sin.

As I had then two small children, I took my little girl to a weekly boarding school. And as I had a brother who lived close to this school, I looked in to see him, and found another brother with him. As I was in my own eyes too holy to talk about anything but religion, I began to tell them what state and condition we were all in by nature and practice. My eldest brother said to me, "Tom, thee dost think that thou art righteous." I answered him by these words: "There is none righteous, no, not one." And the

Holy Ghost brought the same words back into my own heart and conscience like a sharp two-edged sword, and cut me down at a stroke. I trembled from head to foot, within and without, and the tears ran down my cheeks. Out of the house I came. All my supposed religion was swept away in a moment; and down my soul fell, like a bird shot, into a state of despondency. But before I had got three stones' cast, these words came with such killing power: "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." Now the enemy told me that I had committed the unpardonable sin, that there was no ground whatever for me to hope for mercy, and that I was a reprobate, and must be cast for ever into hell. All my profession was turned into sin and transgression; the curse of the law was brought into my heart and conscience; and the devil let loose upon me, so that my soul sank into the lowest hell. Sin and transgression became so bitter and hateful in my soul, I seemed to suffer the torments of hell within; and I could neither eat nor drink, sleep nor work. My flesh and strength failed me, and I very soon became like a walking ghost. Here I saw a just God, and his strict justice; and the wrath of a broken law was let out into my conscience like a burning fire. Truly my soul did experimentally know the right meaning of these words: "Moreover, the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

The Lord kept me shut up here in this prison of sin, guilt, and condemnation, tortured and tormented in my very heart, soul, and conscience; and I envied the dog, horse, cow, and fowl, and wished that I had never been born. With such a heavy load of sin and

guilt; law and wrath, working within, I felt afraid to close my eyes in sleep, for fear I should wake up in hell. I was tempted day and night to destroy myself, sometimes with poison, sometimes with a knife, and sometimes with a razor, sometimes in the water, and sometimes with the rope, until my life became a burden to me, and the torment seemed as bad as hell itself, and the solemn weight of eternity. With the fear and dread of eternal torments, fearing that the earth would open her mouth and swallow me up, or else that the judgment of God would come down upon me and strike me dead on the spot, I went backward and forward to the parish church, and heard the law read over every Sabbath day. I used to look at the minister and the dead congregation; they all seemed dead together; and not one word about my case could I hear.

Here I was, with my mouth stopped, my soul lost; and no one seemed to know my case, nor care for my soul. My flesh had gone off of my bones, and my strength was dried up like a potsherd. Here my soul could feelingly and experimentally join with David, and say, "There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin. For mine iniquities are gone over my head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me." And I could feelingly say with Jeremiah, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath." And here my soul was kept at Mount Sinai; and as the trumpet sounded long and louder in my poor burdened and condemned conscience, and expecting to be cut off and sent to hell, my flesh trembled for fear of him. I was indeed afraid of his judgments.

In this awful state I cried to God for mercy day and night; but I wanted repentance before God. I felt that I could not repent of myself; and my soul cried to God day and night for it. And yet godly fear and godly sorrow were at that time working within my soul; because sin was so hateful and bitter,

and the tears of sorrow were running down my cheeks day and night. Satan was tempting me on every hand and on every side, until my soul was in such an agony that I felt as though hell could be no worse, and the devil set in upon me like a flood.

A HOPE IN GOD'S MERCY.

Being at home by myself on a Monday morning, Satan and I had agreed together to go up into my cutting-room and hang myself. Up stairs I went to put an end to my miserable life, trembling from head to foot, and under these feelings: That my poor dear wife and children would come home and find my dead body, and my soul would be in hell. But Satan got defeated. Before I could get up into my room, these words dropped into my heart and soul: "Who can tell but what God may have mercy on such a hell-deserving sinner as I have felt myself to be before a heart-searching God?" I cast my eyes up to the beam where the execution was to take place. All of a sudden the Lord brought before my mind all the vile characters that he had saved, as they are set forth in the Bible; such as the harlot Rahab, Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, Saul, and others. Down I fell upon my knees once more, and the publican's prayer was put into my heart and soul. My heart was broken all to pieces. The tears ran down my cheeks in streams, and a hope was raised up in my soul in the free mercy of God.

How long I was kept here I could not say; but this I can say, that while on my knees, pouring out my soul before God, I felt he was *able* to save me; but my soul said, "Art thou *willing* to save such a black sinner as I am?" I felt willing to be saved in any way; but all this time my soul had no knowledge of the Saviour. Although I felt nothing but the strict justice of God against me, yet I could see that he was a God of mercy to his people. But when the Lord

raised up this hope in my soul in his free mercy, I had such a sight and felt sense of his long-suffering mercy and forbearance towards me, that I came down out of my cutting-room, trying to thank the Lord for making a way for my escape once more.

After this my soul sank lower and deeper than before. I was now tempted to kill my wife and two dear children, and then destroy myself. I must leave my reader to judge what my feelings must be. Here my soul was tormented day and night. I had no one to speak to, and there was no truth to hear on the Lord's day. I went to the parish church twice a day, and sometimes used to go out between the services into fields, creep into the ditch, and try to cry for mercy. I always walked with my guilty head down, looking on the earth, with my mouth shut. When any one came to my house on business, I could only receive their orders; I could not talk to them. If any one asked me what was the matter, I used to say, "I am lost and going to hell." The byword was, respecting me, "Godwin has gone out of his mind;" and I thought so too, and that I should be taken off to an asylum and die there, and that my wife and two children would die in a poor-house.

DELIVERANCE FROM THE LAW.

Now the time drew near that the Lord had fixed for my deliverance. My soul was suffering a hell upon earth, between the guilt of sin, the weight of transgression, the strict justice of God, the wrath of the law, the power of temptations, the terrors of God, the fears of death, the pains of hell, a never-ending eternity, and everlasting separation from God and my poor wife and children. These things sank me into black despair. But the memorable morning was come. I walked round my garden and my nice little cottage at Shaw, which the Lord had given me, for the last time, I thought; for I expected to be in hell in a few minutes.

But, honours for ever crown the dear Lamb of God! I staggered into my shop. I passed my front door, and looked upon my wife and children, for the last time, as I thought. But just as I stepped into my shop, the Lord Jesus came down into my heart and soul, and took off my burden of sin and guilt, and blotted out my transgression. He removed the curse and terrors of the law out of my conscience, and brought pardon and peace into my soul; and these words came with such power: "O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest." My soul mounted up on the wings of love and faith, and upon the wings of the Holy Ghost, and entered into the dear bosom of the precious Jesus. My soul was so happy, and as full of the love of God in Christ Jesus as it could hold. I sang, I danced, I shouted; and I loved, I blessed the dear Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. My soul saw, by faith, the Three Divine Persons, yet but One Eternal God. The Word of truth came with weight, power, and sweetness into my heart, night and day; the Holy Ghost opened it up unto my soul, and then I could read the letter of the Word. I opened the Bible, fell upon my knees, and asked the Lord to teach me and guide me into all truth. The glorious revelation and manifestations, and the applications, with the operation of the Holy Ghost, filled my heart and soul with joy and peace in believing; and under the Spirit of adoption my soul cried, "Abba, Father!"

For over twelve months my soul walked in the life, liberty, and love of the gospel of the Three-One God, eating and drinking the truths of the everlasting Son of the Father, full of grace and truth. Although my mourning days were many under the burden of sin and the hard bondage and curse of the law, yet my glorious days of life, love, and liberty weighed down all my sorrow, mourning, grief, and torment. And the continual operations and applications of the Holy Ghost, the dear Comforter, made my soul dance like the poor prodigal son, when he entered into his father's

house, and had his filthy garments taken off and the best robe put on. And although it is nearly forty years since this took place in my soul, yet it is as fresh and clear as though it was but as yesterday. Under this enjoyment I fell to work with my hands to try to get out of debt, and pay every man twenty shillings in the pound. I worked eighteen and twenty hours out of the twenty-four for years together.

PROVIDENTIAL TRIALS AND DELIVERANCES.

Here I must go back a little. I might enlarge, and write much on the difficulties by the way in providence, and how I tried hard to make money. My wife was anxious we should go into Wales, for she had heard such good tidings of that part. Nothing would satisfy her but I must go over and see about settling there. I left home soon after Christmas, and walked to Bristol the first day, and over into Wales the next. But when I came there I did not try to get a house, for I hated the place, and I could not understand the people's language. The day I went over it was a very calm sea, but when I returned it was very rough. The sea wrought, and was tempestuous. When we got into the Bristol Channel I thought my life was at stake, and I ran upon deck to cast myself into the sea, to swim to shore; but the captain soon cried, "No danger!" But, before we could land at Bristol, a poor woman fell overboard, but the poor ungodly wretch, Godwin, got safe to land. I walked home to my wife the next day, and told her I would never go into Wales to live, for I did not like it well enough. My wife was much disappointed. "There are many devices in a man's heart, nevertheless the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

I had taken an apprentice boy, and received twenty pounds with him. He was a very good boy, and would have got on very well, but when he had been with me about half his time, the Lord struck the poor boy with

a stroke, and took the use of his right side away. Now here was a great trial, for I had engaged to keep him in food and raiment until the seven years had expired, and also to find a doctor; if needed. So I had to send for the doctor, and soon I had a bill of £5. But the doctor could do him no good. Then I got him to Bath, but all was useless. He had served half his time and had been very handy, and I had set great store by him, as he was quiet and willing to work, and I could also trust him. But the Lord knew what was best for me, and also what I needed. Although at that time I had no religion, yet I was enabled to perform my covenant with him. But I had many temporal troubles and trials with a poor afflicted wife, who had the fever, and I had heavy doctors' bills to pay. But I had strength to work, and the Lord brought me out of all my temporal troubles, as regards my debts, and enabled me to forgive all my debtors.

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS AND TEMPTATIONS.

But, again, after the blessed Lord had taught me to read his precious Word of truth, and my soul so enjoyed it, I thought that my soul was near entering heaven. I longed to die, to be with the blessed Jesus. But the Lord had another furnace for me to be plunged into. Although my conscience was kept tender, and the fear of the Lord flowed in my heart like a fountain of life, and my temper was mild and meek, yet the Lord began to hide his face, shut up his Word, and let a cloud down upon the mercy-seat. Thick darkness gathered over my soul, and my heart sank fathoms within me. The sins of my heart began to rise, and the devil was let loose upon me. The Bible became a sealed book, and all prayer seemed to have left me, so that I could not get my heart up to the Lord, for it lay within me like stone or lead. The old serpent, the devil, tempted me to curse God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. These

temptations followed me day and night, and whenever my eyes or hands fastened on the Bible, the curses and blasphemous thoughts rose up within my heart like so many mountains. These things crippled, wounded, and killed me; but as fast as the blasphemous thoughts passed within my heart, my soul kept saying, "Bless the Lord, bless the Lord," day and night, when my eyes were open. And to think that these awful thoughts should go out against my best Friend, and also that the curses should go out in thoughts against the people of God! My soul again reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man, and I was brought to my wit's end. But my heart was so hard, I could not cry here as my soul did under the law; and this followed me wheresoever I went for about twelve months, until I felt sure I must have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost; for I had inwardly blasphemed his Name, and Satan told me that I had committed the unpardonable sin. As I had nowhere to go to hear but to the parish church, and never had any spiritual companion to open my mind to, nor yet any minister of truth to hear, I thought I must be the man out of whom the unclean spirit went, and now he had come back again, and brought seven other spirits more wicked than himself.

Under these feelings and fightings I was compelled to live. I used to walk about, wringing my hands and stamping my feet like a madman. I could not think for one moment that I could be a child of God. I dared not read my Bible, because these awful curses went out so strong against the Bible and its Author. And when I dropped off to sleep for a time, Satan told me that the curses came out of my mouth in my sleep. This distressed me beyond measure, so that my flesh and strength gave way again, and I felt so weak in body and soul.

O! My dear friends, you that have a gospel minister to sit under, thank God for it; and you that have a few spiritual friends to meet with from Sabbath to

Sabbath, set a value upon them ; if you cannot get a preacher, remember the poor wretch that is now writing had no truth to hear, no friend to speak to, and could not cry to the Lord in this state.

One day, I could not sit in my shop, but walked into my house in bitter agony of soul. The New Testament lay on the table, and I took hold of it and threw it open. These words took hold of my soul : "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." My poor devil-tempted, sin-tormented soul was delivered in a moment. My soul danced within me. O how my heart and soul thanked, blessed, and praised my dear Lord and Saviour for coming down into my heart once more, to give me peace and rest ! The Holy Ghost showed my soul that Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness on purpose to be tempted of the devil. And he also showed me that going through all these temptations that my soul had been passing through, was following Jesus through the wilderness ; and I could clearly see that the Holy Ghost was leading my soul all through these cutting and killing temptations, and that divine grace enabled my soul to fight against them from the commencement of this hot war in my heart. How sweet and precious was the Word of God to my soul in those days, and what pleasure I felt in reading it ! The Holy Ghost led my soul into it, opened up the beauty and sweetness of it within my heart, and taught me to read the letter of it. I used to sit up nights, after my wife and children had gone to bed, and rise up hours before them in the morning, and eat and drink the Word of life ; walk off miles on a week evening to try to pick up a crumb, but could find nothing but husks ; return home on a dark night, and have a little persecution to go to bed with. But I could then bear it with patience, without returning a word.

LEARNING THE TRUTH.

As the dear Lord led my soul on in divine things, revealed his precious Word of truth home into my soul, taught me to read the letter of his Word, for which I have blessed him over and over again, and as it was opened up in my heart, I could not help speaking of it. An old man that had heard of me, who lived in the adjoining parish, came to see me. After he had talked with me some time, he said, "Why, you are a Calvinist." I could not think what he meant by saying that I was a *Calvinist*, so ignorant was I of the meaning of the word. Indeed, I had never heard the word before. I kept on turning this word "Calvinist" over and over in my mind, and I could not get rid of it.

About this time, I heard that a poor woman who lived in the upper part of the village was brought to feel her state as a sinner before God. This set fire to my zeal. It came into my mind that the parish clerk, who at that time was a friend of mine, had a book that would suit her case; but it being late at night when I heard of it, I did not know how to manage to get the book for her to have it that night, as she lived about half a mile from my house one way, and he about a mile the other. But my soul being so full of love to Jesus and zeal for the welfare of poor sinners' souls that there was scarcely a house in the place but what I had been into to tell them of their state, and that they would go to hell if they died in their sins, I started for this book, and felt she must have it before I slept. I set off running, for fear the man would be gone to bed; but I had not gone far before these words dropped into my heart: "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." I stopped my pace all of a sudden, and could not think what it meant, for I did not know that these words were in the Bible. But I began to run on, when the words returned again: "It is not of him that

willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." I reached the house before the man had gone to bed, told him my business, and said there was nothing like driving the nail while it was hot ; and I wanted to give it a good clench. Off I went with the book ; but no sooner was I got out of the house when the words came again : " It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." This followed me all the way to where the woman lived, and back to my house, and also when I awoke up in the morning ; so that, instead of my driving the nail into the poor woman's mind and clenching it, the eternal Spirit drove a nail in a sure place into my conscience, and clenched it ; for it has never been drawn out unto this day, and I believe it never will, because " the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Now the Lord began to inform my judgment, and open up the doctrines of grace in my heart and conscience. My soul was very earnest at the throne of grace, and over my Bible. I was led to beg the Lord to lead my soul by his blessed Spirit into the truth as it is in Jesus, and that he would never suffer me to go astray. And, bless his dear Name, he opened up his blessed Word of truth in my soul day after day ; so that when the church clergyman, whom I still sat under, came to see me, which he mostly did once a week, when he came round to visit what he called his " flock," I began to talk to him about election and predestination, and also what I saw in them, and what my soul felt from them. He looked at me, smiled, and said that he loved the doctrines of election and predestination ; and that none would ever go to heaven unless they were elected. My soul kept on crying to the Lord for him to teach me and lead me into his truth, and was still led to search the Bible with more earnestness than ever ; and his Word and Spirit searched my heart and conscience in such a powerful way.

Now I could read some of the easy chapters in the Gospel of John through; and every time the parson came to see me I had some fresh testimonies to speak about. He still said that he loved those things, and what precious doctrines they were. He had said to the people in the parish, those he called Christians, and some out of the parish that used to hear him, "Be sure and go to see Godwin, when you want to talk about religion; for he is such a bright Christian." And as my soul was so full, I could not help speaking about it.

One day, when I called on a person in the next village who made a profession, and I hoped the wife knew something about soul-trouble, the conversation turned upon religion. I could not help telling them a little of what the Lord had revealed to my soul; and having known them for some years, I felt a freedom to open my mind. But when the clergyman called on her, she told him that I had called there to see her (indeed, I had done their work for years), and had talked about election, saying that there was a people that God had chosen in Christ before the world began, and that those people must go to heaven. This frightened the poor woman so much that she could not sleep. She began to look at her children, and wondered what would become of them if that was a truth. When he came to see me again, he did not forget to tell me about it, and also told me to mind what I said to people about such doctrines. But, as the Lord led my soul on, and revealed these precious doctrines of truth to my soul, I began to look into the New Testament he had got for me, with Bucket's Commentary; and I was led to see that Mr. Bucket was a rotten-hearted man, who did not know the life and power of truth in his soul. The more the Lord opened my understanding in the mysteries of godliness, the more my eyes were opened to see into error. "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."

Once on a time I went to hear an Independent minister, who preached in a house on a week evening in a village near Wootton Bassett. People told me that he preached the doctrine that some were to go to heaven and some to hell; and let them do what they would, they must go to hell. I said that if ever I heard him or any other man say such things, I would never believe him, but would attack him as soon as he had done speaking. But he never mentioned such a thing, neither did he come any nearer the truth than the church parson. But, before the Lord brought my soul out, the enmity of my heart boiled up against the doctrine called election; and I said I would never believe such a doctrine, for I would not believe that God was such a God as that, to save one and leave another, without giving all a chance. But God made my soul believe it, for "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." This truth settled the matter in my soul's experience, and this one passage came upon the back of it: "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth."

Again, as the dear Lord led my soul on experimentally into the truth, and applied his precious word to my heart with divine power and life, the Bible was increasingly dear to me, and Mr. Bucket was laid aside. Then the doctrines of divine grace were opened up more clearly within my heart and soul, and my stammering tongue was more and more loosed to speak of them. The people looked shy upon me. About this time a man called at my house with a roll of papers in his hand. When asked what he had, he said, "I will leave you one if you will promise to stick it up in your house after you have read it." I replied I would not promise that. He left it, and walked away. When I looked at it, down I threw it; for I saw what it was on the first page. It said that the doctrines of election and predestination were not the doctrines of the Bible, and that they came from

hell. My feelings rose up so strong against the doctrines of free will, and so strong on the side of free grace, that I felt indignation against the man and his party for ever publishing such blasphemies against God and his precious truth.

I then heard that a man had come to Swindon who preached those precious doctrines, and that the enemies of truth had these bills printed against him. As they had heard of me, they sent me one, or rather brought me one. Then I said I would go and hear this man. My wife and I fixed to go one Thursday evening. When we had found out the chapel, I stood and looked up and down the street to see if any one whom I knew would see us go in, as I had been a strict Churchman so many years. We got into the chapel, and the people's eyes were upon us, as we were strangers. The old gentleman read and prayed, and began to preach. He spoke of the blackness of the heart, and the preciousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and also of the everlasting love of God towards his elect people, and many other things. It was just what my soul wanted to hear; yet he did not say how the poor sinner was exercised and tried in his soul, nor yet how he was plagued with sin and the devil. Yet he said a good deal about the devil, and that the Lord Jesus had made an end of sin and transgression, and brought in an everlasting righteousness to justify the election of grace. As I had never heard any man preach the doctrines of God's free grace and mercy before, though the Lord had been leading my soul experimentally into it for some months before this, therefore I was much taken by the man's preaching; and it spoiled me for hearing the church minister, although I continued to hear him for some time after this, and went to hear at the chapel on week evenings. The Word of God was so sweet to my heart and conscience that my soul was diligent in searching it, with earnest prayer in my heart for the Lord to lead me into all truth.

About this time I heard that a minister by the name of Tiptaft was going to preach in the same chapel at Swindon. I was told that Mr. Tiptaft had not long left the Church of England. I felt such a desire in my soul to go and hear him, particularly as he had been in the Church of England; so I went to hear him. When he began to read, every word came with power and weight. I had never heard any one read so before. Then he began to pray, and I could not keep my eyes off him. Then he read this text: "And they shall call them the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord; and thou shalt be called Sought out, a city not forsaken." (Isa. lxii. 12.) He went into it in such a feeling way and manner, and knocked everything down as he went that stood in his way, and rooted out, and pulled down, and destroyed; and then began to plant. As he went on, he beat down infant sprinkling, and set up believers' baptism; and this had a firm hold on my conscience, for I had seen it in the Word of God. And when Mr. Tiptaft entered into it, and opened it up as a Bible ordinance for believers only, then my soul was led more and more to the Word, to see whether the things that he spoke of were true. "They searched the Scriptures daily," to see "whether those things were so."

The next time the clergyman called I entered into the subject of infant sprinkling and believers' baptism, and also spoke of the sermon that I had heard that dear man of God preach. I told all the people that I would walk twenty miles any time to hear another such a sermon as Mr. Tiptaft preached. Then commenced a union with that dear man, and we walked in love and peace until his death, which took place at Abingdon, Aug. 17th, 1864.

But now my troubles began with the clergyman. He was filled with rage and jealousy against me, and began to chide me that I was going astray, that the doctrines I held were erroneous, and that they were

doctrines of devils. Then I turned and fought him with his own words; how he had confessed and owned to me before that he loved the doctrines of election and predestination; and that he had testified to me that there would never be a soul saved if it was not chosen to salvation. But the more he persecuted me, the more the Word of truth multiplied within me, according to that word: "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew."

As he was for ever taunting and plaguing me, both at my own house and elsewhere, after trying to drive the truth out of my heart, and finding that he could not move me, for it was burned into my heart and conscience by the living power of a living God, he looked angrily at me, and said, "Godwin, you are led by the devil." I answered him, under a meek and quiet spirit, "If I am led by the devil, Christ is precious to me; and if that is being led by the devil, may God give my soul more of it." He now began to warn all his friends not to come near me, for I had become a dangerous man. Now I saw that this poor man had never had the enmity of his heart slain; therefore he hated God's truth, which was so precious to me. Now, before the Lord had led my soul experimentally into the truth, although there was electing love, and saving grace, and discriminating mercy within my soul for some time before my judgment was established; and before the Lord had shown me that it must be the power of God to send a man to preach the gospel, and that he could not preach it if he never had been led to taste and handle the gospel in its life and power in his own soul, "for the husbandman that laboureth must first be partaker of the fruits;"—I had been a great advocate for the Missionary Society, and had given every shilling I could spare for it. The parson had a box sent down from London for me, and I had a meeting at my own house, and used to get a good deal of money in this box every year, and was a weekly subscriber myself. But

when the Lord opened it up to my conscience, I gave it up; and this upset him so much, that one Sabbath afternoon he cried after me, and wanted to know what I had been saying against the missionaries. "Well," I said, "I have said nothing but what I can prove to be true." He also said, "Godwin, you say that I am in error." I replied, "You *are* in error." "Then," he said, "we had better have a meeting. You get a man, and I will get one." He fixed the day for the following Thursday, at my house. He came, with the clerk and more of his friends; I had only one friend for whose soul I thought the Lord had done something; and he came with the minister. When he came, he wanted to know whether my man was come or not. I said, "No; I have not asked one, neither do I intend to do so. I have the Word of truth, and the eyes of the Lord upon me; and my soul has called upon God to be a witness." Then he began to pray in his way. Then I said, "Before you begin, I will tell you my creed. In the first place, God the Father loved my soul in Christ before the world began, and he gave me to Christ. In the fulness of time the Lord Jesus fulfilled the law, and made it honourable for me, and died, and redeemed my soul from all my sins and transgressions. In God's own time, the Holy Ghost quickened my dead soul into life, and brought me, as a perishing sinner, to Jesus, and revealed Christ within my soul as my Saviour." I also said that Christ only died for his people, and that the invitations of the gospel were only held out to the quickened sinners. Then I said, "Now, you contradict it by the Word of truth if you can." He shook and trembled, with my old Bible on his knees; and himself, his clerk, and his friends were all confounded. At length he said, "You want to get wiser than your teacher." And the man he had chosen, who had been a close professing friend of mine, spoke up, and said, "Some people do want to get wiser than their teachers." But my soul testified that God the Spirit

alone had taught my soul, and that he had never put one finger to it; and how was it likely, when he, with his friends, hated the very things that God had taught me, and that my soul loved better than life itself. So "none of those things moved me."

After the Lord had so blessed my soul, I was greatly exercised about my dear wife; and many prayers and petitions I put up on her account. I used to watch her in the church, to see whether she was paying attention or not. I knew that I could do nothing for her. It must be the power of God to bring her to know anything aright. Still I was kept begging the Lord to quicken her dead soul into life, and always checked everything I saw her do or say wrong. After a time, the Lord was pleased to lay her on a bed of affliction, and brought her down very low. My mouth was opened to talk very closely about the state of her soul, and also to tell her what I had passed through under the curse of God's righteous law, and under the guilt and burden of sin in my conscience; also the blessed deliverance the Lord had given me, and the sweet enjoyment that my soul had rejoiced in for a long time. She heard me with all the quietness imaginable. She knew that she had never passed through those things. The Lord heard my prayer, and restored her to health again.

Still, my soul was led to beg for her on my knees before the Lord, out in the shop, and in my cutting-room; for I then knew the worth and value of a soul, and also the preciousness of a Saviour. My eyes and ears were opened to all her words and ways. I could see she was more quiet and not so much after the world. Once in particular the Lord brought me down on my knees, and let down such a spirit of prayer into my soul on her behalf to bring her out, that my soul will never forget that night, nor the power I felt in my soul. From that time she was brought into great distress; and after a time was sweetly brought into the liberty of the gospel, and we

sang and praised the Lord together. I can never describe my feelings of thankfulness to the Lord for bringing my dear wife unto himself with me. I had indeed travailed in birth for her; and as she had lived with me in all manner of sin, and had been a persecutor to me, and was now brought to fear and love and serve the Lord, how my soul wept for joy! I said, "Now my soul will have a heaven on the earth, and shall never have trouble; for the Lord has answered my prayers on the behalf of my dear wife. 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

I now opened my house for prayer and reading. The Lord greatly honoured it; for the Lord called five or six by his grace, so that we had some blessed times together, my dear wife being one among the number. So the persecuting wife was turned into a good companion in tribulation. The sweet meetings we had together in my house at Shaw I cannot forget. They were golden days indeed.

MY BAPTISM AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Now begins another long and heavy trial. All at once, the thought of preaching fell upon me, and sprang up in me. I tried to shake it off, because I had no human learning, and never was taught a word by man or woman. I said, "Lord, I am in debt; and I cannot stand up before thy people in the world, and not be out of debt."

While I was a hearer in the Church of England, the Lord laid believers' baptism upon my conscience, and he opened it up in my soul. I felt that I must go through it. As there was going to be a baptizing at Uffington, in Berkshire, off I walked, on a cold winter's morning; and a friend went with me. I had never seen a baptizing. I took a change of raiment with me. When I arrived at Uffington, I was sent to Mr. W——'s to see the minister, and give in my experience. I went with a willing heart; for

my soul was full of the love of Jesus ; therefore I longed to walk in his ordinances. I was asked into the parlour to see the minister. I began where the Lord began with my soul, and entered into a law-work on my conscience, and told when my soul was quickened into divine life, and how my soul sank under the curse and bondage of the law, the power and guilt of sin and transgression ; and then in what way the Lord Jesus came and delivered my soul, and brought pardon and peace into my heart. He said, " That will do." When I went down into the water, my soul was so happy. There for the first time I saw Mr. Shorter. He gave out the hymns at the water side ; Mr. Husband addressed the people ; and Mr. Hitchcock baptized.

And then came on persecution from the Church people.

About this time the late Mr. Gadsby, of Manchester, came to Swindon to preach in an Independent chapel. I heard of it, and went to hear the dear man of God. This was his text : " Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah ? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength ? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." (Isa. lxiii. 1.) And O, how I loved that dear man ! for he entered into all the ins and outs of my pathway. I had about half an hour's talk with him after the service, and our hearts were closely knit together in love and affection.

But to return to the deep exercise of soul about the ministry. Day and night, at home and abroad, I told the Lord over and over again that I was such a fool ; and again he told me that he had chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. And then again the Lord poured into my heart his precious love, and then my soul wanted to give vent to my feelings, and felt willing to go. Then darkness and temptation came upon me ; and then I said, " No ; I will not go ; I cannot ;" for I had been led to count

the cost over and over again. I saw what a host of enemies I should have. But still it came upon me again, with such an overwhelming weight. This went on for about twelve months, so that I had no rest. Then my soul said, "Lord, if thou wilt make it plain to me, I will go;" but feeling jealous of my own heart, my soul cried unto the Lord for him to apply a word to my soul in my sleep, and awake me up out of my sleep, and then I should be sure that it came from him, and that I did not steal his word; for, Gideon-like, I wanted the fleece wet and dry. I followed this on for some time. One Wednesday night, a little past one o'clock, these words came with such power: "Set thy house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." This awoke me up in a moment, and set me up in the bed. A horror of great darkness fell on my soul, and all my faith, hope, and confidence seemed to leave me. I thought I must die; and my poor dear wife thought so too. She tried hard to get a light, which was not so easy in those days as at the present; and I sat trembling, fearing every breath would be the last, under this awful horror of darkness and distress, and the perspiration running down my face. But, before she could get a light, the Lord Jesus Christ revealed himself to my poor distressed soul in such a powerful way and manner that I fell down in my bed, and said to my wife, "I do not want a candle. The Lord is come, and has brought life and immortality to light." And the Holy Ghost led my soul into heaven, to hold communion with the Lord Jesus Christ for about one hour, in such a sweet way and manner that I felt saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. The Holy Ghost showed me that my name was written in the Lamb's book of life. My soul well understood the meaning of "setting my house in order," for he had done it himself, and I felt willing to die. O how my soul longed to be with him! But he told me that I should not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. I could not let

my wife speak a word to me. I could join holy John, and say, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us," or upon *me*, that I should be manifested a son of God!

The glorious truths of the Gospel were opened up in my soul at that time, as my soul had never seen them before. The precious blood of the everlasting covenant, and my soul's interest in it, were opened to me in such a way that I never saw before nor since. Nor do I expect to have it opened up to my soul's view again in the same way in this world; for my soul saw all my sins washed away in and through this precious atoning love and blood. As I had an invitation to go out to speak some time before this took place, at once I said, "Lord, I will go and tell the people what thou hast done, since thou hast done so much for my soul." I said to my soul that I would not consult with flesh and blood any longer. This took place in the month of August, 1884.

I had told my wife to get my clean things ready on the Saturday night, for I should rise early in the morning. But I got but little sleep through the night, thinking about standing up before a people and carrying a message to them from the Lord. As I sat up in the bed, thinking this solemn matter over, I began to fear and tremble, fearing I should run and not be sent by the Lord; and such a cloud of gloom and darkness came over my soul, that I sat and trembled in my bed. Then I lay down again; and then my vows and promises came to my mind and memory which I had promised the Lord under that glorious revelation. Then I got up in the bed, and I followed this up and down until it was too late. Then, after this, I cannot tell what I went through in my mind until the following December, but I kept it all to myself. I said, If the Lord wants me to speak in his name, he knows where I am and what I am. And *my* prayer was this: "Lord, if it is thy will that I should speak in thy name, incline thy people to press me."

Soon after, the preacher at Swindon was taken ill, and they published me to speak. I said, "Well, if the Lord inclines my mind to do so, and will give me a text, I will try to come and speak." On December 25th, 1834, I stood in a pulpit for the first time. After I came out of the pulpit I received invitations from two different quarters. So my labours commenced at once, and although I was such a poor ignorant fool, yet I do not remember ever having an idle Sabbath day from that time to this. The first year of my speaking, I have walked twenty-six miles and preached three times at three different places on one day.

After I had had an invitation to preach at Pewsey, in the county of Wilts, and had been there a few times, the people there wanted me to settle over them. But I had a good business; therefore I could not see my way to do so. Therefore, I engaged to go up on a Saturday and return on Monday. This commenced in December, 1835. I often walked the twenty-two miles, spoke three times on the Lord's day, and went off on the Monday morning early, getting home after walking the same distance, all winds and weather, hail or snow, rain or frost; and then off with my coat, and went to work until the next Saturday. The Lord only knows what trying journeys I had, and when passing over the Wiltshire downs, the winds and weather meeting me, and my fleshly mind looking back. Sometimes, through the winter months, I have turned round and looked back, and thought, Well, I will not keep on. But then the fear of the Lord began to move in my soul, and that noble word was felt: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Then my soul would press on again.

SETTLEMENT AT PEWSEY.

And now began another trying time. The people would have me go to live among them. So the

church gave me a call to become their pastor. This put me into a trying box, because I had a comfortable home of my own; and the Lord had enabled me to pay all my debts; for my soul had told the Lord over and over again that I could not stand up before a people until I owed no man anything. Bless his dear and precious Name, he enabled me to do so. But to return. How can I leave my home and my good business? But the word of the Lord followed me up day and night, that I must forsake all to follow the Lord Jesus Christ—house, land, wife, children, father, mother, sisters, and brothers, for the Lord's sake and the gospel's. So, at the beginning of November, 1836, I put a bill up in my window: "A House to be Let." In came a gentleman to say a lady wanted to buy it. But I did not want to sell it, though I was compelled to do so. The day was fixed for my removal from my pretty home at Shaw, where the Lord had so favoured my soul for the last ten years, to Pewsey. On the Saturday morning before my removal on the following Wednesday, God only knows what I went through. I had sold my house, given up my business, and then the Lord hid his face, and my soul was left in such a state of rebellion. I left my house, and could not wish my wife good-bye. I walked on for about six miles, and felt ready to burst with grief, sorrow, and rebellion. But before I got over two miles through Swindon, the Lord broke in upon my soul with these words: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." This subdued the anger and rebellion; and the words returned again with double power, and brought my soul out into a wealthy place. My soul began to sing and rejoice in the Lord, and I took my little Bible out of my pocket and soon found the words, and they so enlarged within my heart and soul that I walked on to Marlborough as strong as a giant refreshed with the new wine of the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and as happy as I could live. The house

and business were nothing at all to me. I felt I could give up anything for his Name's sake. This day, and the blessings my soul received, I cannot forget, for it was a hill Mizar. This was on November 19th, 1836. On the following Wednesday, the 23rd, we removed to Pewsey, and remained there until September 18th, 1846.

But again. What did my soul undergo there during nearly ten years! I arrived there with my wife and two children and my household furniture, and owed no one a penny, and had about £100 of my own money. I went into a house at about £10 per year. As I had gone backwards and forwards for about eleven months, I thought there never was such a loving people as those I was going to live amongst. And now, I thought, I have done with my long journeys twice a week, and am come to live amongst such a loving and religious people that I must be happy. I could not see how I could have any trouble. So, when we had our house in order, I commenced my business, and took the pastoral charge of the church there. My salary amounted to about nine or ten shillings a week. I went on preaching and working at my trade. The church increased, and the congregation was large; and I thought things were going on well. But, after some time, I began to see that there were many that I had thought to be good people who were loose livers. And here begins my trouble at Pewsey; for truth and conscience compelled me to take the sharp two-edged sword, and use it Sabbath after Sabbath, until the fire became very hot. About this time I walked over to Allington to see Mr. Philpot, as I had heard a good report of him. He was then living with Mr. Parry, before his marriage. When I entered the house, he just looked at me, and then turned almost his back upon me, and spoke roughly; but as I spoke a few words to Mr. Parry about the grace of God, Mr. Philpot spoke up, and said, "What do you know about the

grace of God?" I began to tell him what my soul knew about the grace of God that bringeth salvation; and he turned himself round with such a smile on his countenance, and with such heart-felt affection towards me. This was in the year 1837. Now I am writing in 1867; and our hearts have been knit together in the affection and spirit of the gospel from the first time of our meeting to this present time.

But to return to my troubles at Pewsey. Still they were not all troubles. No; blessed be the Name of the Lord, he often blessed my soul with his precious smiles, and gave me much life and power in the pulpit, and much pain and persecution out of it. But, as I said, I found many loose livers amongst the congregation. Still, we went on for some time. The Lord led me more and more into myself, and also into others; and the Holy Ghost led my soul more and more into the experimental part of the gospel, and also what the gospel received in the heart and conscience with life and power produced in the life, conversation, and actions of the elect vessels of mercy. As the Lord continually led me and kept me to those three great points in preaching, viz., doctrinal, experimental, and practical religion, and much favoured me in my own soul, in the pulpit and also out of it; and after I had been kept on in those things, closely insisting upon a feeling religion, and that it made a man honest and upright in his movements in life; then I began to find that there were many ungodly characters standing in a profession; and my soul was much tried to see them still attend the chapel. I feared I was not honest; and continually kept begging the Lord to make me honest and upright before him and the people, and also with my own conscience; as I was such an ignorant fool that I could not read a chapter through without making some blunder, or pronouncing some word wrong. So I was continually under correction, in every sense of the word. Now the Lord kept my soul on begging by night and by day. Therefore the Lord fulfilled

in me this word: "Behold I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away." (Isa. xli. 15, 16.) The people began to give up their sittings by whole pews together; the congregation grew less and less; the deacons began to fear that the cause would never be carried on; and things began to take such a turn that many of the poor sheep feared that they should never stand their ground, but that they should follow the goats.

Before this, the friends had talked of enlarging the chapel by building a side gallery; but I told them there would be plenty of room for the congregation in a very short time, without enlarging. But they thought there was going to be a wonderful church and congregation there; but I did not think so. After I had been among them for sometime, I found the foundation was rotten; therefore I knew the building must decay, and the rubbish come down. Then I began to find out that one whom I had baptized before I went to live there was a loose liver and an unprincipled man; and then my troubles began in such a way that my soul had not witnessed before; and sometimes I really thought it would be the death of me.

This went on until Christmas Day, 1837, when I was led to preach from this text: "But when the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." (Gal. iv. 4—6.) I spoke twice on the Christmas Day, and also the Lord's day morning following; and God favoured my soul with much life and power. The Lord fastened the truth of it home on my dear wife's conscience, as she had been in a backsliding state for some time. I had charged it

home upon her ; but still she kept it from me, as she knew I was then very severe against any one that made a profession of religion, yet lived in any known sin. God had made and kept my conscience very tender in his fear ; so that I had no mercy whatever on backsliders, nor did I then think any poor soul could backslide which had had pardon and peace brought into the heart and conscience by the blood of sprinkling. I had so suffered for my sins under the curse and killing power of the law that I thought I should never sin again ; but I little knew what was before me. In the afternoon of the same Lord's day, I was led to speak from these words : " Be not afraid ; but speak, and hold not thy peace ; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee." (Acts xviii. 9, 10.)

I saw for some few days that my poor wife was in a dreadful state of mind ; but at last she had to speak out and confess her departures from the Lord, and beg me to pray for her. After a short time, God made manifest his pardoning love and blood to her conscience, and washed all her guilt away ; and it was the means of bringing us nearer together in soul union and communion from that time.

But the enemies of the cross continued to rage against the truths the Lord enabled me to bring forth ; and as I was still using the sharp two-edged sword from Sabbath to Sabbath, and cutting up and cutting off all who did not come up to the Bible standard, and kept threshing away upon empty professors and rotten hypocrites, the chapel began to get emptier than ever, and the friends fearing that the cause could not be kept on. Still, our collections kept up every year, whether there were many or few people at the chapel. The devil roared, the enemies gnashed, and professors persecuted ; so that, between one thing and another, my path got more and more trying. There were a few that used to meet at an inn on week nights and Sabbath days to make up all the lies they could against me,

and send it to the newspaper. One of the party used to come to the chapel to hear what he could pick up to make sport of me at the inn ; but little did he know what lay before him ; for after he had followed this on for some time, he was left to commit suicide. He would have destroyed my character ; but the Lord took care of me and left him. There were four other men who would have destroyed me and the dear tried few, and the Bible also ; but the Lord took care of us, and cut them down one after another in a solemn way and manner. They fell into the pit they would have dug for us. The dear Lord wonderfully supported my soul under all my persecutions, and made his truth very dear to me. I had a few dear friends who were knit very closely to me for the truth's sake ; but still it was trying to them to hear such lies reported about my preaching. They could not find anything else, because the Lord had kept me upright in my movements. Sometimes it seemed more than I could endure, to stand against the scandals and persecutions I had to pass through ; but still it was no more than what the Lord promised me ; for, "In the world ye shall have tribulation ;" and "they that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

About this time, too, I was much tried with Satan's temptations, and I used to sink very low when out of the pulpit. One Thursday evening I had been preaching, and had had a sweet time. But soon after I came out of the pulpit my soul sank so low, and such a mist of darkness and gloominess came over my mind that I wandered away into the fields. I called upon a friend, but was so dumb that I could not talk. I went home ; could not eat my supper ; crept off into my bedroom, and fell down before the Lord, and begged him to tell me why I was so low, entreating him to show me whether there was any secret sin that I was practising, and yet ignorant of it. After a time I got into bed. I had very little sleep all that night, but kept on begging the Lord to bring it to light in my

conscience if there was any one thing he had not stripped me of. I got up in the morning as low as I went to bed, and got out in the shop to work under deep examination of heart, lip, and life. I came in to my breakfast as low as ever, and could not talk to my wife. While I sat at the table I took up a little book, by William Huntington, that had been lent to her. I opened just at the very spot where he speaks of the bosom sin, and backs it up with the Word of God. I threw down his book, took up the Bible, turned to the chapter and verse, and looked at it; showed it to my wife, and from that day that snare was broken, and my soul escaped.

And now came another thing to try me and exercise me. My enemies were so bitter against me, both little and big; and as my little boy was ill in bed, one Saturday night, a crowd of men got together and broke my bedroom window. The stone went near my boy's head as he lay in bed. I was sitting in my house and heard the crash. I took to my heels, and ran after the fellows in such a rage, and overtook them. I felt determined to give them the law. I found out which man it was, and returned back to my house very angry, and knew not how to contain myself. But, all of a sudden, the Lord broke in upon my soul. I cried out before my wife that I did not care if every window in the house was broken. I thanked, blessed, praised, and loved the Lord for ever making manifest his love, mercy, and goodness to such a wretch, at such a time, when I seemed more like a devil than a man. So that it was not for works of righteousness which I had done, but according to his great mercy that he saved me through and out of that trial. But some of my friends wished me to make him pay for the mending of the window; but no, I could not. The dear Lord had given me such a blessing in and through it, and he had freely forgiven me all my sins in my rage and anger, and therefore I freely forgave them for breaking the window.

But I was not long in this sweet spot. I had been speaking on a Lord's day of what grace did in the hearts of the children of God; what fruits it produced in their lives, conduct, and conversation, both in the master and servant, mistress and maid, father and son, mother and daughter, wherever the life and power of God was received in the heart and conscience. And as there ever were, and ever will be, as long as there is a sinner left upon the face of the earth, characters that are full of religion in the head, tongue, and judgment, but have none in the heart, conscience, and life, these are sure to kick and fight against that religion which makes a man honest, and produces fruits to the honour and praise of the Lord. So, on the following Saturday night, one of the enemies of the truth put a note under the door, the contents of which so wrought on me that I was determined not to preach that Lord's day. When near chapel time, off I started quite another way, to run from my work; for I felt I could never stand against nor bear up under these persecutions that I then had on every hand. But I had not run far before these words dropped into my heart: "The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep." The power of those words stopped me; and I dropped my guilty head, and returned back like any thief. After I entered my house, I took up the Bible, and opened it at the thirty-second of Jeremiah; and these words laid hold of my heart: "And they shall be my people, and I will be their God. And I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear me for ever, for the good of them, and of their children after them. And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them to do them good, but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me." (Jer. xxxii. 38-40.) And as I preached then three times, so I spoke all day from those verses; and my soul never had a better day in the pulpit. So that my soul can testify that all things

work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

Again; soon after this trouble and deliverance there was something else to try my faith and patience; and that was on a Lord's day evening. I had had a good day in speaking of the Lord's dealings towards me and his tried children; and after calling on a friend, we went home. I was unlocking the door, when one of the children saw something the matter with the front door. On putting her hand to see, she found a hole right through. On looking, I found all the bottom part kicked in, so that there was a road into the house. What to do we did not know. After a little while I said, "Let us go to bed, and leave all in the Lord's hands," for the Lord had wrought faith and patience in my heart, and enabled me to bear it just then. But I often cried out with Jeremiah, "Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife, and a man of contention to the whole earth!"

My two dear children were a great anxiety to me to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. How I watched their every movement! But here I would give God's people a caution. Beware of making your children professors, as it is easily done, if they are steady. My two children would deceive any in a strange place if they were left to talk about religion, as they have heard but little else from time to time at home all their growing up, so that they knew the truth in their judgment. The grace of God will not suffer you to let them go on in their own ways without checking and warning them; but I fear and believe that there are many brought up in a religion from their childhood, and some even get into churches, and yet die destitute of grace and spiritual life at last. This is a solemn fact. But grace will lead the parents to do all they can to bring their children under the sound of God's blessed truth, and they will use all lawful means to do so. "And ye fathers, provoke

not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Now began another trouble. Some of the people got in my debt. I felt compelled to pay for everything, both in my business and in the house; and my salary for preaching was small, so that my money began to get short, and troubles set in fast upon me. I feared we should be obliged to get in debt again. Then my cry to the Lord was: "Do open some way for me to keep from getting into debt again." Well, I thought, we will make little do, as we have but little. I went over to Allington to hear that dear man of God, the late Mr. Warburton, of Trowbridge. As I had never seen him before, when he stood up in the pulpit I looked him through and through, and when he began to preach, he soon looked *me* through and through. I had never heard but one such a preacher before. In the following year, I heard for the first time that beloved man of God, Mr. Philpot, and a searching sermon he preached. But I never heard a man preach too close for me yet. Many times since then I have heard him with pleasure and profit.

CALLS FROM OTHER CHURCHES TO SUPPLY.

But again. I very soon received an invitation from Mr. Warburton to go to Trowbridge to preach for him. I answered him in this way: "I am such a fool, therefore I cannot think about standing in your pulpit." He answered, and said, "Our people want fools to preach to them. They have too many wise men." So that he would make me engage to go; but God only knows what I went through before the time was up to fill this engagement. The devil set in upon my soul in such a way that I wished I had never made this engagement. This made my soul groan and sigh to the Lord day and night for help; and then the cursed pride of my heart sprang up and said, "Why, I shall become a great preacher now. I

am invited to preach in the great John Warburton's pulpit." But when the Saturday morning came for me to start off to Trowbridge, and I had about twelve miles to walk, my soul sank fathoms within me. I trembled and shook from head to foot. I walked out into the little back kitchen, and fell down upon my knees, ready to faint, and poured out my soul before the Lord. He spoke these words into my heart, with life and power: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore." And, bless his precious Name for ever and for ever, he went before me, and gave me life and liberty in the pulpit, and comforted the dear people's souls together. Mr. Warburton had told the deacons before he left home that, if they heard the stranger well, they were to try and get him for the following Sabbath. So I returned home to Pewsey, a distance of about twenty-two miles. I travelled the first ten miles by coach to Devizes, and walked the other twelve to Pewsey. They gave me a sovereign for my labour and travelling expenses. This did not make me very fat; because there was no business going on at home. I went on the following Saturday morning. The Lord was with me again; and the people's souls were all alive under the word, for there were some precious jewels at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, at that time.

After these two visits to Trowbridge, the people wanted me when Mr. Warburton left home. Then I began to feel the pride of my heart rise very high, and I thought, Surely, now Mr. W——'s people have heard me so well, I shall soon be sent for to go to London. But upon the back of this Satan was let loose upon me. His temptations and the pride and lust of my heart worked together; and enticements of one kind and another almost drove me mad. I used to walk about, and wring my hands, and stamp my feet in an agony of soul night and day, and was trembling and fearing lest I should fall into the temp-

tations, and bring a reproach upon the cause of God and the truth. For about three years my poor tortured and tormented soul passed through floods and flames of temptations. Sometimes I thought, if I crossed the broad ocean, I should be out of the reach of these temptations; but then, I thought, I shall carry my wretched heart with me, and the devil will be there. Here my soul cried heartily unto the Lord for deliverance; for I felt I could not live under it. I stood engaged to preach with Mr. Warburton and Mr. Philpot at Calne anniversary on May 23rd, 1843, and a most trying time it was to me to go into the pulpit. But the Lord helped me. I returned to Allington with Mr. Parry and Mr. Philpot, and stopped there that night. My dear and much esteemed friend wanted to send me part of the way home on the morning of the 24th; but I said, "No, I would rather walk." So off I went. It being such a hot day, I took off my coat. After I got about two miles on the road, a sweet spirit of meditation fell upon my soul, and I walked on through the village of Alton. As I was mounting the hill, under prayer and supplication for the Lord to appear and subdue the sins of my base heart, and rebuke the devil, and open his hand to me in providence, just as I had got up to the top of the hill, the Lord Jesus revealed himself to my soul in such a blessed way and manner by these words: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." And truly my soul did behold him as taking away all my sins and transgressions, and washing them away in his precious atoning blood. I had still between three and four miles to walk, and the sun was shining hot upon my body; but the Sun of righteousness was shining so gloriously into my soul that I walked and sang by the way, with the sweet tears of love and joy running down my face, with all my inward sins slaughtered, and the devil driven into his den. My soul came forth with a shout of "Victory!" through love and blood. I have never felt the power

of sin and temptation in such a trying way and manner since. The Lord raised my faith so high that day on the road to believe that deliverance was near at hand in temporal matters.

As my soul was delivered out of that awful state of captivity, I longed to get home to my house to give full vent to my feelings; for my soul was as full as it could hold of the love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. My soul loved the Father for making choice of me, the Son for redeeming me, and the Holy Ghost for calling me by his grace. When I got into my house, I shut myself in my room, and fell down and gave the Lord thanks for all his goodness and mercy to me and mine; and, strange to say, when I got home, there was a letter from London for me to go and preach at Eden Street for the first time, for two Lord's days in the month of July, 1843. Here I saw the hand of the Lord towards me in opening doors for me, and supplying my every need. When I had filled those two Lord's days, they gave me an invitation for the month of December. The Lord was with me to bless his own word. Then I received an invitation to go to Woburn, in Bedfordshire, to preach; and I engaged to go for two Lord's days in the month of April, 1844. I was then called out a great deal from place to place, so that I was at home at Pewsey very little.

LEARNING TO WRITE.

But to return to Pewsey. I must recall here a thing which took place in the year 1840. For eleven or twelve years before this time, this scripture was applied with power to my mind: "Write;" and it followed me up. Sometimes I thought I would put myself to school, but I had to support my wife and family. I kept promising myself that I would try; but when I had a little time, then I had no will. My soul kept on praying for the Lord to open the way.

So in the year 1840, in the month of May, I had nothing much to do; then what to do I could not tell. Sometimes I thought I would try; and then again something said it would be of no use for me to try to learn to write. I was too old. But something said, Try, try. At last I got a strip of writing paper, and asked my son to put down the alphabet in large letters on one side, and small on the other. I went up into my bedroom, fell upon my knees, and asked the Lord to teach me to write, as he had taught me to read himself; for if there were letters to write my wife had to do it. I took the pen, ink, and paper, and began to make a trial. I tried all one day and the next, and kept on through the week; until I was almost beside myself; down upon my knees, and pleading that word "Write," and up and trying again. At last I gave it up, and walked into my garden, groaning and crying to the Lord, saying, "Lord, didst not thou tell me to write?" I could not form a letter for the life of me. I went up into my room again, took up the pen, sat down, and thought that I would just have one more trial, and then give it up for good. The Lord guided my pen, showed me how to form a letter, and I went on writing without any copy being set for me, and wrote anything that sprang up within my heart of the Word of God. After I had been writing for some little time, down I fell on my knees to thank the Lord for teaching me to form a word or letter. After I had followed this on for a few days, I began to think, How shall I put this together?

Some time after this I received a letter from Exeter to go and supply at the late Mr. Tanner's chapel, called the Tabernacle. I felt that I must write a few lines to my dear and much esteemed friend, Mr. Philpot. But, I thought, such a fool as I am, with no human learning, to write to an Oxford scholar and eloquent orator as he is! It seemed like presumption. Still, I could not get it off my mind; but I felt I could not spell or put words together. Then I went to a book-shop and

bought a spelling book; but I could not learn to spell a word. So I got a little writing-paper, pen, and ink, and went up into my bedroom and tried to ask the Lord to teach me; and then I began to write to this great preacher. And the Lord broke in upon my soul, broke my heart all to pieces, and the tears ran down my face; so that my soul by precious faith had such a sight and felt sense of the great Saviour, and my interest in him, that I lost sight of the great preacher. My tears ran down on the paper as I scribbled. O! What a precious time my soul had! I sent it off to Stamford to him; and in a short time I received a letter from him. And then I had to cry to the Lord to ask him to teach me to read it. And, bless his dear and precious Name, he did. I could not tell any one what my soul enjoyed in reading it. He encouraged me to press on and lose no time. And on I went with fresh courage, and never spent an hour's idle time for years. As I was continually asking the Lord to teach me how to spell and put the words together, it seemed to me as though there was a voice within my heart telling me how to spell and put words together. And what my soul has enjoyed in writing to friends, and feeling thankfulness and gratitude to the Lord for teaching me how to read and write! And he himself hath done it. No man nor woman ever taught me anything of the kind. Then "bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy Name."

FURTHER TRIALS AT PEWSEY.

As persecutions continued, we were anxious to get out of the High Street; and as there was a house, garden, and a little land to be let, and I had some money left to take it, one of the deacons and my wife and self went and took it. My mind was swallowed up in it. We began to reckon what stock we should want, and what money it would take to stock it; and off my wife went to call my money in. This was on

a Saturday. I was left at home and got no sleep, I was so busy with this new place. All of a sudden the word came into my soul: "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life;" and truly they cut me up root and branch. After evening service, the sister of the widow woman that I took this place of was standing at the chapel door; and she said: "You are not to have this place now." I answered her, "But I *will* have it, in spite of any one." Then this scripture came with such killing power into my heart: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." And O! What a night I had on my bed between these two scriptures cutting me all to pieces, like so many swords, when my mind was hard at work in it: "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life." As I did not like to give way to the son-in-law, who was a lawyer, therefore I said, "I will have it, in spite of any one." Then this scripture came again with double power; and it made me cry, "Lord, what shall I do?" And the Lord showed me what I must do; and that was to give it up, and let himself inflict the vengeance on the man. And, solemn to say, the Lord soon struck him blind; and one Sabbath evening, as he was eating, a bone got into his throat and killed him.

The Lord laid a heavy affliction upon my poor wife. She was a great sufferer; and my engagements at this time lay so far from home,—at Manchester, Liverpool, Wolverhampton, Stamford, and Oakham; so that I have come out of the pulpit hot, gone off to the railway station, and have travelled all night to and from these places to go home and see the dear sufferer.

INVITATIONS TO MANCHESTER AND WOBURN.

About this time, I had an invitation from the church at Manchester to supply for them for so many months on probation; but I could not see my way to do so. The first time of my preaching at Woburn, in

Bedfordshire, was in April, 1844; and the first time of my supplying at the late Mr. Gadsby's chapel, Manchester, was in September, 1844. So that doors opened to me on every hand. This supplied me with everything needful to meet my heavy expenses through my wife's long illness. But, being from home so much, I was obliged to give up my little business, and had wholly to live on the ministry. As I only received £25 a year from the friends at Pewsey, and had about £15 to pay for house rent and taxes out of that, I could not live to stop at home; and as the greater part of the people were poor, and God's grace in my conscience would not suffer me to impose upon them; because the poor that oppresseth the poor is like a sweeping rain that leaves no food; so, when I went from home so much, my conscience was impressed to give up my yearly pay, and only receive pay for the Lord's days that I was at home. Then I received 10s. for the Sabbath; and I trust the Lord gave me a conscience towards my brethren, as well as one towards myself.

After going to Woburn two or three times, the friends wished me to settle amongst them; which caused me much exercise of mind. But I could not then see my way; but continued to supply for them as often as possible, and felt the power of the truth the Lord enabled me to deliver from time to time.

At one time, when I went to supply at Eden Street, London, in 1845, for the first two Lord's days in July (I had been to Zoar before), and came to my lodgings at Southampton Street on the Saturday night, there was a note for me. I opened it, and saw that it contained but a few words, and no name to it. I read it. The first words were: "Be sure your sins will find you out;" and the other words: "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; nor hid that shall not be known." I turned it over and over in my mind; and as my wife was with me, I read it to her; and showed it to the friends in the house. I

went to bed, but had little sleep. I got up, looked at this note again: "Be sure your sins will find you out." Well, I felt that this was a truth, for I knew it by every day's experience, and had done so for many years past; and the other portion troubled my mind, at times. I could not think what it could mean; for I greatly feared there was some secret sin in me, or practised by me, that had never been brought to light. I was much perplexed and cast down, and had no text. So, between one thing and another, I verily thought it was all over with my preaching for that day. But I thought I would take my Bible and look at the connection. When I had found it and had read the whole verse, the words entered into my soul with such life and power that I had a text. The person who wrote it took care not to take the whole verse, which reads thus: "Fear them not, therefore; for there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known." And the whole secret was opened up within my soul, which had been hid in those words from my understanding. So Satan missed his mark and was confuted; and my soul drew sweetness out of the text whilst I was speaking from it; and the word of the Lord ran and was glorified. I have had anonymous letters since then; for many are the trials and afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord will deliver them out of them all. And "no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord; and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

SETTLEMENT AT WOBURN.

As the Woburn people would not let me rest unless I would accept their call to become their settled pastor, I was greatly tried and exercised between the Manchester and the Woburn people. But I gave the

Manchester friends a denial; and the leading gentleman at Woburn was continually pressing me until I would go and settle among them. He said he never heard any preacher like he heard me, and showed me great kindness; not that I received so much of his money; for after I had paid my travelling expenses from Pewsey to London and from London to Woburn, and back home again, I had but a few shillings left; because I had a great many miles to travel by coach in those days. My salary at Woburn was to be thirty shillings a week. At last I consented to go to Woburn, and the time and day were fixed for our removal. But the Lord only knows what my soul went through until about one hour before we left Pewsey.

There were a few poor souls there that my heart was closely knit to, and I could not get a word from the Lord. My poor wife was ill in bed; and I had but little bed that night, and less rest and sleep. I went up to my wife in bed about four o'clock in the morning to get her up; when she said, "I cannot get up. I cannot stand that long journey." My soul sank fathoms. I walked downstairs and into the garden for the last time in such distress of mind; and the dear and blessed Lord spoke to my heart and soul: "Fear thou not; I will help thee, and go before thee." I walked into the house quite happy, and felt sure that my wife would be able to take the journey; though a long one; and she was much better when we arrived at Woburn on the morning of the 18th of December, 1846, than when we left Pewsey. We went into an empty house; for one cab took me, my wife, son, and servant, and all our luggage and furniture from Paddington to the North-Western Station. My daughter was just married; and we left them in the house with the furniture; and now we had to furnish this house. I thought, of course, they would pay our travelling expenses; but no, not one shilling. The gentleman often asked me whether I did not want some money; but I always said No. I never borrowed any money

of him ; and he never gave me but one £5 note all the years of my friendship with him, which was about seven ; and then his wife told him that he had not given me enough to pay my travelling expenses, as I had got my wife in London, she being unwell. He sent it to me there in a letter. Neither did I want his money, for I wanted to keep a good conscience towards both God and man. My wife got better ; and the Lord was with me in the pulpit. The church increased under my ministry, and we had peace among ourselves. Invitations came from every quarter ; and the Lord greatly favoured my soul with life and liberty, and kept my conscience tender in his blessed fear.

After I had been there some time I received an invitation to go to Leicester. The first time I went there the Lord blessed the word to the people's souls, and Mr. Harrison spoke of the word coming with power into his heart and soul ; and therefore he showed great kindness to me. But I am sorry to say that my Woburn friend began to be a little jealous. But still, I took no notice of that. We still walked together in a friendly way and manner for about five years and two months, until, after a church meeting, on the following morning, we got a little crooked, because I told him my own faults, and then told him his. And now began my troubles and deep-felt grief, because I could not endure to see the poor of the flock trodden upon. So then troubles came in upon me like a wide breaking in of waters ; but the Lord stood by me and enabled me to come up into the pulpit Sabbath after Sabbath with a "Thus saith the Lord," and with sword in hand. I had much enmity manifested against me ; but I had a good conscience before God and man, and therefore the Lord stood by me.

This went on for over twelve months. Before the year was ended, some of them wanted me to leave quietly ; but I said the church brought me there, and the church should send me away ; and that I came

there in an honourable way and manner, and that I wished to leave in the same way. But no, they would not send me away; so I stood my ground. God only knows what my soul went through during the twelve months. As I called a church meeting, some few sent in their resignation because they would not meet me.

During this trying year, my son left his situation. My daughter, her husband, and children came to us in the month of May, and remained with us to the end of September; and I had them all to keep. This was a trying time indeed; it was in the year 1851, and some of the people said they should starve me out. But my Lord and Master fed me and all my family. Soon the dear Lord opened a way for my son-in-law at Oakham, in Rutland, and my son went into business at Luton, in Bedfordshire. Then we were only three left,—myself, wife, and servant. But here I was, with only the poor of the flock; but the Lord greatly blessed our souls, and the other few that left us opened a place close by our chapel, in the very place where I used to resort in my trouble.

And there is another thing that took place with me at Woburn. The Lord laid affliction upon my body. I was preaching at Eden Street, London, and went into the country to preach, and lay in a damp bed. I cannot say that I *slept* in it, because I lay and shook all night. I was obliged to return home before my engagement was completed, and very ill I was; and I thought I must die. The Lord hid his face from my poor soul, and shut me up in darkness and confusion, and the devil set in upon me in such a way, and told me my religion was a cheat and delusion. I lay and groaned and sighed like a poor prisoner in deed and in truth. My poor wife would say to me, "Why, father, it is all well with you." "Ah!" said I, in answer to her, "it is very well for you to say so, because you are out of the furnace; but I am in it." She would try to comfort me, for she had witnessed so much of the Lord's goodness and mercy towards me;

but all the past mercies and deliverances would not do for my soul in that trying affliction and hot furnace. This was the first bodily affliction that ever I had. I had flattered myself that, if ever I was ill, how I should lie and love and serve the Lord. But, alas! alas! I had no love, no faith, to love and serve the Lord with.

A few days before I was taken ill, as I was walking down the City Road, in London, before I got to the City toll-gate, these words were applied to my heart and soul with such power: "Have faith in God," and they kept on speaking in my heart. I wondered what was coming upon me. But in this furnace and fire my soul was led to understand them, for I felt that my soul needed faith in God. This affliction brought down both body and soul. On the Friday, my soul sank so low, when all of a sudden these words came with such power: "Be still, and know that I am God." My little faith laid hold of the Lord Jesus in a moment. My soul was delivered from all my doubts, fears, groans, sighs, and cries, and I came forth with a shout of "Victory!" through the blood of the everlasting covenant. These words: "Be still," sounded in my soul so sweetly that I said to my wife, "It is indeed all well with me now." I also added, "I shall dress myself and go and preach on Lord's day." She could not believe me; but I felt I must crawl out and preach from this text, for it seemed to me that there was not another such an one in all the Bible, because it so enlarged within my soul. All day on the Friday, and also on the Saturday, my heart and soul was all on fire under the burning love of God in Christ Jesus. On the Lord's day morning I dressed myself, put on a large travelling cloak, and into the chapel I went and preached twice that day from my text; and truly the pulpit medicine, with the words: "Be still," was the best remedy and physic my body and soul had through all my illness. And now, my dear fellow-preachers, *beware of sleeping in damp beds.*

As the house we lived in belonged to the party who had risen up against me, during an engagement of mine from home my poor wife was driven out of it, and she took four top rooms in a house in the market-place. It being such a hot summer, and living day and night close to the blue slates, her poor head was affected. Here we were for fifteen months, and could not get a house anywhere. But when I was called out to preach, and saw a house shut up, O how I did long for that place! Now, my dear readers, I will leave you to judge the state and condition of our poor minds. I did not care so much about myself as I did about my poor afflicted wife, because she had been brought up more tenderly and better than I had; and she would often say in those rooms, "I am afraid I shall lose my reason." What trouble this gave me! I saw nothing but poverty and distress before me. But at about the end of fifteen months there was a house to be let a little way out of the town on the Leighton Road. I went with my wife to see it, and took it at once, and went into it; but all to no use and purpose; the malady was set in upon my wife, and she grew worse and worse daily. What to do I could not tell. Our old servant married away; and here I was, left to do as I could. I was compelled to try and fill my engagements; so I got a young woman to come and stop with her during the time I was gone to Leicester. At the same time, my daughter and her husband lay down at Oakham with fever, one on one bed and one on another. And although the Lord gave me such good health and strength, yet the enemy told me that the hand of the Lord was gone out against me, and my enemies would have an opportunity to say, Aha, aha, so we would have it; and that into deep poverty I must come, and all my family. But the dear Lord opened the hearts of the dear friends at Oakham, Stamford, and other places, so that the needs of my poor daughter, her husband, and children were well supplied. My dear and much

esteemed friend, Mr. Philpot, was a great friend to them.

My poor soul kept crying to the Lord to open a way for me, that I might be able to pay my way, as I had done for many years; and I felt that faith and confidence in the Lord that he would do it. But I could not see in what way he would do it. But he knew the way that I must go; and when he had tried me, he brought forth my soul as gold. "For he performeth the thing that was appointed for me."

As my wife still grew worse and worse, my little faith was sharply tried in every way. The enemy of my soul tormented me, and told me I should never be able to stand my ground in this town as an honest man, for the people were all so poor. Poor dear things, they did all they could; and when I was out they paid their supplies very well. And the Lord enabled us to do more to the inside of the chapel when the rich were gone than ever was done in their time. For we had made a new baptistery in the chapel, and brought the gas in, which cost over £16.

AN INTERPOSITION OF THE LORD'S PROVIDENCE.

But to return. Now the time was up for a great door to be opened for me in providence. My dear and much esteemed friend Mr. Harrison, of Leicester, died on the 3rd of March, 1855, and left me a farm at Besthorpe, in Nottinghamshire. As Mr. Harrison died on the 3rd of March, the first rent was due to me on the 6th of April. I said to myself, "Now I will preach to the poor things at Woburn free." So I published from the pulpit that I should not take anything from them for preaching after Lady Day. But this caused me another great trial; for the people whispered among themselves that Mr. Harrison left it as much to them as to me. Poor things, they did not understand the meaning of "absolutely."—"I give and bequeath to my friend Thomas Godwin, minister

of the gospel, the farm at Besthorpe *absolutely*." So I had to get a copy of the will to convince them. On the 7th of April, 1855, another friend died, and left me £20. So you can see, my reader, that my covenant God and Father had appointed some good things for me, a vile wretch, so that I could feelingly say, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want;" and "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." Now it was all over with that class of people; their hope was lost respecting starving me out. And there was another thing nearer than all this: there was no room for my devilish heart to fear that they would have their ends, and distrust my God. What hath God wrought? Then, my poor tried brother and sister, trust in him, and commit thy way to him, and he shall direct thy ways.

DEATH OF MY FIRST WIFE.

But the Lord gave me ballast; for my poor wife grew worse and worse, and became very violent, and as strong as a lion. She took me by the throat, and almost strangled me; but the Lord gave me just strength enough to escape out of her hand. Then I strapped her hands to show her that I could master her. Then the devil set in upon her to destroy herself; and as the Lord had now given me the means to send her away, and she wished me to do so, I had made up my mind to go to Bedford, to the asylum, and make an appointment to take her there. But, before the time came for me to go, she became more calm and quiet, and said, "Father, do bear with me. It will not be long." This broke my heart all to pieces, and I said, "No, I will never put you into an asylum." When I went from home, I used to get some one to take care of her; and when at home I used to look after her myself. I often used to hear her say in the night, when that awful spirit was upon her, "I will kill him;" but

I used to sleep by her side very comfortably, for the Lord had assured me that she would never destroy herself nor yet her husband.

One day, when my son and daughter drove over to see their poor mother, they took her back with them while I got the house painted and papered; but she never returned home again. I then engaged a person to look after her, and I lived by myself, and travelled backwards and forwards from Woburn to Luton. She lived about a year and six months after she got to Luton with her daughter.

Now, there is no one on earth that can enter into these trials and troubles but those that have been in them, because they are always set against their best friends; and this is killing work to the poor husband or wife that has great affection towards the afflicted one. If ever this little work should fall into the hands of those who may have the same affliction to do with and to bear, be sure and be kind to them, and pray for patience to bear with them.

But now comes the closing scene. I was in the country preaching, and was just going to remove on to Bedworth to my dear old friend's house, the late Mr. Congreve, when a letter came to say that my wife was a great deal worse. This was on the Friday morning, December 26, 1856. A friend at Winslow drove me to Leighton to take the train for Luton, but it was gone; then another friend drove me on to Luton, and I sat and watched her all night by myself, and attended to her until about five o'clock in the morning, when she fell asleep, as quiet as a lamb, with a beautiful smile on her countenance, December 27th, 1856. I lost one of the best wives any man could have before her deranged state of mind came upon her, which was about three years before her death. Many a sly blow she gave me; but the Lord ever preserves his people, because he keepeth the feet of his saints. When I used to ask her if I should go out to preach, and leave her, she used to say, "Go, father; you must be

about your Master's business." Her mortal remains lie in the Luton cemetery.

A HEAVY AFFLICTION.

Now, this change of life set me thinking ; and as I had lived by myself eighteen months, and had done everything in the house for myself, I felt I would not keep either servant or housekeeper, as my wife took her servant to Luton with her ; and that I would do for myself. But as I was called out so much, I came, after a long journey, into a cold, damp house, and nothing to eat ; but I had some good drink in the pump, as I had been a water drinker for many years ; and I used to call at the butcher's and get a chop, and go home and light my fire, and cook it. But before the month of January was out, I went to Alvescot to preach ; and on my return I called to see the late Mrs. Day. She was a member at Abingdon with that dear and precious man of God, the late William Tiptaft. As she was ill in bed, she wished to see me ; so I went up into her bedroom. As soon as I saw her, I said, "You have got the fever ;" for I felt it go down my throat. As dear friend Tiptaft had engaged to change pulpits with me, he went to Woburn for the Lord's day, and I preached at Abingdon for him morning and afternoon. Then I went over to Oxford, and preached in the evening, and left Oxford by the first train to Bletchley, and walked the six miles to Woburn to meet Mr. Tiptaft at my house ; my daughter being there to provide for Mr. T. When I got home, Mr. Tiptaft told me he was going out to preach that evening ; and he said, "Mr. Goodman is coming after me at such an hour." "Then," I said, "I shall hope to go with you." So we went, and returned home after the service. We took our supper together, and went to bed about eleven o'clock ; and at one I was taken very ill with the fever. My dear friend and brother Tiptaft left

me in the morning, and my daughter left me the next morning, because her husband and children needed her at home. There I was, left ill in bed, and no one to do anything for me. I used to get a man to get me a little milk, and took a little at a time. Here I lay until the following Monday morning. And in connection with this heavy affliction, I received a letter from my much-esteemed friend Mr. Philpot, which contained heavy tidings. Between the painful feelings this letter gave me in soul, and the affliction of my body, I thought I should soon be in the grave with my poor departed wife. But, on the Monday morning, a friend came in to see me. I said to him, "Will you go and order a fly for me? I must try and go to Luton to my son's." Although it was a bitterly cold morning, yet I dressed myself, and got into the fly; but the snow being so deep, the poor horse could not make any speed at all. But before we had got four miles on the road we met my dear son with a fly and two horses, coming for me; so they drove close up by the side of our fly, so that I managed to get out of the one into the other. But when we got to Dunstable, the poor horses were so done up that the driver was obliged to take them out and give them a feed of corn.

As I sat in the carriage, I thought the Lord was about to make a full end of me; I was so dark and dead in my soul. When I got to my son's I went to bed, and still grew worse and worse; but the affliction of my body was nothing to that of my mind. God only knows what I went through on that bed. My flesh wasted away on my bones; my strength of body and soul was gone; and Satan set in upon me, and said, "Your wife has only been dead a month; and now the Lord is about to cut you off at a stroke." My soul said, "Lord, what? Am I to die in this awful state of death and darkness, after so many deliverances and blessed testimonies that my soul has had from time to time?" My poor children kept coming

to look at me, and my poor dear daughter who knew the Lord, and also her husband, and my dear son's wife, who herself attended to me all through my affliction. They would not let the servant come near me, neither the children; because mine was a very bad fever.

One night my soul was led out in nearness to the Lord; and two lines of a hymn dropped into my mind. My soul kept on repeating them. The lines were these:

"A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they;"

the only two lines of a hymn that ever were made useful to my soul. After some little time, the Lord Jesus, the great Sacrifice for sin, was opened up in my soul and manifested to my heart; so that my soul was brought out into a "large place" again, because the Lord delighted in me. And he made my soul delight in him; so that I could lie and love the Lord Jesus, his people, and his ways. Now, I felt sure I should be raised up again, to declare the truth and faithfulness of the Lord; and from that time I began to get better. I longed to go forth again into my labours, as the love of the Lord Jesus Christ flowed into my heart, like so many warm springs from the fountain of everlasting life. So, without saying a word to my good nurse, I dressed myself for the first time, walked down stairs, put on my hat and cloak, walked out the back way, and went to see my dear daughter, as she then lived in Luton. On the Saturday morning I rode five miles in the omnibus to the Dunstable railway station. It being the month of February, 1857, the roads were so very rough that I thought it would have shaken me to pieces. I was ready to faint; but I got into a first-class carriage, and travelled about seventy miles to Leicester; and on Lord's day morning walked up into the pulpit more like a dead man than a living one. I preached twice that day; and the Lord was with me to bless his word to the people's souls

I began to gather strength fast; and my soul was very happy. I had been at Leicester but a few days before a lawyer's letter came to me. When I read it, down my soul sank lower than before; and what to do I could not tell. But very soon these words came with great power: "I will overturn, overturn, overturn."

My highly-esteemed friend at Oakham said that he would stand in my shoes, and that all letters that came to me I was to forward to him. I did so. I stopped at Leicester for three Lord's days; then came to Godmanchester for one; went to Hitchin for a week evening, and from there to Luton to my son's. There I found another letter from another lawyer at Woburn, for my enemy lived at Woburn. He said, "Godwin has some money; and I will ruin him." But these words kept on running through my heart: "I will overturn, overturn, overturn." So my soul committed all my case into my Lord and Master's hands. When I reached Woburn, I went to the lawyer at once, and told him that I had received his letter, but that I never raised the report about this man; it was a common byword in the town. In a few days the lawyer came to me and wanted to know why I did not attend to his letters myself. I told him I should have nothing to do with them. And I heard no more about it. So the dear Lord overturned all their craftiness, and made their wisdom foolishness. "For he taketh the wise in their own craftiness."

Now my soul loved my blessed Lord and Master for making his own word good again to me; and I wanted to honour him and glorify him in body and spirit, which are his.

MY SECOND MARRIAGE.

Now I travelled on a little more smoothly for a little time, but very lonely; having nobody to speak to, and having to do all the household work myself, for I had made up my mind not to have a woman in

my house. But after a few months, I felt that I could not live such a lonely life, and come home so often into a damp house. Then my soul began to cry to the Lord to give me another good wife, one that he himself had appointed for me, one that was in the possession of the life and fear of God. "O Lord," cried my soul, "do not let me be deceived. Do not let me set my mind on one of my own choice. Do lead me to the one that thou hast appointed for me." And the dear Lord answered my cry, and gave me a good kind-hearted wife, liberal to the Lord's poor people. And never was a better nurse or more diligent wife in the house; and she cannot do enough for me. She is indeed a helpmeet. No man ever had two better wives than myself.

DEATH OF MY SON.

As my house at Woburn was too small, and there was not another in the town to be let, I took a house at Linslade, near Leighton Buzzard station, because we were continually travelling the country over. But soon there was another trouble and deep trial for me, in the death of my dear and only son, who I hoped would be a comfort to me in my old age. I was preaching at Allington, in Wiltshire, when the heavy tidings of his illness reached me. I said that he would die, because my soul had been led to pray for him day after day. After we arrived at home, we took a cup of tea, and started by the last train to Luton. My dear son had been crying out all day, "Has father come? Has father come?" and then, I believe, when it got so late, he gave me up. But when we drove up to the door, his dear wife met us with her baby in her arms; and the first words she said were: "Dear grand-papa, you are just in time to see the last of your dear son." My heart seemed to almost come into my mouth. I ran up stairs, and saw him with his eyes closed and nearly gone. I could not speak to him. His wife

said, "John, my dear, here is your dear father come." He opened his eyes, turned, and fixed them upon me, and said, "Father, I am saved! Saved with an everlasting salvation." I said, "Are you sure that you are saved, my son?" He said, "Yes." Then my heart and mouth were opened, and I preached the Lord Jesus Christ to him in that powerful way and manner, so that he did not seem like my son. Then he made motions for me to pray; and the heavens were opened to my soul. I could not pray for his life, but for an easy dismissal to glory, after which he made some motions to me about his three little children. Then he said, "Free grace; free grace. It is all of grace," and was gone in a moment. We had been with him just half an hour.

This was a trying stroke for my soul to pass through; but the blessed evidence and testimony that the Lord had given his soul, and the dying testimony that I witnessed myself of his soul being saved by an everlasting salvation, buried and covered all my sorrows for some time. But I had to witness this truth: "Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidest affliction on our loins. We went through fire and through water; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." Little did we think, when his poor mother died, that he would so soon be laid in the same grave with her. He departed this life Sept. 21st, 1859, aged 32: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord."

INVITATIONS TO LIVERPOOL, ALLINGTON, AND
GODMANCHESTER.

About this time I received a call from the church at Shaw Street, Liverpool. This caused me great exercise of mind for a long time, and much prayer to the Lord to know his mind and will respecting the matter; because sometimes it is the voice of the church, and not the voice of the Lord. Therefore I have been

obliged to look closely into this matter. As I could not feel any leadings of the Lord within my soul that way, therefore I gave them a denial. But they would not receive it as such; so, after a long while, I gave them a second.

After this, two other churches asked me, but I wanted to see my way out from Woburn. At last, the Lord led me to give up my charge over them as a pastor. I still drove over to Woburn from Leighton every Lord's day when I was at home, and preached to them. But, in the year 1860, the friends at Godmanchester gave me a call to become their pastor, and my dear and much esteemed friends at Allington wanted me to go and be settled over them. Here again my poor mind was so tried, night and day, to know the mind and will of the Lord in this trying matter. I had known the dear friends at Allington for about twenty-five years, and had proved their kindness to me over and over again; and my heart and soul was closely knit to them in the bonds of the gospel. But Godmanchester kept following me so closely until it was quite a trouble, for I had said, over and over again, that I would never settle over any other church; for I had had so many church troubles for so many years, again and again, that when I gave up my charge at Woburn, I made up my mind not to take the charge of another church. And the Lord only knows what trouble and sleepless hours this caused me on my bed, until the month of January, 1861. I was preaching at Oakham, and in the bedroom, on the morning of the 13th of January, the dear Lord decided the matter for me; for I felt I could not live any longer under the painful exercise. My poor soul cried out in the distress of my mind, "O Lord, do tell me what I am to do. I am so troubled. Am I to go to Godmanchester, or am I not?" The word came with such power: "Go; and I will be with thee;" and my soul was delivered in a moment, and I was as happy as I could live.

SETTLEMENT AT GODMANCHESTER.

As I stood engaged to supply at Godmanchester in the month of March, 1861, I then engaged to take the pastoral charge over the church. My labours were to commence on the first Lord's day in July. When this was settled in my mind, I wrote to my much esteemed friend Mr. Parry, and told him in what way the Lord had settled the matter, and that I must go to Godmanchester.

After we had settled to go to Godmanchester, we wanted a little improvement in the Chapel House. So one thing was suggested, and another; at last it was agreed upon to build two more rooms, and I gave twenty pounds to start with. All the money was soon raised. It cost a hundred and thirty pounds; and it is now a good family house,—five rooms above, and five below. The Lord greatly blessed my sojourn on the first Lord's day in a marked way and manner; for I felt such life, liberty and power through the day in the pulpit from this text: "Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." I felt the Lord himself ordained me over this church and people; and he gave testimony to the word of his grace.

And now begins a new scene in my poor life. On the 10th of July, 1861, we arrived here at this house, Chapel House, Godmanchester, with our household furniture. A vast number of kind-hearted friends were waiting to help us unload our furniture at the Chapel House. There was no road then to the house; but there were two green fields in the front of it; therefore the friend that rented them gave us liberty to draw the waggons across his field, and we cut down the hedge, and the furniture was soon in the house. Mr. J. Gadsby and Mr. Harpur sent their waggons to Leighton Buzzard, and brought the furniture all

the way by road; and although the waggons did not arrive until six o'clock in the evening, yet the bedroom and parlour were ready by supper time; so that we could lie down to rest under a feeling sense of the Lord's goodness and the kindness of the people. The house is called "Chapel House," although some little distance from the chapel; but it is the sole property of the church, therefore it is called Chapel House.

The dear Lord was with me in the pulpit, and fed his church and people under me, so that our hearts and souls were united together in the bonds of the gospel; and we walked together in love and union. On the 6th of October, I baptized in the River Ouse; and in the afternoon received them into church fellowship; and among them, my present wife, who had been a member for years at Stadhampton before I married her. The church increased under my ministry, and we walked together in love; peace and prosperity ruled and reigned among us, each one esteeming others better than themselves. And we all pulled together, as we were all of one heart and one soul. We began to see that something must be done to the chapel. One side was all decayed; we therefore saw that there must be a new wall built. A few of us met together, and we mutually agreed to do so. We collected the money among ourselves; and we set the men to work, and pulled the wall down, and got the new wall up before the Sabbath; and it was finished and paid for at once, which cost £90.

Soon something else came to cause us a little exercise; that was a Sabbath school. At once a few of us met together, and talked the matter over, and we found that there was no room for the children to sit, although the chapel is large. Then one of the friends said, "Shall we build a new gallery?" After a few minutes' consultation, one friend said, "We will have one, if we pay for it ourselves" (the committee). We began to see how much money we could raise; and the builder was sent for, and the contract entered

into. The school was opened in the new gallery on the 1st of May, 1864, commencing with eighty-one children. This cost £97 13s.; and the builder came and took his money as soon as it was done.

Surely the Lord is on our side, therefore we need not fear what man can do unto us. The cause prospered, and the Lord was truly among us; so that we could say that the Lord had done great things for us as a church and people, whereof we were made glad.

But again. There was another thing which opened to us as a great providence. There was no drive nearer than the Royal Oak Lane to this house for nearly twenty years after the house was built. There were two old cottages at the south end of this house to be sold, and one of them fronted out into a back street. These fell into our hands as a church and people; and after we had bought and paid for them at the cost of £50, we had no trouble to make up the money, for friends came forward so liberally. We pulled the two cottages down, and built a good boundary wall, and two good gates; and this made a good back entrance. The cost of this altogether was nearly eighty pounds. Then I saw that we had room to build a good back kitchen; so we pulled down the old one, and built up a good kitchen and a room over it. We put a new roof on the tool house, and removed the pump, at my own expense, which cost about £30. Here I raised my Ebenezer, and could feelingly say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me."

In the following year, another thing came up, in God's good providence towards us, as a church and people. Our chapel was all out of repair. The floor was not safe to walk upon, nor the seats to sit upon, nor yet the pulpit to stand in. I never stood in it for three years without fearing that it would break through; and at last I was obliged to put some underneath supports to it, or I should have gone through. And often we were patching up the old floor; but as we had been at so very much expense,

we could not see how we could manage to have a new floor put to so large a chapel, and new seats, and a new pulpit. I felt much exercised about the matter. But in the month of April, 1866, a dear friend of mine came to see us. When he left, he said, "I shall write to you in a day or two." When his letter came, and I began to read the contents, my heart was melted within me, and my soul was overcome with the great goodness and mercy of God towards us, as a church and people. The letter said, "If you will go into Huntingdon on the twenty-first or twenty-second, to the London and County Bank, you will find £300 for you; and if I might put a word in, £100 is for yourself, to build you a stable and coach house, and buy you a horse and carriage; and the other two hundred is towards putting a new floor and seats in the chapel." This made me sing aloud of his mercy, and cry, "What hath God wrought!" O! My dear reader, how I did long to communicate these things to the dear friends! Many tears ran out of our eyes, and many prayers went up out of our souls to the Lord for the dear friend who sent us the money.

We then formed a committee, and we let the work by contract for a new floor, new seats, and a new pulpit. The work was done well; and the cost was £279 16s. 8d.

Now, my dear readers, I will leave you to judge what our feelings must have been, as a church and people; for I cannot describe them. During the time this work was going on, we met in the British School; and when we re-opened the chapel, we had no public collection, because the kind friends made up what was wanting; so that all the money was ready when the work was completed. And I do believe that the Lord re-opened our hearts to bless, praise, and thank him for all his great favours to such unworthy wretches. We were like Manoah and his wife; and had nothing to do but to look on and wonder at the great things the Lord had done for us;

for now we had built a new side wall to the chapel, a new gallery, and a new inside to the chapel; and all was paid for when it was done. O my Lord! Surely thou hast made thy promise good, which came with such power into my soul in the bedroom at Oakham: "Go; and I will be with thee." And, bless his precious Name, he *has* been with me. And although we have lost by death twenty-two precious saints since I have been here, yet we have added between thirty and forty members; so that "The Lord is good; and a stronghold in the day of trouble." Also we have lost by death many out of the congregation, so that the congregation is not so large; but the great blessing is that we are walking in peace and union.

But to return to myself and the £100 given me to buy the horse and carriage. 'This made me tremble; because I saw that it would increase my expenses. But I set to work, and built a stable and coach house, and ordered a new four-wheel and a new set of harness. I authorized one of the friends to buy the horse for me; and I began to feel like this: Well, this is what the Lord showed me many years before that he would give me. And a few months before this took place, I told my wife and another friend all that the Lord had showed me, and said, All the things but one had taken place, and that was, that I had not yet got my horse and carriage, but I believed I should have it before I died. But whether they believed it or not then, they soon saw it, and rode in it.

But none of these things moved me. The Lord keeps the running sore opened in my heart, and the old serpent is for ever tempting and tormenting me; so that the pride of my heart is kept down; for there is nothing in this world but what is connected with trouble and sorrow.

Just upon the back of this great gift, the three hundred pounds, the dear teachers of the Sabbath school gave me a new Bible for the pulpit; and this broke my heart, and the tears of love and joy sweetly

ran down my cheeks. Then a few of the poor members gave me one of Mr. Gadsby's best hymn-books. This I record to show their love and affection towards me as their minister. And I must record this,—that the first seven years of my ministry here were the most peaceful and the happiest time of my life in the ministry; for we never had any unpleasantness in the church and congregation; and we have walked together in love, spiritual union, and affection; and I believe have had each member's prosperity in view, and have wept with them that wept, and rejoiced with them that rejoiced. And the school prospered, and the teachers agreed together in the school; and although many teachers have been removed, yet others have come forward; so that the number has been kept up.

But again. As the school increased, and the gallery was very warm in the summer, the teachers began to complain of the heat. So it was thought needful to try and buy some ground and build a new schoolroom. We thought of one spot of ground and another. The dear friends that stopped in the chapel to have their dinners found it very uncomfortable to hear the noise of the children; for we had some members that came from a distance, and one of them said to me on her death-bed, "You must have a schoolroom." And she said, "I will give you £50 to begin with." Then we began to think more about it. And as our burial-ground was full, we wanted to enlarge it. One of our friends had an opportunity to buy three cottages and gardens adjoining the chapel; and the purchase was made at a cost of £340; and the money was to be paid down on the 6th of January, 1867. The time drawing near, the committee met at this house to take into consideration how this £340 was to be made up. I had £50 in hand. We then began to see how much we could add to it. Three of us gave £50 each, and two gave £25 each, and two gave £5 each. So that, with the £50 in hand, and interest, made up £263. And the friends came for-

ward liberally, and made up the rest. The amount was £350 5s. Here, then, we saw the great goodness of the Lord to us, as a church and people; and truly, as we had so freely received, so the Lord gave us hearts and hands to freely give. And, dear readers, the £340 was paid down on the 4th of January, 1867, for the ground, and £10 for the deeds. And here, then, was a song of praise to our well-beloved Lord and Saviour. We truly proved that the gold and silver were and are the Lord's, and that he had the government over hearts and pockets.

But, then, there was another thing before us. How were we to build the new school-room? And how could we ask the friends to subscribe to that? We kept on thinking and talking the matter over among ourselves; and at last we began to act by calling the committee together to see what could be done, and what steps to take. My soul had plenty to do to watch and pray. At first, we thought we would borrow the money to build the school. Then we did not like to do so. So at last we got the committee together, and measured out the ground; and we soon had many tenders sent in, and we let it on contract. The builders commenced; and the work went on well.

During the time the school was building, the same dear friend who gave us the £300 came to see us, and stopped a few days with us. After his return home, he sent us £75 towards the new school. This encouraged us to hope that we should raise the money for it. And many of the children and friends entered into a weekly subscription; so that we began to look up a little, as we wanted to pay the builders as soon as the work was done. The bricklayers' bill, &c., was £78 12s. 2d. There being three of us together, we gave £20 each, which made sixty; and what we had in hand made up the amount; and we sent for him and paid his bill. Here, then, was another cause of thankfulness to the dear Lord, for giving us the heart and means to pay for the work when done. O, my

dear readers, what a blessing it is to have gold and silver, and a heart to part from it when there is a need for it! I am sure that it is better to give than to receive.

The whole cost of the building of the school was £355 12s. 2d. All the money was collected and made up when finished.

And again. Since then, another thing we have accomplished. There was no vestry for the minister. The following year, 1869, the same kind friend paid us another visit; and as he wished me to have a comfortable vestry, he sent us, after his return home, £75 more. And now we have two vestries, and furnished well. Here, again, the Lord has shown us that he is on our side, and that he has gone before us and made his goodness pass before us in the way. And although we have had so much to do, yet we have pulled together as the heart of one man, both in the church and school; and the Lord hath blessed us together.

But to return. Many years ago, I was much tried that, if I should be laid aside, and be a burden to the people, what should I do; as I never had been a burden to any people, and hoped I never should. In the year 1867, a member of this church in Cambridge Street died, and left me three hundred pounds, free of legacy duty. O! My dear readers, I cannot tell you what my feelings have been, from time to time, under the great goodness and mercy of the Lord to me and mine. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" I cannot bury these things, but must bring them to light, and lay them open before the public, that they may encourage some of the poor ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ when my body shall be laid in the grave; for here is an old man, nearly sixty-eight years of age, whom the Lord hath brought through many troubles, trials, and sorrows, and given his soul such sweet testimonies and deliver-

ances out of all his troubles and temptations, and made his promises good to my heart and soul: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And again: "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them. How much more are ye better than the fowls?"

These two portions of God's Word were applied to my soul, and the Lord gave me strength and courage to cast myself upon him, when I left the Church of England and all my former friends; and, notwithstanding all the bitterness and enmity of friends and foes, the Lord hath stood by me. And he has gone beyond his promise to me and mine; for he is not only a promise-making and a promise-keeping God, but he is a promise-fulfilling God, that keepeth covenant and mercy for ever toward them that fear him; and hath said that he will never leave nor forsake his poor tried family that are scattered abroad all over the earth. So that his name is still "Jehovah-jireh,"—"The Lord will provide."

I must just say, to the honour and praise of his great Name, that I have received four small legacies from strangers in blood, besides the two large ones. So that you, my dear reader, can see that the Lord has made his goodness to pass before me in the way on every hand and on every side; and he hath made me willing to labour among his poor children. And he hath led me about in his vineyard, and given me health and strength to travel the country over. I have preached in nearly two hundred different pulpits, and have had a large circle of close friends scattered over the land. And my unprofitable life has been lengthened out to see the end of most of my old friends in the ministry. They are gone to the place appointed for all the living family of God. What changing scenes I have witnessed, both in myself and others, and in churches and congregations! And now I am

waiting for the last solemn change to come to myself. I am living to prove that this is not my rest, because it is polluted. But there is a rest remaining for the people of God; and we which have believed do enter into that rest by precious faith.

But to return to my narrative. I have stated that the first seven years of my pastoral charge over this church were the most peaceful and the happiest time that I ever knew since I have been a preacher.

But lately I have had some changes, and have been much cast down, at times, through people failing in business, and their removal from this church and congregation. A great deal of this took place through pride, indolence, and extravagance; and this has tried me much. And I am still tried respecting the carelessness and slothfulness of some men in business. When I was in business, after the fear of the Lord was put into my heart, I was obliged to work hard, and live hard; and never spent one shilling, unless I gave it away to the needy. I am sure that no man can get on through life in business without very close application. For many years I feared I should not be able to get through life honourably.

And there is another thing that I greatly feared,—that I should live to be a burden to the Lord's dear people. These feelings and fears have sunk me very low from time to time. But my dear Lord and Master has opened his hand so bountifully to such a poor, blind, empty, vile sinner, that I can feelingly join Agur, and say, "Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the Name of my God in vain."

But my dear Lord hath provided such bounties for me, and given me more than I ever asked him for. For many years I felt a desire to be in a position,

and also in possession of a little money to give to the Lord's dear needy people; and the Lord has granted me my desire. When the dear Lord put it into the heart of my dear friend, Mr. Harrison, of Leicester, to leave me the farm at Besthorpe, two good cottages and gardens, and between eighty and ninety acres of land, I thought it would have killed me. O how my soul cried day and night to the dear Lord to keep it out of my heart, and my heart out of that! And, bless his dear Name, he has done so; for my dear friend died March 3rd, 1855, and now I am writing this on the last day of January, 1871. When the contents of the will were read to me, and I heard it: "I give and bequeath to my friend, Thomas Godwin, minister of the gospel at Woburn, my farm at Besthorpe, absolutely." O! My dear readers, trust ye in the Lord for ever, and cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you. And remember and forget not what a rich Father you have, who declares that the gold is his, and the silver is his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills are his, and the whole world and the fulness thereof. And is there anything too hard for the Lord to do?

When I was written to by the tenant to ask me to preach and to see the property, when I arrived and set my foot upon the land, and saw the good house and buildings, I was so overcome by the great goodness and mercy of the Lord to such a wretch as I. As Mr. Howett had but just sold the farm to the late Mr. Harrison, therefore I took the first half year's rent the first time I went to see the property. And just at that time the great man of Woburn and his few friends said that they should starve me out of the town. And my wife's affliction had been and still was so heavy that when I returned from Besthorpe with the first half year's rent in my pocket, and when these people heard of it, they would not believe it. But I was more than sure, because I had it in hand. One said one thing, and another said another,—that

the family would not give up the deeds; but they had done it without my asking for them, and I have always received great kindness from them. Then what hath God wrought? The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof he hath made me glad.

Now that I am unable to walk, through increasing infirmities, to see the friends when sick who live at a distance (for ours are a very scattered people), the Lord has given me a four-wheel, so that I can drive to visit them. But my readers must remember that all this has not made a gentleman of me. No; I never felt myself to be such a poor, empty, ignorant creature in all my experience as I feel now, from time to time; groping and groaning about the house and garden. But I am as fond of work, if I could do it, as I was when I worked for one shilling per week, or when a milk boy, and cut my own loaf, and used to put the knife down to see how long it would serve me. O Lord, what hast thou done for a poor ill- and hell-deserving sinner! And from the first entrance of the fear of the Lord into my heart, the Lord hath appeared for me in every trouble and strait. And many times, when I have had sums of money to pay, the postman has again and again brought me letters with £5 or £10 notes in them. And once at Woburn, after my first wife fell into that low state of mind, after we had removed from the rooms in the Market Place, and I had taken a place a little out of town at £14 per year, and the first year's rent was due, I received two letters from friends,—one had a £10 note in it, and the other a £2. So here was £12 towards the £14. This was a year before Mr. Harrison left me the farm and Mr. Holmes left me £20. And although my soul was then sunk so low, through the heavy affliction of my wife, yet my soul was like David's when he danced before the ark. O how my soul loved the dear Lord for opening his dear children's hearts to supply my need! So that he is a God of providence as well as a God of grace.

I have endeavoured to keep these things separate from the work of the Spirit of God in my soul, to show to my readers that God's divine providence towards his children is one thing, and the applications, manifestations, and revelations in the soul another thing. These are everlasting testimonies from God the Father, through God the Son, and brought into the soul by God the Holy Ghost; and these divine things make poor fools wise unto salvation.

The following are a few fragments found amongst Mr. Godwin's papers :

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON WHAT IT IS TO BE MADE A
FEELING SENSIBLE SINNER.

I answer, the first thing that must be done is the quickening power of God the Holy Ghost. As sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned. And the convincing power of the blessed Spirit of God, in applying the holiness of the law of God to the heart and conscience, opening up sin and transgression in the conscience, brings the poor sinner in guilty before a holy and just God, opening up divine justice in the soul; and this brings the soul to tremble before God. Now the holiness and purity of the law is opened up in the conscience, and the awful nature of sin, in all its bitterness and poison; and here the man or woman is brought to a feeling state of his or her sinnership. Now the sinner can join Paul, and say, "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died."

After this change took place in my soul, then my soul began to seek after mercy; because I was brought in guilty before a heart-searching God. And after seeking, crying, and panting after pardoning mercy, the Lord sent the curse and terrors of the law into

my soul. And here my soul sank into the horrible pit; so that I could join the church of old, and say, "While I suffer thy terrors, I am distracted;" and that "thy terrors have cut me off." Here, in this state, my soul feared that his wrath would consume me, body and soul, in hell, or that the earth would open and swallow me up. My soul cried, "Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath; neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure." And here is the sinner, lost and brought feelingly to perish, and the devil trying every way to destroy him. The arrows of God stick fast in him; and he feels, like David of old, that there is no soundness in his flesh because of God's anger, neither is there any rest in his bones because of his sins. And when my soul was here in this spot, I feared every day and hour that I should die and drop into hell. And this portion of the Word of God was continually on my mind: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." (Gal. iii. 10.)

This is the spot where the man has his soul made feelingly naked. When it is night, he cries out, "O that it were morning!" and when it is morning, "O that it were night!" Here the sinner proves that the law is his schoolmaster, and that there is no other way in which the soul is brought to feel his need of a Saviour; and that it is the law entering that makes the offence to abound. And here the sinner is killed under the law. This killing work under the law enabled Paul to say, "I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God." I am sure, if the soul is not thoroughly killed and cursed under the law, no man can understand what a real law-work is. And a man, if he is a preacher, cannot enter into the poor sinner's case who has sunk deep under the law's curse.

Now let us see what the Lord Jesus has said about this solemn subject: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one

rose from the dead." And again: "Do not think that I will accuse you to the Father. There is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust. For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?" And Paul says in the second of Corinthians: "But if the ministration of death, written and engraven in stones, was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance; which glory was to be done away; how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious? For if the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory," (iii. 7—9.) But the Lord Jesus Christ still speaks of Moses after he arose from the dead, when he joined the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, after calling them "fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken. Then beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses."

Now, a soul that has been well drilled under the righteousness of the law has proved the law to be a school-master in deed and in truth, under the solemn weight of sin and guilt, and expecting every day to be banished from the Lord, and the devil ready to devour the poor sinner.

You, dear souls, that have been handled in this way can understand these things. And I am sure that such a soul will be delivered from his burden of sin and guilt; and when the poor thing fears that he must sink under his sin, guilt, and transgression, the Lord Jesus Christ will surely appear to his soul, and bring pardon and peace in the heart and conscience, and open up his love, blood, and righteousness to

the troubled and burdened soul. And the salvation of the Son of God will run down into his heart and soul, and bring him forth with a shout of "Victory" through atoning blood. And the soul will be as happy as it can be in the body, and long to die to be with Jesus the Saviour, to praise and bless him for ever and for ever. And now all the sin and guilt, law and justice, is taken out of the poor sinner; and pardon, peace, justification, and sanctification are put into the soul. And now Christ is precious, and formed in the heart the Hope of glory.

The soul is now freed from all condemnation. The galling yoke of Moses is taken off, and the easy yoke of Christ put on. Now everything appears new to the poor child of God. The world and all things in it appear new, because the Lord hath given a new heart, a new spirit, and a new understanding, and the new faith is fixed upon its Author, the Lord Jesus Christ. Here the soul draws water out of the wells of salvation, and never expects to know war again. But here I will leave the happy soul enjoying the light of the Lord's reconciled countenance, and seeing light in his light. "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (2 Cor. v. 17.)

January 21st, 1869.

A memorable day of bliss and blessedness, revealed and sealed home into my heart and soul by the anointing power of God the Holy Ghost, under which my soul has been as happy as I could well live.

I have been travelling through a painful path for some days, of hard conflict and deep-felt sorrow under the power of darkness and temptation; and have had some heavy sighs and groans pressed out of my soul for another sweet visit of his great salvation.

My soul has been longing for a New year's gift,

and wondering whether I should ever have another sweet visit of his great salvation this side of the grave. The latter part of last week, my soul was tormented with indwelling sin, infidel thoughts, and the devil's temptations; so that the war was so hot, and the conflict so hard, and my faith and hope so low. But I felt like this: It may be to meet some of the cases of the poor tried children of God on Lord's day, the 17th. And truly I found it to be so. And last night, the 20th, I read these words for a text: "Lord, be thou my Helper;" and it was the very cry of my soul. This morning, I felt life in reading and prayer, so that my faith and hope revived. "For his mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem." (Song of Solomon, v. 16.)

On December 9th, 1869, I lost my dear and valued friend and brother, Mr. Philpot, one with whom I had enjoyed sweet communion for many years. I went to Croydon to see his body well laid in the grave. Although dead, he yet speaketh by the many able works he has left behind him. "The memory of the just is blessed." (Prov. x. 7.)

February 10th, 1870.

I had been asking the Lord to give me a New year's blessing; and, bless his Name, on the 10th of February, after reading, in the family, part of the xxivth of Luke. The word being so sweet to my heart and soul, I took it up again after prayer, and life and light sprang up in it. And the Holy Ghost shone so sweetly upon it that it began to enlarge itself in my heart; and my heart enlarged in that; and these words swelled in my heart like leaven: "He showed them his hands and his feet." And a blessed sight it is to my sin-oppressed and devil-tempted soul. And his precious love poured into my heart in such a

blessed way and manner, so that my cup has been full and running over with love to the dear Lord Jesus Christ and his dear redeemed people.

The savour of this lasted several days. On the following Lord's day, I spoke from these words: "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth." (Jno. xvii. 19.)

On January 18th, 1871, a heavy affliction fell upon me in my left shoulder, arm, and hand. My soul was shut up in a state of darkness, hardness, death, and sorrow; and Satan seemed to be let loose upon me; and the rebellion of my vile heart began to work within against the Lord for laying all this suffering upon me, until I felt more like a devil than a saint. This lasted until Friday morning, when the dear Lord broke my hard and rebellious heart all to pieces, and filled my soul full of love, joy, and peace. And sure I am that "He stayeth the rough wind in the day of his east wind."

February 1st, 1871.

A day to be remembered by me, notwithstanding all the suffering I have passed through for the last fortnight, and left my bed as full of pain as I could well bear.

As I sat by the fire, looking out of the window, feeling that it was a trying time for the poor, many suffering privation, as well as pain, the postman came to the door with the letters. When I opened one, the writer said, "I have sent you a few of my *pills*, hoping they will do you good." And, dear readers, what do you think these pills were made of? Why, four ten pound notes, and two fives, which made £50. The Lord came into my heart, and I began giving to the poor. And I am sure that I received it freely; and this has made me give freely through the day.

And I do believe that a few such pills as these would do thousands of God's poor tried children good.

Now you can see, my readers, that the Lord will supply my need. If this narrative should fall into the hands of any of God's poor ministers who are tried in providence, be as careful as you can not to get further into debt. And when you are preaching, do not try to preach money out of your hearers, neither tell your hearers how badly you are off; but lay all your debts and troubles before the Lord, and ask the Lord to bless the testimony to the hearts of your hearers; and the Lord will open their hearts, and you shall witness his dear hand in helping you. When I was in debt, I never opened my mind to any of my friends until the Lord had brought me out by hard labour and hard living. He brought me out by little, —here a little, and there a little; and now I can look back with pleasure and profit, and see the hand that opened the way, and brought me through to this day. Then "seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

February 1st, 1872.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." This day was a day of days, not to be forgotten by me. When the dear Lord visited my soul with the joys of his great salvation, O how sweet was his word to my heart! And my faith laid firm and fast hold of my blessed Lord and Saviour, and held sweet communion and fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, and felt as happy as I could live. But, alas! alas! I soon found that the Canaanites still dwell in the land, and will mar and disturb my peace; according to that word: "This is not your rest, because it is polluted."

January 20th, 1873.

As I was looking into the fifth chapter of the Revelation, such a sweet spirit of meditation fell upon me and sprang up within me, and such an unfolding of the truth of that chapter to my soul; until my heart and soul were swallowed up in the great and grand truths therein recorded. I felt as happy as if my soul was about to enter heaven.

February 4th, 1873.

The dear Lord shed abroad his precious love in my heart and soul in such a blessed way and manner, until my cup was full with these sweet words: "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." How sure I am that every soul that God the Father loved with an everlasting love, that God the Son loved with an everlasting love, and redeemed with an everlasting redemption, and that God the Holy Ghost loved with the same unchangeable love, will be loved unto the end. And his sweet comforting love now warms my heart, cheers my spirit, illuminates my mind, and works that assurance in my soul that I must endure unto the end, because my Lord and Saviour tells me that he loves his people unto the end. And bless his precious Name for ever and ever,

"Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves them to the end."

And my heart loves the Three-One God in return. I love the Father for loving me and choosing me; and I love the dear Son for redeeming me, and paying my great debt for me; and I love the Holy Ghost for quickening my soul into divine life, and for sealing the killing power of the law home upon my conscience, and for taking the pardoning blood and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, revealing and sealing it home with power into my guilty soul, which made and still makes my soul rejoice in his great salvation.

In 1873 we found it quite necessary, from the bad state that the roof and front of the chapel were in, to see what we could do to it. But after so much had been done, it was a great undertaking for us to collect such a large sum as it would take to put a new roof and front to it. But however, the workmen commenced their work; but it was a long job, and they did not get on very well, which tried my faith and patience. Having to preach in the schoolroom for several months, it was so hot and inconvenient for the accommodation of the congregation through the warm weather, that I often wished it had never been begun. But on the first Lord's day in January, 1874, we re-opened it, finished and paid for, at the cost of £736 14s. 4d. All the money was raised among the people, with the exception of £100 given me by two dear sisters, to whom the Lord has given the hearts and means to help the needy. May the Lord abundantly bless them. I spoke from these words (Haggai ii. 9): "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts," and had a happy day in my own soul. Truly we can say, "What hath God wrought!"

We now have a well-built chapel, good schoolroom, and every convenience. During the last thirteen years, since I have been pastor here, we have spent in repairs for the chapel, &c. &c., the large sum of £2,068 8s. 4d. And my desire is that during the few remaining days or months I may have to sojourn here, we may live together in love and peace, that the text may indeed be fulfilled in our experience. And when my work is done here below, may the Lord send the church a pastor, a man that shall go in and out before them, and feed the flock of slaughter.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF MR. GODWIN'S LAST DAYS,
WRITTEN BY HIS BEREAVED WIDOW.

My dear husband had suffered for some years with feeble action of the heart. Dr. Brooks, who examined his chest, told me that his heart was in that state that any exertion might cause him to drop dead, and begged me not to let him work in the garden. This was quite a trial to him, for he was very fond of rising early in the morning to work in it. He said he often enjoyed sweet meditation in watching the wonderful works of God in creation. The opening of the buds, and the expanding of the leaves, often led his mind up to nature's God; and he would come in to breakfast cheered and refreshed. But after he was not able to work, he would walk about, feeling grieved, seeing so much to do, yet not able to do it. Being naturally of an active mind, he did not like to sit idle. And his weakness was such that he could write but very little for several months before his illness, his hand shook so much. He often said, "What a useless lump I am become! What a wonder the Lord bears with me!" At times, he sank very low in his mind, was often under a cloud, would burst into tears, and mourn over his darkness and useless life. Yet the Lord helped him in the pulpit to speak to the tried and exercised, as the following extract from a letter from one of the members, received a short time before his death, will show:

"My dear Pastor and esteemed
Brother in the Lord,—

"Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort your heart, and to give you strength, wisdom, and power in the ministry. But I am grieved to see how your strength is failing. But your faith is as strong as ever, and you are enabled to contend earnestly for the truth against the errors of the day; and you are as firm in the gospel now as you were the first day I heard you preach.

"I am continually begging the Lord to spare you for his work's sake, and for the benefit of those poor souls who are passing through the wilderness, that you may still be helped to remove the stumbling-blocks out of the way.

"I find that it is a wilderness indeed. My soul seems to sink within me. I have to cry continually for mercy to keep my foot from slipping, and to keep me in his obedience; for I have felt the pains of disobedience. What a mercy the Lord should have looked on such a lost, ruined sinner as I have felt myself to be! I could not see how mercy could reach me. I expected hell; he brought me heaven. O what a change in a moment! How I blessed and praised the Lord! O that I could exalt him more and more, and serve him better! What a debtor to mercy I am! But O! What troubles, trials, and sorrows we have to meet with in the way! But what are they to be compared with the suffering of Jesus Christ, when he shed his precious blood to redeem us from all sin?

"His goodness and mercy has followed you up to the present time; and I beg of the Lord to shed more and more of his love into your soul, that you may be able to feed the flock of slaughter, and go on from strength to strength until he lands you safe in heaven."

The last time he entered the pulpit, he spoke from these words: "So will not we go back from thee; quicken us, and we will call upon thy Name. Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts; cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved." (Ps. lxxx. 18, 19.) He spoke with freedom, and in his usual way; and we little thought it would be the last time he would stand there. But the Lord's thoughts are not our thoughts.

(Copied from the "Gospel Standard.")

"At one time, when a little water was given to him, he blessed the Lord for it, and said, 'There is not a drop of water in hell,' and burst into tears at the

mercy of the Lord in delivering him from hell. He asked me to read to him Ps. cii., which comforted him. But, at times, he sank very low under the hidings of the light of the Lord's countenance and the powerful temptations of Satan. He often said he wondered he could stand up to speak at all; but, at times, he was much helped to declare a free gospel; and under that text: 'Christ is All and in all,' he very sweetly entered into what it was to have Christ dwelling in believers the Hope of glory. He lived upon the sweetness for many days.

"On the following Tuesday night he was much favoured on his bed, and held sweet communion for hours. In the family service, in the evening, he was much drawn out, and felt liberty, and prayed for us that the Lord would comfort us if he removed him. He also begged for another song in the night season. In the morning, he said to me, 'Yes, I shall soon be landed. The Lord has told me so. He has sweetly revealed himself to me on my bed this morning, and brought me up from the low dungeon, and set my feet upon the Rock of eternal ages. I can leave all now.' Seeing me distressed, he replied, 'It may not be just yet. I am willing to stay the Lord's appointed time; and he will take care of you.'

"On July 28th I noticed a difference in his voice; and his memory failed him very much; and he did not eat his dinner as usual. I said, 'You don't seem quite so well.' He replied, 'No, dear; I feel very strange in my head.' After trying to sleep in his chair, I advised him to go to bed and try some remedies which had relieved him before. I read to him one of his favourite chapters (Jno. xvii.), thinking I might read him to sleep; but after lying for about an hour, he got up, and said he felt better. But he had no sleep; but afterwards he fell asleep for nearly an hour. He then had a cup of tea, but no appetite to eat. On taking up his Bible he sighed very much. Being Saturday evening, I said, 'Now you want a text.'

He said, 'I don't know what I want. I feel a very poor creature.'

"One of the members came in, and we noticed his voice was very feeble. The member read and prayed; to which he [Mr. G.] responded a hearty Amen. On his leaving, he said, 'You seem very poorly. Shall I call and send Mr. Lucas [the doctor] over?' He replied, 'O no, friend; I don't want a doctor, but the good Physician. Perhaps a night's rest will set me to rights.' At nine o'clock he said, 'Is my bed ready, that I may go and lie down to die?' I assisted him into bed, and watched by him. He was soon asleep, and slept until half-past eleven. He then got out of bed three times in about an hour; the last time I said, 'I should like to put your feet in mustard and water.' He said, 'Very well.' I got it, and put his feet in; and also held his hands in a basin of hot mustard and water for about a quarter of an hour. Then he looked wearily towards the bed. I noticed it, and said, 'Do you wish to go into bed?' He replied, 'Yes, yes, yes.' He soon fell into a doze for two or three hours. About five o'clock I observed he breathed very hard, and looked different. I then sent for the doctor, who, when he came, said he had been seized with a fit of paralysis, which affected the muscles of the throat. He lay in an unconscious state for hours.

"Being Lord's day, several friends came in after the morning service; but he took no notice of any. But after the afternoon service, when the deacons came, he knew them, blessed them in the Name of the Lord, and said he was happy, quite happy, his dear face beaming with heavenly joy and peace.

"To another friend, later in the evening, he said, 'Prepared—ready. I am ready to depart and be with Christ.' I believe from that time he was quite sensible, but not able to converse, except a few words at a time. He slept very much; we had to rouse him to give him nourishment. The doctor said he would sleep on until

the heart stopped from sheer exhaustion. He was in no pain.

"At one time, seeing me in tears, he burst into tears, and said, 'Poor thing!' At another time, he looked at me, and said, 'No wrath, no wrath; no terrors, no terrors.' A friend said, 'If you were able, would you not speak well of Christ?' To which he replied, 'I would. Yes, I would.' Shortly afterwards, he said, 'He scorns thousands and thousands; and he saves thousands and thousands;' and more words we could not understand about professors.

"On a friend coming in, he was asked if he knew her. He said, 'O yes!' and called her by name. She asked, 'Is Jesus precious?' He at once replied, with much emphasis, 'O yes! He is.' She said, 'Then you are happy.' He said, 'O yes! I am on the Rock, on the Rock. "Rock of ages, shelter me!"' He repeated several times, 'Shelter me.' At another time he said there was an eternal weight of glory laid up for him,—awaiting him; his face beaming with joy and peace.

"Early on Thursday morning he awoke out of a nice sleep. Noticing him looking round the room, a friend went to his side, and asked what he was looking for. He replied, 'I am looking for union and communion;' and other words which we could not understand. After a brief interval, he said, 'I have had union and communion with the saints.' On a friend leaving him, who had sat up with him, he sent his love to his wife, and said, 'Bless her! The Lord hath blessed her with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.' On being asked how he felt, he replied, 'Very blessed. No wrath, no terror, no wrath.' When his daughter came, he knew her, burst into tears, and was much overcome at the sight of her and his son-in-law, and blessed them in the Name of the Lord God Almighty.

On the Friday morning he seemed so much better that the doctor told him he believed he should see

him about again. He replied, 'O no, doctor! I don't think so.' I said, 'Would you not like, dear, to stay with us a little longer?' He said, 'Yes, if the Lord's will.'

"The enemy, who had assaulted him all his life long, was not allowed to come near him on his dying bed. When asked by the deacon, on the Friday evening, if the enemy tormented him, he said, 'No; quite happy.' At another time, he said, 'Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

The last twelve hours he never moved hand or foot; and breathed out his soul to God who gave it, at half-past nine on Sabbath night, Aug. 5th; so entering into an everlasting Sabbath, leaving a sorrowing widow and many friends to mourn their loss. He was an affectionate, kind husband and father, and a faithful, loving pastor. His wish was granted him that, when his work was done, the Lord would take him quickly home to himself.

"The friends were extremely kind in sitting up and assisting to nurse him; and everything was done that love and skill could suggest. He was attended by three medical men, who were very attentive and kind; but the time was come that he must enter into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. He is now singing 'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own precious blood;' while I am left to mourn his absence; for in him I have lost a kind sympathizing companion and a wise counsellor. And as we saw eye to eye in the things of God, we could converse together on spiritual matters, and I often had my strength renewed and heart warmed while he related the glories of King Jesus."

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." (Ps. xxxvii. 37.)

THE FUNERAL.

(Taken from the "Gospel Standard.")

On the 8th of August, 1877, he was interred in the new ground at Godmanchester, by Mr. A. B. Taylor. About 90 friends assembled at the house, and followed the corpse to the grave; and on arriving at the chapel, they found many already there in mourning.

After two hymns had been sung, and Mr. Taylor had read Ps. xc. and part of 1 Cor. xv., and engaged in prayer, all proceeded to the ground, where Mr. T. delivered the following address :

“ ‘Death! Awful sound, the fruit of sin,
And terror of the human race.’

“ Death has laid our beloved brother low, folding him in its cold arms. There are his mortal remains, silent and breathless. We shall no more hear his mellow, cheerful voice, encouraging the weary saint on his wilderness journey, and chiming out his own favourite points in the divine mysteries of the cross, telling the saint how such and such a portion of God’s Word was blessed to his own soul.

“ But let us not brood over our loss, nor yet over the power of death in laying low a redeemed brother in the Lord Jesus, since he has gone to be with Christ, which is far better. Though death is indeed the terror of the human race, there are times when the Christian can look calmly at death, and say, ‘Where is thy sting?’ Who but the Christian can do this? None else. None but the Christian truly sees death a foe disarmed, Christ having spoiled death and brought life and immortality to light. Our mother Eve little knew what she was doing while listening to the tempter in the garden of Eden. She was a stranger to the power of death, and heedless of her Maker’s threatening command: ‘The day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die;’ and we, her children, have to pay the wages of her transaction; not only we who are aged sinners, but also those who have not sinned

after the manner of our first parents' guilt. Death does, and must reign. But, blessed be our God, as sin hath reigned unto death, even so must grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

"This open grave, into which we are about to place the mortal remains of our beloved friend, is not opened that our hope and faith may be buried. No. The tomb is but a place of repose, where our brother's dust shall rest in hope till the trumpet shall sound, when the earth shall cast out her dead.

"Our brother's life was marked by all who knew him. That a great change took place in his life, even those who did not understand what religion is frankly admitted, some placing it to one account and some to another; but all admitted the fact. As to himself, he had no idea what was to be the result of the new things which were brought to his mind; he had no thought of becoming a Christian any more than a goat could have of becoming a sheep; so ignorant was he of divine things. O how true:

"God takes the fool and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace.'

But there were a few keen-eyed ones who marked his movements, talked to one another about that man Thomas Godwin, and began to hope and pray for him; nor did they cease to watch and pray till they saw him with Christ in the arms of his faith in his mother's house; when he and they both knew he was not despised. (Song viii. 1, 2.) As to himself, God's law was written upon his heart, as it were, in letters of fire. He was the sinner indeed. God's law was holy, Thomas was unholy, and found he had been a transgressor from the womb,—a prodigal one; and the time had been when he boasted in the things he became ashamed of. In this state of mind he hid himself from friends and associates. He was no reader; in his solitary hours he felt to be walking on the very brink of hell; so that our brother did not leap into

the paradise of the gospel all at once; and as he began to learn something of the suffering of Christ, the more he saw the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the more he hated his own past life. At length it pleased God to reveal Christ in him the Hope of glory, as the sin-atonement Lamb, the One Sacrifice for sin, the Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus. Faith was bestowed; he was enabled to lay hold, as the apostle says, on eternal life; God's Word was applied to his heart; he felt the power of atoning blood, and was able to say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' A sin-pardoning God was to him the wonder of wonders. To be justified in the Name of the Lord Jesus baffled all thought, even while faith enjoyed the blessing; and to be taught these things by the Holy Spirit was to him overwhelming.

"Not long after his experience of pardoning mercy, he was baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And so hot was the fire of love, and so living was the life of grace in his heart, that he must tell it out; and he was truly preaching before he had any thought that any one would call it preaching. Ill qualified in respect of human learning he was; but Cambridge and Oxford cannot afford what he had obtained; for he had been taught of God. I speak not against human learning. No; but please to distinguish between the human and the divine. God's people shall be all taught of God (Isa. liv. 13; Jno. vi. 45); and so our brother was taught of God; and through a long usefulness in the churches he was compelled to labour under great disadvantages as it respects human learning, but the Lord owned and blessed his ministry to many souls. His favourite theme was the effect of the Spirit's work on the heart. He seemed, at times, to be so enriched by the leading of the Spirit on this subject that he all but forgot everything else, and often exclaimed, 'Blessed be God for the warming fruits of the Spirit upon our hearts!'

"My first acquaintance with our departed brother

was in the year 1849; from which time our friendship has been heartfelt and unbroken. We have often visited each other, and spoken to each other's people from time to time. His labours are now all past; but you cannot forget his ministry. O how he did contend for the imputed righteousness of Christ, and that God justifies the ungodly! These two great subjects have been, and will be, the theme of the church through all time. Suffer me, now I have before me a large concourse of my fellow-mortals, to tell you in a few words how this wonderful transaction is accomplished. Man is fallen; we are all sinners by nature. God is just, and can by no means clear the guilty. But God has loved, does love, and will continue to love, a number of the human family which no man can number, and has given them to his Son, with all provision for their comfort; the Son of God engaged to do for them all the law of God required of them, and pay the penalty God's law demanded. He has done all this; and died, the just for the unjust. And now, God having laid all their sins on his Son, he lays his Son's obedience to their account. His righteousness is theirs, his holiness is theirs, his redemption is theirs; so that Paul says, 'Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' It is in this way God justifies the ungodly. (Rom. iii. 24, iv. 5.) So that you see God not only pardons his people, but justifies them freely from all things. (Acts xiii. 39.) You inhabitants of Godmanchester might pardon a thief, or even a murderer, but you could not justify a murderer. Herein lies the mystery of God's salvation, so that the saints are complete in Christ. Therefore Paul says, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.' And when God puts his grace into his people's hearts, they begin to learn all the truth of the gospel, after their lost state has been thus revealed to them. Then they turn from the evil of their ways, 'denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live

soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world.' When faith is in sweet operation on divine things, the Christian glories in imputed righteousness, knowing his faith is counted for righteousness. (Rom. iv. 5.) The living church of Jesus know these things; but I speak for the information of others who are around the grave; and may God make his own Word a blessing.

"And now, brethren, you are without a pastor. May God direct you in your present trial. Stick fast together. I repeat it, stick together. Should you see a root of bitterness, pluck it up, and cast it to the winds. You may have observed a strange dog entering a field where sheep were feeding,—how the sheep stand together, and gaze upon the stranger, watching with all eyes upon the intruder. Stand together for the protection of God's cause. Keep your pulpit clean. There are those who would have you believe that Jesus Christ is not God's Eternal Son; but 'we *know* that the Son of God is come, and hath given us [eternal life and] an understanding, that we may know him that is true; and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life.' (1 Jno. v. 20.) The day will declare this, when God comes to pick up his jewels from the dust of death. Those who deny this glorious Person shall then call upon the mountains and rocks to fall on them and hide them from him, the great day of his wrath being come; and who shall be able to stand? May God send you a pastor after his own heart, that shall feed you with knowledge and understanding in the things of God.

"Dear friends, it is now time to let down the body to its last resting-place."

This being done, Mr. T. continued: "We will now say, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes! Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' Nor do we hesitate to say, 'In sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.' 'For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead

shall be raised;’ and as one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead; viz., the resurrection body will differ greatly from this body in splendour and glory, it being made like Christ’s glorious body.

“Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus;
Thou with us shalt wake from death.
Hold he cannot, though he seize us;
We his power defy by faith.’

Jesus reminds us of the knowledge Moses had of the resurrection when the bush burned and was not consumed. (Matt. xxii. 23.) Job asserts his knowledge of the same grand doctrine; and Paul questions before Agrippa why it should be thought incredible that God should raise the dead. Christ himself informs us of the resurrection of the just and the unjust. (Jno. v. 28, 29.) And Paul argues the grand subject thus: ‘If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen.’ (1 Cor. xv. 13.)

“But, my dear friends, it is not the truth of the resurrection I wish to draw your attention to, but the difference between the body buried in the dust and the same body raised from the dust,—substantially the same, but materially different: ‘As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead.’ Then he describes it under the idea of seed sown: ‘It is sown a natural body, it [the same body] is raised a spiritual body.’ Hence Paul brings two stars before our mind, differing very much in splendour and glory from each other, and says, so will the resurrection body differ from the one sown in corruption. The word star at once presents to our mind a light. The light of a star guided certain wise men to Bethlehem. Eminent men are called stars, or lights. John Baptist was a burning and a shining light. The church is the light of the world. Christ’s ministers are all stars, each of his own magnitude. The stars are the angels, or ministers of the churches; and our most glorious Lord holds them in his right

hand. (Rev. i. 20.) Our departed brother was a light, and he, in his measure, shone among men, a star pointing to the bright and morning Star, Christ. If our brother shone here in a mortal body, how will he shine when clothed with immortality? For 'this mortal must put on immortality.' Then, when like Christ's glorious body, O how it will differ from this mortal body we have just laid in the tomb! May I not add Daniel's happy conclusion on this immortal state? 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' (Dan. xii. 3.)

"May God direct your untrodden steps, ye saints of the Lord. Strive together for the faith of the gospel.

"And now may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

(Copied from the "*Cambridge Express*," August 8, 1877.)

"GODMANCHESTER.

"It is with much regret that we chronicle the demise of the late Mr. Godwin, who had for a period of about sixteen years been the much-esteemed and beloved minister of the Particular Baptist Chapel of this place. The deceased had been in failing health for the past year or two, but was enabled to prosecute his ministerial duties up to a short time of his death. He was seized with paralysis, and lingered about eight days, and expired at his residence on Sunday evening last.

"Deceased was held in considerable regard and respect by a very large circle of friends and a numerous congregation that sat under his ministry. He was of a kindly and generous disposition; but his charity was without ostentation, not letting his left hand know what his right hand did. The poorer members of his congregation have lost a great friend and benefactor, as his house was at all times open to them, and his charity dealt out with an unsparing hand.

"As a preacher he was popular, although, at times, eccentric; but his admirers were numerous, and many would come several miles Sunday after Sunday to hear the gospel from his lips.

"A few years ago, when the chapel was enlarged and restored, the deceased was foremost in the work, and contributed most liberally towards it.

"His remains were interred in a brick grave in the new burial-ground appointed for the Nonconformists on Wednesday last. An immense number of people were present, and they came from all parts to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom they loved so well. A short service was held in the chapel, and the corpse was subsequently conveyed on a hand hearse to the burial-ground. The obsequies were performed by Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, an intimate friend of deceased, and Mr. Gadsby's successor. Several hundreds of people witnessed the interment. The age of deceased was 74."

The following is a copy of the inscription on the Tablet erected in the Chapel at Godmanchester to the memory of Mr. Godwin:

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY THE
CHURCH AND CONGREGATION IN
MEMORY
OF
THOMAS GODWIN,
WHO FOR SIXTEEN YEARS FAITHFULLY
AND AFFECTIONATELY PREACHED THE
GOSPEL IN THIS PLACE.
DIED AUG. 5, 1877,
AGED 74.

"I KEPT BACK NOTHING THAT WAS PROFITABLE TO YOU."
—ACTS xx. 20.

Also on a plain Tomb, erected by his bereaved Widow, is the following inscription:

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
THOMAS GODWIN,
WHO FOR SIXTEEN YEARS WAS THE FAITHFUL AND
BELOVED PASTOR OF THE PARTICULAR
BAPTIST CHURCH IN THIS TOWN.
DIED AUGUST 5, 1877,
AGED 74 YEARS.

"A SINNER SAVED BY SOVEREIGN GRACE."

"BUT IN ALL THINGS APPROVING OURSELVES AS THE
MINISTERS OF GOD."—2 COR. vi., part of 4th verse.

NOTES OF A SERMON

PREACHED

BY MR. GODWIN, AT BRIGHTON,

On Monday Evening, June 28th, 1875.

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."—2 COR. XIII. 11.

PAUL was giving this church a farewell salutation. He had had a great deal of trouble with them. He tells them in the 10th verse, "Therefore I write these things, being absent, lest, being present, I should use sharpness, according to the power which the Lord hath given me to edification, and not to destruction."

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." We cannot say that Paul never saw them after this; but he closes his epistle very nicely indeed, and gives them this instruction: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"

God's dear people were from the beginning ever spoken against; because they are such a peculiar people, not only in their persons, but in their lives and deeds. And in their life and conversation they differ from other people. They have something to tell of what God hath done for them, which no other people know.

Paul had a very warm feeling towards his own countrymen; and he said his desire was that Israel might be saved; and "I *could*," not I *would*, "wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." But this

was a natural feeling, and was spoken in an affectionate way.

Then we must look at this family. Paul calls them "brethren." We are sure there are some little children, some babes, some youths, some young men, some fathers, and some mothers in Israel. Thus, as we desire not to leave a little one out, we must see what the apostle says in another place. "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Peter addresses them as "new-born babes," that desire something for their souls. Infants thrive and grow, being fed with milk; and it is evident that there never was one born of the Spirit who did not crave for the breast of Zion's consolation. And the prophet Isaiah says that God's people are "weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts;" and then they begin to learn doctrine aright. They learn the life and power of the doctrine, and the Lord leads the soul into the doctrine; and the Lord the Spirit shows them the beauty and strength there are in the doctrines. Milk belongs to babes; "but strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." It does not say how old in years these of full age are. Some of God's people are brought, when little children, to know more of the life and power of the truth than others that have been in the way for twenty, thirty, or forty years.

God's people are obliged to trust their bodies, as well as their souls and circumstances, in the hands of the Lord.

We find little children are among this family. And the Lord Jesus Christ calls his disciples "little children;" and his people a "little flock." And the longer they are under divine tuition, the less they are in their own eyes. They are glad to be little babes again,—to be dandled upon the knee. The prophet sets forth these babes to know more than great orators,

because the blessed Spirit feeds them with living bread and sincere milk.

But there must be a family likeness in these "brethren;" though they are not of one stature, as we know. What does James say, when his hearers made a distinction for the rich? "Hearken,"—listen to what I have to say; and he calls them "beloved brethren;"—"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them *that love him*?" Ah! That is a blessed mark, my dear friends. You that have children, when they manifest their affection to you, it seems to increase your affection to them; and how pleased you are to see them hover round you!

But, while these babes are indulged to have a little of the milk and wine from the truth of God, after which their hearts are drawn, they want to grasp Christ, and for him to tell them he has loved them.

But we must get on a little, and find out the little children. They are made little children by the teaching of the blessed Spirit. I can remember when my heart swelled out with pride, before the greatness of God's righteous law was put into my conscience; but, when this fire was applied, all went to ashes at once. And there is no water, nothing but the atoning blood, that will quench this fire. "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench." And, you know, there must be a little heat and fire if there is confusion in the mind. And, as it is so, these little children are not concerned so much about doctrines in the head. Growing children are always hungry, because nothing will satisfy them but the Bread of life. And I wish I could feel in this respect as I did many years ago.

You say, They cannot be children of God who have not received the spirit of adoption. They have not the saving knowledge they are children; but "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love where-with he loved us, even when we were dead in sins,

hath quickened us together with Christ" (by grace ye are saved). And then it is said, "And hath raised us up together" (but he brought us down first), "and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." And that is the best living I know; because when the poor children of God are set down in these heavenly places in experience, and feel Christ Jesus the Lord is with them, they have a kernel to their religion; it is not all shell. But, you know, we cannot set you down, and say you are not to be led on further. No, no; you must be led on to receive the spirit of adoption. We read that this family is predestinated "unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto himself." We shall find a few of these brethren brought into this blessed experience, I hope, in this congregation. They have authority to call God "Father." They know sensibly what it is to be in his affection, because they feel the Father's love. What a favour it is when we are brought here!

"Be perfect." We used to eat and drink the Word of God; we did not know how to close the Bible; and, the blessed Spirit applying the contents of it, we had something to suck at and draw. One says, "I will fetch my knowledge from afar." The soul is led to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ as his God and Saviour. It is this that makes a poor child of God perfect. "Be ye holy; for I am holy." I don't know of any other perfection. I once strove as much as any man living for perfection in the flesh; but the more I strove, the farther off I got. We know it is perfect love that casts out fear; and "he that feareth is not made perfect in love." So it is only in love that a poor vile rebel is perfect in the eyes of God his Father. And then God, his Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ are perfect in his eyes, and in his heart too.

"Be of good comfort." There is no false comfort in this, to lift the poor soul up. The prophet says, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her war-

fare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." O what an exchange! Well might it be said respecting his church that he will "comfort all that mourn," and will give to poor Zion "beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Now, my dear friends, what an exchange! God says, "I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow." Then, well might Jesus say to his disciples, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you." God's people have a vast many comforters;—the Father comforts them, the Son comforts them; the Holy Ghost comforts them, the Scriptures comfort them. Well may Peter say, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." We have tried every other source; but we find after all that this "good comfort" means supernatural, spiritual comfort, put into the heart by the blessed Spirit of God. How sweet it is to feel a little of it!

"Be of one mind." Two cannot walk together except they be agreed. When the Lord's dear people that are brought near for themselves begin to talk to babes and little children, they are obliged to go back to the time when they were little children. If we had not had little children's experience, we could not enter into it. We might pick up the words, but not pick up the poor children; and it is they that need to be picked up. Paul knew this one thing well; he told this church to be children, but exhorted them to be men in understanding. Little children will fall out and be better friends in a few minutes.

When the multitude were assembled together after the ascension, they were all of one heart. Of course the Spirit is of one mind; and of course there will be a vast many quarrels among the people of God; but what does Paul say? "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

I feel my time is short in this world. I have enjoyed a good deal among you within this last six years. And if we do not meet again in this world, many of us have a good hope that we shall meet before the throne of God. And there will be no good-bye there; no good-night; but morning continually, when the glory of God breaks in on body and soul after the resurrection; and every vessel will be full. What a shout of "Victory!" And all through the blood of the Lamb.

John says, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." We have gained a great many victories when we thought our enemies would have a complete victory; but the Lord Jesus Christ has gained the victory for us.

"Live in peace." We need a deal of grace to have patience with ourselves and each other. We may not, mark, be of one mind in our judgment. Some of the Lord's people are favoured with a better judgment than others, and are more led into the gospel of Christ. But what does Paul say? "Live in peace." When the Lord appeared to his disciples after the resurrection, his salutation was: "Peace be unto you." And you don't read that any of the world ever saw him after his resurrection. After he rose, he appeared to his disciples; and they knew him by his still small voice. That hushes the poor confused mind into peace in a moment. And this is peace that passes all human understanding; and it far exceeds the understanding of those that have spiritual understanding. The length, and breadth, and height of it we cannot fathom. But, when this peace lives in my heart, I love all the Lord's people everywhere,—young and old, babes and little children, strong men and fathers. God's people love all that God loves when his love is shed abroad. There is then but one person I hate, and that is myself. I can say, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." And I am continually asking for that repentance towards God, and faith

in our Lord Jesus Christ; though some may say they don't want repentance now. Godly sorrow for sin is wrought in by the blessed Spirit; and we cannot sorrow in ourselves, nor sorrow after Jesus, without him. "And ye now, therefore, have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

I can assure you, when I feel this peace, I am a happy man, and then I am thankful for the scourge God sometimes bestows on his child.

"And the God of love and peace shall be with you." May God the blessed Spirit work this in every living member of the mystical body of Christ that is in this chapel. There may be some not yet joined in church fellowship, but they belong to the church of the first-born, written in heaven. God has but one church. "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And the Lord Jesus Christ is a match for all that may come against it. It is only for him to rebuke, and all must go on the back ground. "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

"And the God of love and peace shall be with you." What an unspeakable mercy!

And then Paul comes to the benediction, after telling them to greet one another with a holy kiss. "All the saints salute you. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen." What a favour to know something of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ! My soul has leaped for joy when I have felt it operating and flowing in my heart like a flowing brook. But now I am like a dried-up old man,—like a dry ditch in summer. I often feel all the water is gone, and all the filth is left. Job speaks of being plugged in this ditch.

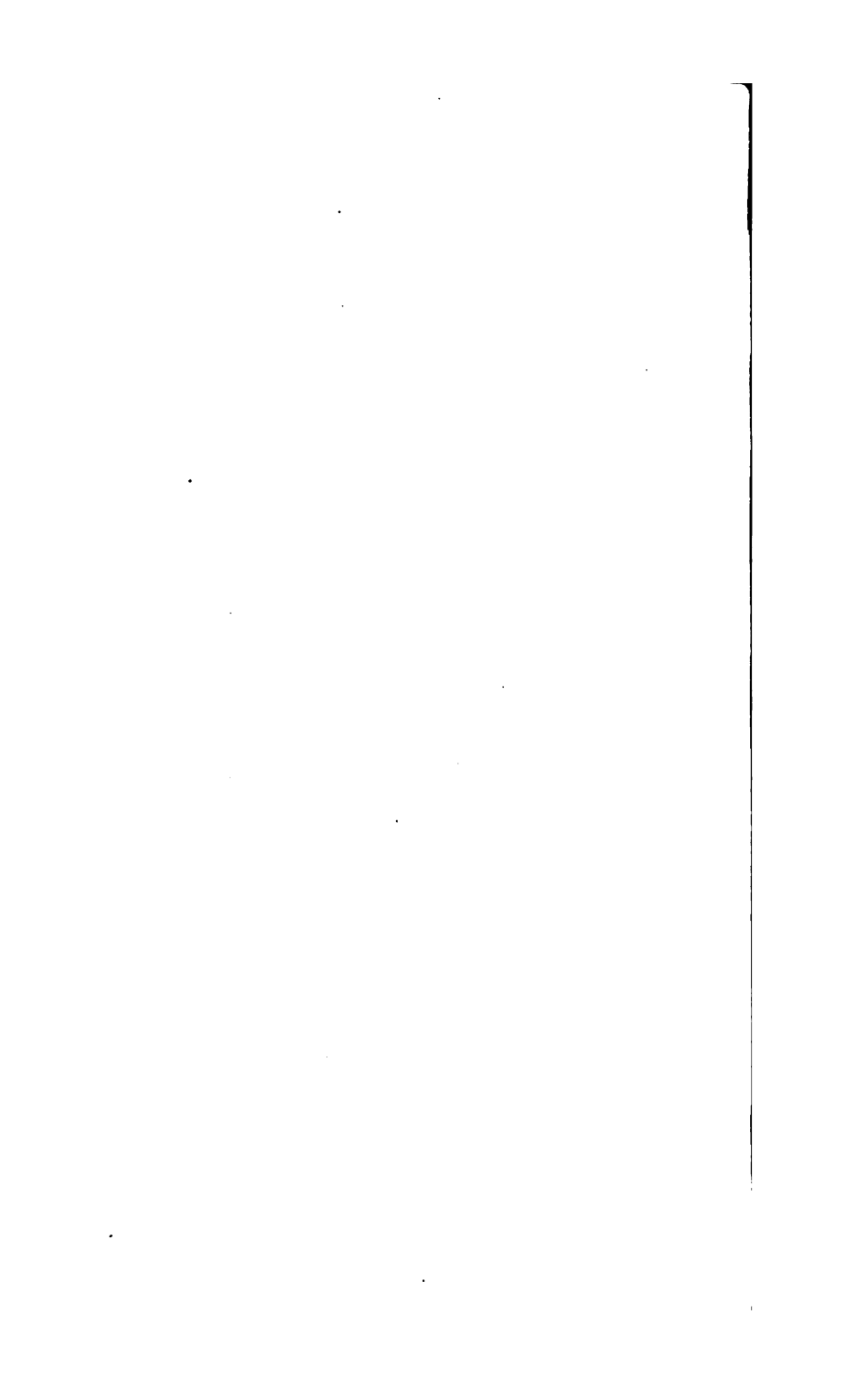
God is a jealous God. And a Christian must be made by the Three Persons in the Trinity. And each

shall have his share of the honour and glory of my salvation. Because, when we consider what the Father does: "As the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will," then we look and see the Father's work defined, the Son's work defined, and the Holy Ghost's work defined; and the line drawn between each. And then there is the work of faith, and the patience of hope.

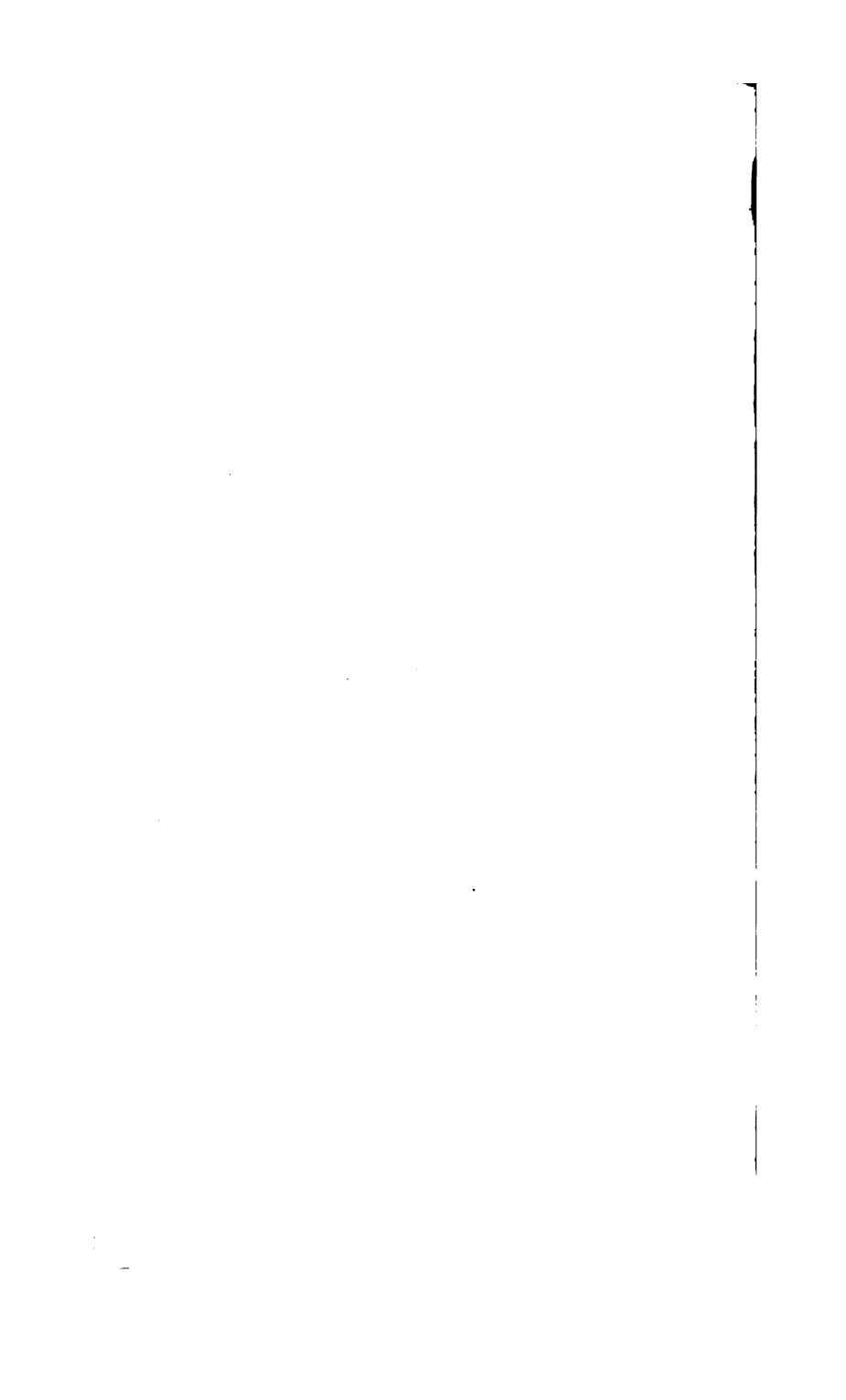
"Be of good comfort." David's soul refused everything but this good comfort; and so must every poor child of God. When this good comfort breaks in upon the soul, there is nothing to resist. And why? The sinner lies down as a lost sinner; and when this good comfort comes into the heart, he has something to receive it. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not; but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God," *manifestively*. We were sons before we were called. "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." "No more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God, through Christ." What a blessing! And "behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" And "now are we the sons of God;" and not only so; "it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself;"—sees himself purified. God says, "Bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth;" so they are as far off as the ends of the earth. O how sweetly God knows how to manage his children! The Lord says by Paul, "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord." And the same language is used in the Proverbs: "Despise not the chastening of the Lord."

“For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” Thus, if we endure chastening, God dealeth with us as with sons. We don’t always receive the chastening. We have a spirit that opposes it; notwithstanding, when the love of God is shed abroad, we receive it. Paul goes on to say, “We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence. Shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?” God is the Father of spirits, because every spirit is born of God.

May the Lord bring each of you that are in bondage to know the Lord for yourselves; for he has said, “They shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember *no more*.” Amen.



LETTERS.



LETTERS.

I.—To Mr. PHILPOT.

Pewsey, July, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I received your very kind and affectionate letter just before I left home for Devonshire. I believe I can say, before a heart-searching God, that it was made a great blessing to my soul, for I was in great trouble that morning, and was wrestling with the Lord for a true token and a blessing indeed; for my soul was sunk very low under the powerful workings of unbelief. So it was on Lord's day morning. And I mostly feel unbelief and the devil stronger on that morning than on any other in the week. But blessed be the Name of the Lord, when I came to that part of your letter where you spoke upon unbelief, and how you were tried and exercised with it, and as I read on, the Lord, I hope, broke my heart all to pieces; and then my soul felt sweet liberty. And what love I felt to you, my dear friend! I could truly say it was a pure love. And if it had not been on the Lord's day, I should have written to you at once.

I have many times since been exercised about writing to you, but could not sum up courage enough, and I did not like to trouble you so often. I know you have plenty to do without my troubling you. Indeed, I do feel myself to be such a blind fool, and feel so much darkness of mind, deadness of soul, and barrenness of spirit, that I cannot make out what I am, nor where I am bound for. My soul is brought into such straits, at times, that I cannot see that even the Lord hath done anything for my soul. This has been

my feeling in the past week. I can truly say that my soul would not live always in this body of sin and death. I verily thought that I must give up preaching altogether; for I feel so shut up, at times. And when that is the case, the Bible is a sealed book to me; and there is no prayer in my poor soul, no, nor yet any desire after it, I am sorry to say.

But, my dear friend, the Lord does not leave me in these states. On Tuesday morning last, the dear Lord was pleased to give my soul a blessed lift, and brought me up again from the dust of death. I had been led to call all my religion into question, and was sunk very low. But my mind was led to read the 47th chapter of Ezekiel; and the dear Lord the Spirit blessed the word in such a way to my poor soul that I felt sweet union and communion with the Lord Jesus, and with his dear people, for above two hours. My soul then saw and felt that it was all well in a moment. For "where the word of a king is, there is power." I could bless the Lord for every state that he saw fit to bring me into, and could see that it was all for my good and for his glory. I could see that he had ever led me in a right way, and also believed that my soul would reach the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. And I believe that you, my dear friend, know something about these sweet moments. And what a mercy for you and me that ever the Lord let down anything from heaven into our souls of that supernatural grace that leads the soul to Jesus, and gives us to see and feel that Christ is all our soul's salvation! What a mercy to feel the least hungering and thirsting after him in one's heart! But my soul never goes out after him except when in deep trouble. Yesterday was a day of hot soul grief; and if ever my soul went out after the Lord in groans and sighs, it did then. And I would rather be in that state of mind than be so dead, cold, barren, and careless. But, my dear friend, it is mostly the case with me on Mondays. On Saturday my soul is tried that

I shall have no text, fearing I shall be shut up on the Lord's day; and on Sunday night and Monday I am tried that all that I have said and brought out of the texts has fallen to the ground, and that my labour has been lost labour and in vain.

But after all, my friend, what a favour the Lord has bestowed upon sinful man to make use of him in the least, after one has sinned against him for so many years! And although the Lord has kept me from outward acts of sin since he called me by his grace, yet I feel enough in my wretched heart to make me hang my head and be ashamed; and tremble, at times, for fear the Lord will send some judgment upon me for the wickedness that passes in my desperately wicked heart. But, bless his dear Name, he is merciful and full of compassion, slow to anger, and plenteous in goodness.

Our dear friend Mr. Parry told me that you are (D.V.) coming to Allington in August; and as I am engaged to be in Exeter in that month, I am afraid I may not see you. I should like to know what day next week you think to arrive at A.

The Bath friends have written for me to speak for them on my way into Devon, so (D.V.) I hope to leave home on Thursday, if all is well. But, dear friend, if we do not meet each other, I hope you will be so kind as to preach at Pewsey, as I am leaving my people all the month, except it be on the third Lord's day, when friend Dark is expected for that day. I am glad that you are coming to A., because some of the friends will be able to come over on the Sabbath. Still, I hope you will speak on one or two evenings; and if you could once on a Lord's day, I should esteem it a favour; but if you cannot, you will have a great many persons on a week evening, if it is a busy time.

I hope you are feeling in better health. I have heard that you are to be at E. one evening next week, —that dark city. May God bless you with life and

power there, and make your message a blessing. And may the Eternal God bless you, both in body and soul. When I was last at Trowbridge, I went on to Bath and Bristol, and found a few poor tried souls that inquired after you in warm affection,—a few that meet in a room and read your sermons, which they said had been made a great blessing to their souls. Although they have never spoken to you, and some have not seen you, yet they feel a great union to you in the Spirit, and desired their love to you, and trust the Lord will preserve your life for many years for his children's sake and his glory.

Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Isbell, Miss D., and all friends.

Yours in Truth and Affection,

T. GODWIN.

II.—TO MR. PHILPOT.

Pewsey, Oct. 24th, 1842.

MY VERY DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,—

I received your very kind and experimental letter while I was at Stoke. I believe I can say, before a heart-searching God, that it was a means, in the hand of the Spirit, of breaking my soul down in love and thankfulness unto the dear Lord for ever raising you up, and making you an honest workman, to stand up, in spite of all your enemies, to declare the whole truth and counsel of God, both at home and abroad, and by tongue and pen. I believe that my soul will ever, at times, be able to bless the Lord for making me acquainted with you, although you received me so roughly the first time I called on you at Allington. But you have been made very dear to me, and a great blessing to my soul, which God and myself only know. My dear wife also had a sweet melting time in reading your kind letter. I do not say this, my dear friend, to puff you up, but to encourage you; neither do I think it will; for I believe that you, with myself, have

plenty to keep you down. As the Lord opens up the mystery of iniquity in our hearts, and makes it boil and work up strong and powerful in our feelings, it is a means of shutting our mouths; and we are willing to put them in the dust, if so be there may be hope.

I see by your letter that you are still very much tried in soul matters, which I am glad to hear. It is a proof of your standing in Christ, for the "Lord trieth the righteous;" and it is only those that suffer with Christ that will reign with him. I meet with many who profess to know the Lord for themselves, who have got beyond all suffering, according to what they say; and as for inbred corruption, they only smile at it, and say that it springs from the old man, and therefore they can laugh it off. But that is not the case with you and me; neither do I think that it can be with any elect soul long together; because where grace is put into the heart by the Eternal Spirit, and sin is opened up in the elect sinner's conscience, and God's anger and wrath are revealed against all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and sin is made exceedingly sinful in the feelings, it matters not whether it is sin in the act, or sin in the feelings, it is a burden to a living soul; and he groans, sighs, and cries out under it. And sure I am that wherever grace is put into a soul by the hand of God the Holy Ghost, it makes that soul hate sin. O! My dear friend, it is painful and cutting work to bear up under, and endure the cutting and scraping work of God in the soul, and to endure the fiery darts of the devil. This pierces the soul through and through in one's feelings. I would speak to the honour and praise of God that I am not at this very time confined in some common prison for some crime; for when I was in D. for some weeks, the Lord only knows what temptations my soul passed through. But, honours be to his dear Name, he has brought me home in peace and safety, and kept me from all evil.

I felt very much at home at Stoke, both in the pulpit and out. Friend Isbell has a few choice souls

there. To take it altogether, I have not enjoyed vital religion for a long time as I did among them the last month. Yesterday morning the dear Lord favoured us blessedly together, and some of us in the afternoon; but in the evening, and this morning, my soul has sunk fathoms, and I have called it all into question, and could not believe that either myself or any of the tried children of God had the least blessing from the Lord, and have doubted everything. And what is all the talking, reading or hearing, preaching or praying, without life and power? Truly it is like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. I believe that all who live and die fighting against a feeling religion will be damned. I believe that they will have their portion in hell, with devils and damned spirits; for the devil is as well pleased to see the letter of religion in a man's brains as the man who has it there is satisfied with it. And where will all those appear, even though ministers, deacons, and members of churches, who are resting upon the doctrines, and fighting against experimental truth felt out in the soul? My firm belief is that they will sink into hell, with all their religion, if they die enemies to a feeling religion. What is Christ to me if I feel him not? He is like a "root out of the dry ground" unto my soul. He is called the Bread of life; but no man will esteem him as such but those God has made to hunger for it. And my soul is a witness that nothing short of a Christ revealed in my heart the Hope of glory will satisfy me. To read of Christ in the Bible, and to hear others talk about him, will not do for a living soul. No, my dear friend, when I feel guilt upon my conscience, reading about the blood of Christ in the Bible, and what it was shed for, will not cleanse my conscience in the sight of God, nor yet in my soul's feelings. Neither can my soul exercise faith in that blood, as many talk about. And although I can believe, at times, that that blood has been applied to my guilty conscience times many, still that will not remove present guilt. No, my dear

friend, you and I must have it applied unto our conscience, "as oft as sin defiles," before we can look up. And what is all the prate and chatter about the righteousness of Christ? That will not do my soul any good, nor yet reading in the Bible that it justifies the ungodly without works. No; I must have it imputed and worked into my soul's feelings by the Holy Spirit. Nothing will satisfy my soul but a testimony from God's own mouth that Jesus has wrought it out and brought it in for my soul. And the Holy Spirit must cast it on and over my naked soul; and he must give me that faith which is of the operation of the Spirit, that works by love;—that faith that is accompanied with meekness and gentleness, humbleness and filial fear. And then my soul is satisfied, just while I am in the enjoyment of it, and no longer. And what is the atonement of Christ to me, except I have an experimental feeling sense of it applied to my conscience by the Eternal Spirit, and that all my sins, past, present, and to come, are all atoned for? Then my soul can glory through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom my soul has now received the atonement. O! My dear friend, how these poor deluded wretches who are putting you and me, with many others, down as "corruption preachers," will find themselves mistaken when they come to die! We are obliged to contend for a feeling religion, a religion that saves us from actual sin, as well as from the curse of a broken law and the wrath of God.

I was very much disappointed in not seeing you when you were at Allington. I heard three ministers while I was at S., but did not pick up a crumb under them all. They were not my stamp. They did not appear to be travelling in my path. It appeared to me that any one could sit under them but a poor tried child of God; but I must leave them. The friends here heard Mr. Isbell well, which I was glad to hear. I find by your letter that your path is a tried one, and that you are very much exercised about your

ministry, which did my soul good to hear; for I believe, my dear friend, that your learning and gifts are nothing for your soul to hang upon or rest on. No; far from that, I trust that the Lord has brought your soul, at times, where he brought the apostle,—to count it but dung and dross, that you may win Christ, and be found in him; not having your own righteousness; which is of the law; but that which is through the faith of Christ,—the righteousness of God to every one that believeth. And this suits your soul well, because the Lord has made you a needy, naked, and helpless sinner. Then may the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, bless you, and keep you, and uphold you, and strengthen you; both in body and soul. This is the desire of

Your affectionate Friend for Truth's sake,

T. GODWIN.

III.—TO MR. DAVIS.

Pewsey, November 5th, 1842.

MY VERY DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND IN THE
EVERLASTING COVENANT OF GRACE AND MERCY,—

May grace, mercy, peace, and love be multiplied to thee from God the Father, through God the Son, by the Eternal Spirit.

I received your kind and affectionate letter this morning, which makes the third that I have had from you since I wrote to you last, and for which I ought to be ashamed. But, my dear tried friend, if I have committed an offence, you must forgive me; for I have had so much to do with myself, and with men, sin, and devils, that I have, at times, thought I would write no more; no, nor yet preach any more. But God is true, and I am still alive and out of hell. And I believe I never shall be in that hell where devils and damned spirits will be to all eternity; for the dear Lord hath this morning filled my soul with laughter, and my tongue with joy, and hath led my soul to see

its safety in the blessed Jesus, and how he hath taken care of me under every trying temptation, and under all the scandal and persecutions of professors and profane. I can say with confidence that the Lord hath ever brought me through them all in an honourable way; and I desire to speak it to his honour and glory. The Eternal God in Christ hath made manifest his fatherly care and tender compassion towards me, a sinful and rebellious wretch, and hath brought me through floods and flames. The pits that others have digged for me they have fallen into themselves; the traps that my enemies have set to catch me they have themselves been taken in; and the gallows the Hamans have prepared to hang me on they have been hanged on themselves. Those Hamans have ever wanted all the honour to be conferred upon themselves, but they shall not have it from me. For it is my soul's desire to render honour to whom honour is due; and that is to God the Father for loving me in Christ with an everlasting love; and the same equal honour to God the Son for redeeming my lost and ruined soul from the curse of a broken law, and from all iniquity, transgression, and sin; and unto God the Holy Ghost is the same honour due for quickening my dead soul into life, and for revealing somewhat of the mystery of godliness unto my poor lost and yet saved soul. Ah! my dear friend, my soul must talk about these things when I feel them. And, blessed be the dear Spirit of all grace and mercy, he has never left my soul to itself, from the very day that he quickened me into life up to the present moment. My soul feels it at this time. And when my soul feels it, I am constrained to believe it; for the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost constrains an elect soul to love the Trinity of Persons in One God.

You said in your letter this morning that you had heard this week from our dear friend H., and that you understood that I had been in great trouble, but did not know whether it was in soul matters, or in family

affairs, or in providence. Well, I will try and tell you as well as I can blunder it out; for I am sure that you already know something about the secret. It is not in my family affairs, for the dear Lord hath greatly blessed me and my small family; and my soul has greatly blessed my covenant God since I saw you last. The same day that I parted from you at the B—— station, on my way to E—— on the coach, we passed a house at which I was told the woman who resided there had had fourteen children in ten years. The house stood alone, and there was a number of children about it nearly of a size. It is said that she had had twins five times. O how my soul was crumbled down at the dear feet of Jesus, under a sense of God's goodness on every hand! I had been in such a terrible state of mind for many miles, and had had such a fit of rebellion, that I knew not what to do with myself to retain my anger; but about two miles before we came to this house on the top of the barren hills, the dear Lord so broke in upon my poor, rebellious, and troubled soul, that all the devils and devilism were gone in a moment, and life, light, love, and peace flowed into my heart like a river. O how my soul did weep and yet rejoice! Tears of love and gratitude came up out of my heart, and ran sweetly down my face. I was obliged to hide my face to conceal my feelings; for on those hills the dear Lord showed me how good he had been to me and my family.

And again. Neither has it been any trouble in providence, for I have plenty of food and raiment; and (I speak it to the honour of God) I do not owe a single shilling for food, nor yet for raiment, no, nor yet for anything else, except it be for a few weeks' rent. O! My dear friend, the Lord hath led me back, since I have been scribbling these few lines, to the time when I was over head and ears in debt, and showed me how he enabled me to pay all I owed, so that no man could now open his mouth against me. If ever God

dealt well, and tenderly, and generously with a poor, black, vile, and hell-deserving sinner, I am the man; and my soul has felt it, and does feel it, and has been this day filled with a feeling sense of God's goodness to me, both in providence and in grace.

And now, my dear friend, you see that my troubles have not been on this account. I will now tell their real cause. That cause has been my devilish self; for I have felt myself to be such a burden that I have not known what to do, between hardness of heart, deadness of soul, barrenness of spirit, darkness of mind, lust, pride, covetousness, hypocrisy, blasphemy, craft, and unbelief, with a thousand other things, that make my poor soul cry, and groan, and roar, and sigh. I sometimes fear that I shall be forced to give all up and quit the field. But to-day the Lord has given my soul to feel the victory over all my enemies, both in the world and in my own heart, and also in hell.

Remember me to your dear pastor, and tell him that I meet with many poor souls round P—— who had been greatly blessed under his ministry, but who have never had an opportunity to speak to him. There was one man who heard him at S—— chapel more than twenty years ago. He had been in soul distress for some time; and there the Lord met with him under your pastor, and brought him out sweetly. He came and saw me, and I felt quite at home with him.

That God the Eternal Spirit may bless thee, and shine upon thee, and lift up the light of his dear countenance upon thee, and open up to thee Christ in his love, blood, grace, and righteousness, and keep thee in the hour of powerful temptation, is the prayer of

Your Friend in Tribulation,
T. GODWIN.

IV.—TO MR. DAVIS.

*Pewsey, 1842.*MY DEAR FRIEND IN THE FURNACE OF
AFFLICTION,—

May grace, mercy, peace, and love be multiplied unto you from God the Father, who, I fully believe, hath chosen you in the Lord Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world. And may you be led to see and feel that the blessed Jesus hath redeemed you from all iniquity, transgression, and sin; and that the Eternal Spirit hath quickened your dead soul into spiritual life. You do know that the Eternal Spirit hath brought your soul to the foot of the cross, as a lost, condemned, guilty, and perishing sinner, and that you have had the love of God shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto you, which you have felt many times, and which has filled your heart with joy and gladness, and made you sing aloud of his mercies.

My dear friend, I cannot tell you why it is that I am writing to you this afternoon ;—whether I am led to drop a line to you under the leadings and teaching of God the Holy Ghost, or whether it is only the working of my fleshly mind. If I were sure that it was only from the flesh, I would leave off, and write no more at this time. But this one thing I do know,—that your case and trouble have been so laid on my mind this day that I have felt constrained to write to you. Yet I have felt much tried and exercised about it almost all the morning, and tried to put it off, lest it should be nothing but the flesh ; but then it would return with greater weight and power. I trust, therefore, that my heart and soul are now going with my pen ; for I feel that my heart is burning towards you and the Lord Jesus Christ. I hope that the time is near at hand when the Lord will arise with healing in his wings upon your poor sinking soul. I am a witness that the place in which you

were when I was at B—— is a most painful one ; and yet it is a sure place, a safe and a profitable one. It is a spot, or a hole, or pit into which a living soul is brought, on purpose to teach him somewhat of his need of the precious blood of the dear Redeemer. It is a furnace that burns up all his creature-beauty and perfection. It is a fire that consumes all our self-righteousness, and leaves the soul naked before a heart-searching God. It is a deep into which the dear children of God sink on purpose to teach them the worth and value of the salvation of Christ. Ah! my friend, my soul thought that it knew something of the sweetness and preciousness of experimental felt religion before the Lord let down his wrath and fury into my conscience ; and then the religion that I thought I had before was all swept away in a moment, and I verily feared that the Lord was about to cut me off at a stroke and send me to hell, which I felt I had truly deserved. All my profession was brought home upon my conscience, as a sore burden too heavy for me to bear ; the sins of my youth came upon my conscience ; and the devil was let loose upon me ; so that I verily thought that he would take me away body and soul to hell. He told me that he would be sure to have me, for I had committed the unpardonable sin ; that I was nothing but an apostate ; and that I was sure to be damned, die when I might ; and my soul believed it, and could not think that ever the Lord would deliver such a wretch as I was. O the heart-rending times that I had, both by day and night, until the Lord had brought me down to the grave's mouth ! I thought every day I must die and be damned. And truly I often felt myself dying, and had no more feeling hope of salvation than devils. Yet there was a little secret something, at times, that I felt I could not give up, but I could not tell what it was ; though my poor soul laboured under the most awful and cutting temptations of the devil, both to destroy myself and to "curse God, and die." I have been on the brink of it

many times, and have thought that the blasphemies that the devil has poured into my heart must have all come out.

Ah! My dear friend, this is a painful place to be put into. It is a deep into which no hypocrite has ever sunk. And although the poor soul thinks that his religion has been and is nothing but a strong delusion of the devil (and how can the soul think anything else when he is shut up in unbelief, and feels nothing else but sin and guilt?) yet, my dear friend, "the law entered that the offence might abound; but wheresin abounded, grace did much more abound." This, then, is the only way to know something of the superaboundings of the sovereign grace of the Lord Jesus revealed in the heart and conscience by the blessed Spirit.

O how I should like to see you when the Lord brings you out! It will appear a new heaven and a new earth unto your poor soul then, and you will sing louder than you have ever yet done.

That God Almighty may bless you, and bring your poor soul up out of the prison-house, and lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and break your bonds, and bring you up once more to bless and praise the dear Name of Jesus, and tell of his wonderful and blessed works, is the desire of

Yours in Tribulation,

T. GODWIN.

V.—TO MR. WESTON.

Pewsey, July 11th, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I received your kind and affectionate letter on Feb. 5th. I was truly glad to hear from you. It did my soul good to read it.

I thought of writing to you before this time, but have been so encumbered with one thing and another that I could not. I have been out from home for some time, and returned last week. I took your

letter to Exeter on purpose to answer it, but I did not do so. This morning, as I was reading one of the Psalms, it darted into my mind in a moment to write to you to-day.

I see by your letter that you have not found out that smooth path to heaven which so many thousands of professors talk about; neither have you found that perfection in the flesh which they talk about. But you still feel the plague of leprosy within, that running sore that is from day to day casting forth its filth and mire, and which is a means of making us hang down our heads like a bulrush. This, under the teaching of God the Holy Ghost, makes us groan out, being burdened, and causes us to take shame and confusion of face to ourselves, and makes us put our hands upon our mouths, and our mouths in the dust, "if so be there may be hope." O! My dear friend, I see by your letter that there is no boasting with you about your living so near the Lord, and not stumbling, nor slipping, nor yet falling. No, my dear friend, we must be silent about that if we are honest sinners in the sight of a heart-searching God. But I see the Lord has made you still to see and feel that there is a great remedy for the deep malady; and although you see, and feel too, that the mystery of iniquity is deep, yet the Lord hath favoured you to see and feel that the mystery of grace goes deeper than all your iniquities, higher than all your pride and rebellion, farther in length than all your transgressions, and wider in breadth than all your sins. O! My dear friend, who can tell or comprehend the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge? O what a long-suffering and forbearing God he has been unto me! How he has put up with my God-provoking ways ever since he has called my soul by his grace,—free grace, distinguishing and discriminating grace.

I desire to thank you for your kind invitation to come and see you, and I should be glad to do so if I

could, as I could talk to you with more freedom than I can write. If possible, I will try and see you this summer, either after my return from London or from Exeter. I have engaged to be there next month, if the Lord will.

Through mercy, we are all well. My wife and daughter join me in love to Mrs. W. and yourself. That God may bless you is the prayer of

Yours in Tribulation,

T. GODWIN.

VI.—TO MR. PHILPOT.

London, Oct. 21st, 1844.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—

As you have been so much on my mind during the night watches, I promised myself, if the Lord spared me until the morning, I would write you a line, and tell you how I am getting on in the wilderness and in this great city.

“The way of transgressors is hard.” The fool hath said in my heart, at times, “There is no God.” But my soul is obliged to learn by daily experience that there is a God that searches my heart, and his all-piercing eye is upon me, and pierces me through and through, and watches over me at home and abroad, by night and by day, and keeps me as the apple of his eye. And when sin and Satan come in upon my poor soul like a flood, the Spirit of the living God puts a cry into my heart, which is a standard against all sin and all Satan’s devices. What a mystery is godliness! What a deep secret to have it opened up in one’s heart and conscience, after sinning against so good and gracious a God as he has manifested himself to be unto vile me, wretched me, a hell-deserving sinner! And what a wonderful work the work of grace is in a man’s soul! And yet how little we think of it! And what construction we put upon it, at times, as though it was a thing of little value and of little

importance, as if it was the work of a deceitful and changeable man, and not the work of a faithful and unchanging God! And how we look at it with our carnal eyes and carnal judgment, as though the work of grace was but for a short time and duration, and as though it was but a shallow work, just within one's skin! And how can we look at it but in this way when our spiritual eyes seem to be darkened, our minds confused, our hearts closed, souls dead, spirits barren, and faith shut up, and darkness let down in our path? But, my dear friend, what a merey for you and me that life is still in the soul, and that it works in the very vitals of the heart! And while the life of God is going down into the very bottom of the heart, digging down deep into the mystery of iniquity, and turning up the vileness and baseness of our wicked hearts, which give your soul and mine such pain, and make us tremble and toss on our beds, sit uneasy in the chair, and halt in pain by the way, and make us sometimes almost ready to come down out of the pulpit before we have read the text, being tortured with sin and the devil and unbelief, Satan firing his darts of blasphemy into our hearts, making us tremble from head to foot;—what is it but the life of God in the soul that endures all these things, and suffers under these trying exercises, bears up under these heavy burdens, groans out aloud unto the dear Lord for help, strength, support, and deliverance? Ah! My friend, “charity suffereth long” in an elect vessel of mercy, “and is kind;” “it endureth all things” that come against it and upon it; and “beareth all things” that are put upon charity. But sin and the devil hate it, and the enmity of our hearts fights and wars against it; but charity must prevail, because charity never faileth.

My poor soul had a very sharp engagement and a hard battle the first Lord's day morning. As soon as I got into Zoar pulpit, the devil was permitted to set upon me with such awful blasphemies that it seemed to me, according to my feelings, that it must

come out before all the people. I never was in the chapel but once before, and that was to hear you ; and I had just such a storm of blasphemy blown into my heart then. But grace conquered it then, and also hundreds of times before. And so it did the other Lord's day ; and a blessed time my poor soul had after the hard battle. What a mercy it is for you and me and all the election of grace that the battles are the Lord's, and that he fights for us, in us, through us, and by us, and that we are more than conquerors through him that loved us and gave himself for us ! And what wonderful power there is in grace to conquer sin in us, notwithstanding the power that there is in sin and in the devil's temptations ! Sin seems to drive everything before it, and one seems quite carried away with it ; but yet grace lifts up her head, and saith, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no farther ; and here shall all thy proud waves be stayed."

I was very much tried and exercised before I came to London that in once or twice preaching I should drive the greatest part of the congregation away with my rough expressions and plain language ; but I have hobbled through three Lord's days, and yet the number of people seems to increase. I never saw a fuller congregation than we had yesterday for such a large chapel. And I hope my soul felt the power of eternal things within ; and I trust that some of God's living children felt a little of the dew drop down into their hearts. And I believe that you and I and all God's faithful labourers would faint and give up, at times, if it were not for the blessings that drop down into the hearts of the tried children of God, and in our own hearts also.

My dear friend, I must tell you that the last time that you preached at Pewsey for me, the Lord greatly blessed your labours to the hearts of the people, more than ever before. Whatever people may say about your gifts, learning, and abilities, I know that your soul cannot rest upon them, and that you need en-

couragement in the work as well as I who have neither gifts, abilities, nor human learning. The minister that can be satisfied with his preaching, and not feel life and power himself, nor yet the living family of God, I should put him down to be dead in sin, without one grain of grace in his soul. And I believe that the devil has almost nine hundred and ninety-nine ministers of unrighteousness, transformed into the ministers of righteousness, where the Lord of life and glory has one who is truly like Noah, a preacher of righteousness, and who speaks of what he has tasted and handled in his own soul's experience.

May the Lord bless and comfort your poor sorrowful soul, and give you much of his manifested presence, and souls for your hire. This is the desire of

Your unworthy Friend and

Brother in Gospel Bonds,

T. GODWIN.

VII.—TO MR. PHILPOT.

Pewsey, October 6th, 1845.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—

Through the goodness, mercy, and loving-kindness of the Lord, I am once more brought home in peace and safety, having proved the power and effect of that promise the Lord brought home into my heart some years ago, the first journey that I took; and sometimes I hope that it was the first journey that the Lord called me to go. The promise was this: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." (Ps. cxxi. 8.) This was applied in a time of great need, and he has never failed yet. The next journey I went on was to Exeter, when I left my home under great soul exercise, and feared many things; but when I got on the coach at D—— the Lord spoke

these words home into my heart with such sweetness, life, and power: "The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low, and he helped me." It is five years since the first promise was applied; and it will be five years next month since the other promise was applied. And blessed be the Name of the Lord, the substance of them is not worn out yet in my experience, but often is revived in my heart when my soul is under fear and great trouble. And that is the time the promise fits well. It is then the soul sucks the sweetness and virtue out of the promise, sees the beauty that there is in it, and feels the fulness there is in Jesus and his precious truth. It works in the soul patience, humility, meekness, and long-suffering, and brings faith with it; "for faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." And when the Lord speaks to my soul, then my soul can hear his voice, know his voice, and follow him. What a mercy, my dear friend, to be favoured to hear the Shepherd's voice in mercy, and in loving-kindness, and in great compassion! I have been led to set more value upon it of late.

Five weeks ago last Wednesday, I was taken, as I thought, for death. It was a sudden stroke to me. I had just sat down to my dinner. I only seemed to have just time to cry for mercy; for I can tell you, my much-esteemed and valuable friend, that I have not got beyond a feeling need of mercy. I have not got to that state of perfection which some talk about; for I am kept a poor, needy, naked, vile sinner, just hobbling along in the thorny path of tribulation, with my head just kept above water. And ever since I had that stroke, I have not been free from the effects of it long together; and many times since my soul has cried, "Lord, spare me a little before I go hence, that I may recover strength."

At times, when I was at Stoke, I thought my end was very near. It mostly took me all of a sudden, and sometimes my mind seemed almost gone, and I

was much tried that I should lose my senses. But there was one thing through it all;—I felt a good hope, through grace, that, wherever or whenever I died, I should die in the Lord, and felt a willingness to leave all things in his dear hands. The fear of death was quite taken away. Your dear sister was very kind to me. She did all she could to make me comfortable; and, unknown to me, she went to Mr. Shepherd, and he came to see me, and did all he could for me, and manifested great kindness to me. I felt much better on the Monday that I left Stoke. Since then, I have been taken suddenly. When I have gone into the pulpit, I have thought I must drop. Yesterday morning, I was taken in the same way in the pulpit; and so I was at Trowbridge on last Wednesday evening. But after I had begun speaking a little, it went off. But I can tell you that death has been and still is very near to me. But, bless the Name of the Lord Jesus, he has destroyed death for me, and opened the gates of righteousness to my never-dying soul; and my soul has been into them, and praised the Name of the Lord.

Dear friend, I know you will like to hear how I got on at Stoke. When I first went, on the Friday evening, I seemed to be much bound in the pulpit, and also on the first Lord's day morning. There being but few people to hear, I was much tried and cast down, and feared that I was in the wrong place, and that the Lord never took me there, which was a great trial to me. And when I found that the greater part of the members who were there when I was there last had left, and these were considered the best taught people, and professed to be blessed under Mr. Isbell's ministry, and also spoke of such powerful blessings and manifestations, it staggered me greatly. I could not make things straight and consistent with God's truth and my own experience. I was obliged to come to this one point,—to put down the blessings to be false and delusive, or else they were gone astray and

were wandering out of the way of understanding, and so remained among the congregation of the dead. But, if they are the Lord's, they must come back again, with weeping and supplication. But after the Lord brought light, life, and liberty into my heart in the pulpit, this was removed. There was quite a congregation after the first Lord's day morning, and I felt a great deal of life and power in the pulpit. And I can truly say that I felt quite at home with Mrs. Isbell. I feel a greater union with her than ever I did. I found her to be a very tried exercised woman. She talked very freely with me. She has a greater discernment into men, women, and things than I expected to find. She cannot open her mind to many; so she carries her troubles in her own bosom. Poor things, they have had plenty of trouble with one and another; and I do not think that they have come to the end of it yet. She seems to have been shut up in a trying state of mind for a long time. I feel a great affection for her. Your dear aged mother was quite stout. I spent a little time with her, and found her in the same spot as regards her soul. I saw a great deal of honesty in what she had to say.

But I must close. I am expecting a friend in.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

VIII.—TO MR. PHILPOT.

London, November 22nd, 1845.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—

Through the tender mercy of an unchangeable God, my soul is still kept on in the path of tribulation, with a little hope that the dear Lord will never let my soul be ashamed before him. Though my hope seems very faint and feeble this morning, yet I trust it is a good hope through grace, and a hope that is every day tried more or less by the corruptions of my base heart, the temptations of the devil, the scan-

dal of professors and possessors, and also by the hand and living Word of the Lord. Sometimes I fear that my soul will never be able to stand against all my enemies and foes. They seem to be so strong, and myself so weak and feeble. Yet when my strength is all gone, and my soul fears that I shall give way and deny the truth and a good conscience, then the dear Lord just gives my soul strength enough to groan out in spirit unto him for him to keep me from sacrificing his truth and a good conscience to please any man or men in the churches or congregations. For sure I am that the Lord Jehovah is the only true and faithful Friend that my soul has, either in this world or in the world to come, for I have nowhere else to go to. When I am in trouble, there is no other hand to help, or arm to save, or eye to pity, or ear to hear, or power to deliver, or grace to comfort.

But, my dear friend, when there seems to be nothing at work within me but sin and devils, old nature seeking after the smiles of men and striving hard for the mastery, and this man brought before me, and the other man showed up before flesh and blood, and one's own good name, and pride, and self-consequence, and the devil appearing as an angel of light, little-faith seems to give way. When the Lord's face is hid from the eyes of the soul, everything within and without appears to be giving way. Sure I am that nothing but a supernatural and an unseen power could keep me back from giving way, or hold me up and hold me on. At times, when my soul is most in the dark, and has these trying things to contend with, I do feel there is such a strong fear at work in my heart lest I should be overcome; and also groans, sighs, and cries go up unto the Lord for him to teach, guide, and lead me in those ways that are pleasing in his sight, and beg him not to suffer me to give way to please any man or myself. I do see and feel a needs-be for self-denial more than ever I did, since I knew myself as a lost sinner, and Jesus as my God and Saviour. Within the last ten days I have

been led to see and feel that, if my soul has grace to deny my sinful and righteous self, it is not much trouble to deny other men, either rich or poor, bond or free. My soul does see and feel the needs-be of that exhortation: "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." And my cry is, "Lord, give me more of the grace of watchfulness, to enable my soul to watch the workings of nature and the work of grace." I also beg the Lord to give me wisdom to come to a right judgment in spiritual matters, and beg him not to let me speak my own word nor act upon my own judgment, and to keep me from shooting out arrows against his dear little ones, and even bitter words against the prophets of the Lord. For when my evil heart has been prompting me to speak against those who I have been compelled to believe are the prophets of the Lord, that word: "Touch not mine anointed; and do my prophets no harm," has come in upon my conscience, stopped my mouth, and made me feel that he that touches one of God's little ones touches the apple of his eye.

So my soul feels that self-denial does not only consist in denying myself from all the damning sins set forth in the Word of truth, but also the whole spring of human nature; and this my soul feels to be a hard task; indeed, it is a continual battle between my flesh and the spirit. Sometimes my tongue is just about to speak of things that I have heard about others; and then my conscience begins to work; and then there is a drawing back. Yet I cannot justify myself in doing wrong, or my brother in the Lord Jesus; much less those in whom I cannot see the least spark of grace. So in all our movements, we need self-denial. I feel, whether I am in prayer, reading, or preaching, that self-denial is needed; and nothing but God's free grace can keep down that self-righteous wretch within, who thinks more of himself than any other men can make or think of him. It is this principle working within, when one of God's people is pulling almost all the rest down, it is on purpose to set himself up. What saith

the Lord respecting the matter? It is "not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth." And let any man set himself up as high as ever he can raise himself, he has only the lower to be brought down. If a man be exalted as high as the heavens, he must be thrust down as low as hell, but not into hell. However a man may think that his standing is good, and that he is on firm ground, yet the Lord saith, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Whenever I am in company with God's people, and am inclined in conversation to rake up the faults of others, and my tongue to tell them out, as soon as my own sins are brought to light, and the precepts of God's Word are set before my eyes and felt in my conscience, then the battle begins, and the soul begins weighing and measuring, and the little watchman begins to make his appearance, viz., godly fear. Then I am led back to see what I have gone through in times that are past for speaking a word or two when it has been drawn out of me; and then the soul has gone out in breathings to God for him to set a watch before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips. You know that I have had some of those things to contend with more than once. James says, "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath; for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." But I must close.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

IX.—To MR. PHILPOT.

Pewsey, February 27th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

My soul has passed through the deep waters of affliction since I wrote to you last. It has been a time of Jacob's troubles with me and mine, but since Naomi has come back out of the country of Moab, the

sweet Bethel visits have come down unto her soul like rain upon the new-mown grass ; and the dear Lord has been so gracious unto us both. Therefore I will try and write you a line or two, and tell you a little of the Lord's merciful kindness unto our poor cast-down souls. The devil has not spared either of us in the least. He has tried every step of our experience that the Lord has led us in and through ; all the testimonies and deliverances have been called into question ; and everything that the devil and unbelief could rake up and bring against us hath been done. Then that scripture was brought home in my soul : "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. xxix. i.) The last clause : "Shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," kept sounding in my soul like thunder, so that my poor soul feared and trembled, as I thought I was going to die and be damned. It awoke me up all of a sudden, as though the Lord himself came and took hold of me, and said, Arise, and come to judgment. The deep soul distress that I felt all that night I shall not forget. My soul tried to shake it off, and go to sleep again ; but all in vain. This scripture was opened in such a way that my soul said, if it came from the Lord, that my wife was a dead woman, for I had left her so ill. On the Monday night, as I was sitting by friend F——'s fireside, these words were spoken home into my soul : "Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." Well, my soul saw and felt in a moment that the disciples did not want to be taught in any other way than John taught his disciples. My feelings could say the same ; but John could not lay heavy weights and burdens on his disciples' hearts and consciences, neither could he give them the spirit of grace and supplication. It was true, John could give them the form of prayer, and teach them the word of prayer, but he could not give them the life and power of prayer. I saw and felt that the disciples felt something more in the prayer of Jesus

than ever they saw or felt before. And sure I am that if the poor child of God had a deep feeling sense of the weight of those words : "Lord, teach us to pray," or teach *me* to pray, he would tremble at the thought of it. But that word : "Shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," cut me up root and branch.

Under these feelings of distress my soul cried unto the Lord, for my heart and conscience were so truly weighed down with heart-felt grief and sorrow that the cry was pressed out of my soul. I never witnessed such a scene but once before. Many years ago this scripture was spoken home into my soul in the dead watches of the night, when deep sleep was upon me : "Set thy house in order ; for thou shalt die, and not live." That awoke me up all of a sudden, and a horror of great darkness fell upon me, so that my soul expected every moment to drop into hell. But then the Lord appeared in such a powerful way, and delivered my soul out of it. But in this case, my soul was sometimes encouraged to hope that it would end well. But soon again I was cut up in my feelings, for everything seemed to be going against me ; so that my soul is obliged to confess that the Lord has taught my soul to pray in such a way that it almost drives me to despair. There is nothing that will make my soul cry but hard pinches, keen troubles, heavy burdens, and severe stripes ; and truly my soul calls for the whip of small cords that can give many stripes at one blow.

I can truly fall in with you in your letter to me received yesterday morning ; for when the least thing seems to go wrong with me, or my wife or children, I then begin to be upon the look-out for some judgment to overtake me. And when I took the letters in my hand from home, something said, "Now it has all come upon you ; and now where is your God that you have been talking about from time to time?" But when I received any good tidings, then my hopes and expectations went out unto the Lord for his goodness and mercy towards me and mine. But when I receive evil

tidings, down go all my hopes and expectations. Yet this is the way that the Lord has taught my soul to pray; and bless his dear and precious Name, it has not been in vain; for he has answered my cry to the joy and rejoicing of my soul. I can feelingly say, with my dear wife, that I would not have been without this chastisement upon any account, for the Lord has truly taught us both some never-to-be-forgotten truths in our never-dying souls.

Last Monday night, after I got down the hill to Pewsey valley, there was a new song of praise put into my heart, although I had a heavy weight to carry on my back, and the last seven miles to walk; yet, having the love and peace of God in my heart and conscience, my soul could and did sing a song of free grace and mercy; and every string of my soul was put in tune, and kept so for some time.

It was something very remarkable in this affliction that both times that I came home, unknown to my wife, she should be sunk into the lowest state of soul distress. This she has told me this morning. And there is another thing that my soul has witnessed through this affliction; and that is, the Lord has graciously kept down the rebellion of my base heart, and wrought submission to his will.

The Lord has most blessedly appeared to my poor wife's soul again this morning. She has been singing the high praises of her God and Saviour. She tells me that she was sunk into such a dark and unfeeling state of mind before this sore affliction fell upon her; and this I could perceive; for, at times, when my soul has been begging the Lord to restore the use of her foot again, she seemed to sit and lie like a stone in her feelings. At times, I felt quite put out about it, for she seemed to be so unconcerned about the matter; but, poor thing, she could not move her own heart, nor draw out her soul to the Lord Jesus. But since she has had the furnace warmed hotter, and the fire has been burning brighter, she has felt a little of the

rubbish removed out of the way, and some of the dross and tin purged away, and the pure gold has come forth. The barren wilderness has been turned into a fruitful field, and the dry ground into water springs. And truly it is most blessed to hear her tell out the dealings of the Lord with her when he moves her to speak. I have felt a little jealous when my soul has been shut up and shut out; but the Lord has favoured my soul with heart-felt gratitude again and again since I came home on Monday evening. O! How my soul has thanked him for inclining the friends at Woburn to let me off to come home for a short time! So I am now an eye and an ear witness to what is going on at home.

And again, the Lord has given my soul another testimony of his goodness and mercy unto such an unworthy wretch, and given me to see and feel what a mighty power the prince of darkness is in possession of, and how he can apply the Scriptures to the conscience; and what terror and horror it produces; and what a way the soul has to pass before he can prove the devil a liar.

My dear wife is greatly altered for the better since I came home on Monday evening. She unites with me in love to you and Mrs. P.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

P.S.—I hope that I shall be able to come to Stamford to speak on Friday, March the 20th, according to your wish, if the Lord will, and health and strength be given me.

X.—To MR. GREAVES.

Woburn, June 16th, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND GREAVES,—

I received your letter on the 9th of this month; and its contents sank my soul greatly. It has caused such an exercise within my heart that I can-

not relate to any one. I should have written to you to thank you for letting me know what was done and going on amongst you as a church respecting me; but I could not. My mind has been so depressed and cast down under the solemn exercise to know the mind and will of God respecting me in the matter, and also to know whether it is the Lord's working with your hearts to incline and also to constrain you to do as you have done. What trouble this proceeding has brought upon me! And I have no doubt it will be a means of giving the little church here some exercise of mind about this step that you have taken. It is my soul's desire to leave it with the Lord, and that his blessed will may be done in the matter.

This morning I have received Mr. Wilton's letter from the church, as a special call to become your stated pastor. But this I cannot say anything about at present. I suppose the church will give me a few months to consider the matter over, and also to lay it before the Lord, if he enable me to do so, and also to lay it before my friends at Woburn. It will be trying to them, as well as to me, as I have only been living here about nine months. And I can tell you that this makes it most trying to me; but still I trust that the Lord will lead us to do that which is right in his sight. And I trust that the Lord will give you as a church a spirit of prayer, to beg the Lord to make the way plain before my face and yours, if I am ever to come and be settled over you at George's Road Chapel, Manchester; and that, if I am not to be settled there, the Lord may shut up the way that seems to be opened, and also keep everything shut against me that seems to be shut at this present time.

O Lord, do not ever suffer me to take one step but what is ordered by thee.

My love to all the friends as a church. The same to yourself and wife.

Yours for Truth's sake,
T. GODWIN.

XI.—To MR. PHILPOT.

Woburn, December 2nd, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I desire to thank you for your kind and affectionate letter, and for your kind and sympathizing feelings towards me in my sore and cutting affliction. I shall not be able to go into it fully at present, as writing does not suit me. When I was taken in London, a fortnight ago last Saturday night, it was a sudden stroke to me. After passing through a night of suffering, I went to the chapel, and attempted to speak twice. In the morning, the pain was so great while I was speaking that I was obliged to give up. I went home with friend D——, but passed through a most trying afternoon. When I got up to go to chapel in the evening, I fell backwards in the chair. My friends wished me not to go; but what was I to do? However, I got through the evening better than I expected, but was very ill after I reached Pentonville. I tried some remedies, and thought I was better in the morning; but still I grew weaker, and my breathing was so bad that I had to labour for breath. I kept my bed until the afternoon. On Monday night, when friend T—— saw how ill I was, he said he would write for some one to speak on Tuesday evening. On Tuesday morning I came home. It was very wet; and I had such a burning fever that I began to think I was taken for death; and those at home thought the same. The doctor found me very ill, and thought it a bad case.

The Lord was very gracious to me after I got to the worst. My soul was in great darkness, death, and bondage for some days at the first. My religion has not been tried in such a way for many years; nay, I may say never since salvation was revealed within my soul. I thought much about you all in the first part of my sharp affliction; and I expected to be laid aside for some time if spared through it. For some days

there was no prayer in my heart. My soul was as lifeless and as barren as if there were no life, nor ever had been any.

Before I left London, I had a passage of Scripture spoken home, and that stuck to me through my affliction. After crying, sighing, groaning, and begging the Lord to look upon me in mercy and compassion, still he hid himself from me. Then my soul was much tried that it was Satan that applied the scripture. Yet, in the night, when I felt at the worst, the Lord gave me a spirit of prayer and supplication, so that my soul was in prayer the greater part of the night, and I felt that I could take no denial. Before the morning, I fell into a little sleep; and when I awoke, the fever had left me. When the doctor came in the morning, he seemed to be struck at the change for the better. But no one could ever be brought down in strength and flesh more than I was in so short a time.

My friend, it is good for me that I have been afflicted; for the Lord has greatly strengthened and confirmed my soul through it; and such a spirit of love, grace, and gratitude my soul has been filled with to the Lord Jesus for all his goodness, mercy, and loving-kindness to sinful and vile me.

On Friday last I began to feel that, if I did not fall back again, I should try and get out on Sabbath day. I told my wife and friends that, if the Lord kept me up as I then felt, I hoped to get out on Sabbath day; but they did not believe that I should do so, neither did they wish it. But on Saturday night, when they found me firm upon the subject, they were willing, if the Lord enabled me. On Sabbath morning, I made the attempt. It was very wet, and I felt that it was as much as I could do to get to the chapel. I had not been outside the door before. I stood nearly an hour in the morning, and the same in the afternoon, and also on Tuesday evening; and through the great mercy and loving-kindness of the Lord, I am still gathering strength. When the friends wished me not to go out

too soon, I told them I was afraid to stop in too long. And as my mind was deeply impressed to go and try, therefore, the Lord greatly helped me. I feel better to-day than I have at all.

The dear Lord has dealt very graciously with me. I had three portions of God's blessed Word applied to my soul during my affliction;—one just after I was taken, another before I left London, and one after I got home. This last was: "Be still, and know that I am God;" and this gave me a text for the first Sabbath after I was out. This was the first deep affliction that I have ever had. When I wrote to you before I went from home, I said that I had never been laid by but one Sabbath since my mouth has been opened. Little did I think that I was then so soon to be put into the furnace. And how my soul did hate my vile, proud, haughty self.

I am glad to hear that you are still getting better. May the Lord bless your soul with his manifested power and presence. I can feel a greater sympathy for you now than ever before.

I hope to go to London on Saturday week to fill my engagement if well enough, and return before Christmas day, as we hope to baptize on that day. We have received two candidates; and three more proposed will (D.V.) come before the church on Lord's day. Love to all inquiring friends,—to Mr. and Mrs. K. when you see them, also to Mrs. P.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XII.—TO MR. VAUGHAN.

Woburn, March 13th, 1851.

DEAR FRIEND,—

Having written a few lines to your wife last night before going to bed, in answer to her kind letter, I will now try and scribble you a line.

I believe, from what I heard you say, that you are

one of those poor cast-down, hedged-up, and hedged-about souls who cannot do with everything that people call religion, because they belong to this sect, and that, and the other. But you want a revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ to your soul, and a sprinkling of his precious blood to your conscience to purge away all your filth and guilt. Having had some insight into your filthy garment, you want it taken away, and a change of raiment given, for your soul to outshine the sun in its brightness, and to cause a new song of praise to come forth from your heart, enabling you to sing victory through love and blood. The living soul is not satisfied to have this opened up to his heart once; but he wants it again and again. And more so those who preach God's everlasting gospel to poor perishing sinners; for the ox needs to be made strong to labour. And what is it that makes him strong but the manifestation and revelation of the mercy, love, compassion, blood, and righteousness of Jesus? And when the virtue of his blood and the beauty of his righteousness are opened up to the heart and felt in the soul by the power of the Holy Ghost, the ox can then speak in plain language the works and wonders of the Lord, because he then speaks up through his throat. But after this, his soul is sunk back again into death, darkness, bondage, and sorrow; he has to conflict with the base lusts of his heart, the temptations of the devil, the snares, baits, traps, and nets which Satan lays to catch and entangle the poor ox's feet, the hard speeches of some of God's people, with their cold looks and cloudy countenances; together with the persecutions of the empty professors, their scorn and contempt, the cares and troubles of this life, a desperately wicked heart, fainting fears and feelings, with such a sense of one's foolishness, ignorance, emptiness, hardness, lifelessness, coldness, backwardness, and destitution; a swiftness to evil and slowness after that which is good. His feet get into the stocks; the soul is shut up in prison; the heart is desolate, hope is faint, faith

is buried, evidences are hid, the way is blocked up, the Bible is a sealed book, a cloud is let down upon the mercy-seat, so that prayer is restrained before God. Then the Sabbath is at hand; the hour is up for the ox to enter the pulpit, the people are assembled, the hymn is given out, the ox's heart is faint, no text yet has entered the soul; but with the cry, "Do, Lord, help me this once!" the word drops, the cry is answered, the heart goes up, the affection ascends, the soul comes forth, the oil runs, the dew drops, the Word opens, the truth is sweet, the heart and tongue are at liberty, hope is enlarged, faith stretches out her arm, her hand is opened, the Lord smiles, the blessings come; and then the poor ox comes forth with fresh strength, so that he is under that blessing: "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

The Lord bless your soul. My love to Mr. and Mrs. B., Mrs. C., and all friends.

Yours in the Truth,

T. GODWIN.

XIII.—TO MR. PHILLIPS.

Woburn, July 2nd, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, to comfort your heart, encourage your hope, and strengthen your faith. This will enable your soul to fight, your feet to walk, your faith to feed, and your hope to anchor in the Rock of eternal ages, with your eye single to God's glory. This will keep your conscience tender, your heart soft, your spirit humble, your mind steadfast in the truth of the everlasting gospel of the Three-One God; for what can make a man honest and faithful to God and men, to truth and conscience, but the powerful work of the Holy Ghost in the heart? And the command of the

Spirit is: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Dear friend, it did my soul good to hear how the Lord had confounded the wisdom of men, overturned their craftiness, upset all their plans, stretched forth his own arm, and brought salvation to you as a church and people. I never saw anything more clearly to be of the Lord, in appearing for you, in making a way for your escape. Truly, my friend, the Lord does frustrate the tokens of the liars, and makes diviners mad. He turneth wise men backward, and maketh their wisdom or knowledge foolishness. He confirmeth the word of his servants, and performeth the counsel of his messengers. And he who has "overturned, overturned, overturned," will do so until he come, whose right it is. I believe the Lord has got a few tried and tempted souls in Liverpool, and I hope the Lord will take care of them, and send you ministers who are walking in the footsteps of the flock, who are daily fighting, striving, watching, begging, looking, hoping, believing, feeding; and who are loving the Lord Jesus Christ and his people with a pure heart fervently, and walking in the truths of the gospel with a good conscience towards God and man, and with a single eye to the glory of God. For those that honour the Lord he will himself honour. You must have had some uphill work as a church since I was with you. And you, as a deacon, must have had some sinking moments, and have been brought to feel much of your weakness, ignorance, and emptiness; but these are the men and women whom the Lord hath made use of from the beginning. For "one shall chase a thousand; and two shall put ten thousand to flight." "The lame take the prey."

I desire to thank you as a church and people for your kind invitation for me to come and supply at Shaw Street for a month. I cannot now fix the time, as I am in a strait, and know not how to move. Neither do I know the mind of the Lord in the things which lie

before me ; but, God willing, you may expect to hear from me again. I will do all I can to serve you, because I think I can see the hand of the Lord towards you as a church.

You will excuse these few lines, as I am greatly put to it for time. I have been from home, and hope to go again for a short time on Wednesday. God willing, I go to Manchester next week for the 15th and 22nd of the month. At this present time, I have many things to try me ; but the Lord is my strength and stay, and hitherto he hath helped me.

Give my love to your wife, Mr. and Mrs. B., and all the friends.

Yours for Truth's sake,

 T. GODWIN.

XIV.—TO MR. PHILLIPS.

Woburn, Sept. 24th, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I thank you for your kind letter, which I was glad to receive. As I am about to leave home, I can only send you a line, just to acknowledge the receipt of yours, and say that I am glad to find your soul is still groping on through the wilderness. I can assure you I have had some heavy troubles, trials, conflicts, and struggles since I last saw you. I shall not soon forget the year 1851. But here I am, held up till now ; and who could hold me up but God ? I cannot enter into it at present, but to find a refuge in Jesus in the day of trouble is a mercy indeed ; for God is our Refuge and Strength, and a very present help in trouble.

Dear friend, as the church has fixed the month of January for me to be with you at Shaw Street chapel, God willing, I must do my best to serve you as a church and people for the month, since it puts you about to get a supply for one Sabbath.

My love to your wife and all the friends by name.

Yours for Truth sake,
 T. GODWIN.

XV.—TO MR. LINK.

Woburn, May 16th, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

May grace, mercy, and peace rest upon your spirit, to soften your heart, enliven your soul, brighten your evidences, and cheer your mind. And may Jesus lift up the light of his countenance upon your soul, and shine on your path, causing your heart to rejoice once more in his great salvation. May he turn your mourning into dancing, take off your sackcloth, and gird your soul with gladness.

I see by yours that your soul is not walking in such delightful paths as it was when I first knew you. Your mouth seems drawn from the breast, your heart bewildered, your soul barren, your spirit cast down, your hope at a low ebb, your faith tried, your confidence sometimes shaken, and your soul passing through the briers and thorns, and sometimes feeling entangled in the land, and fearing that the wilderness hath shut you in. But, my friend, this is the old path of tribulation; and you will find by and by that it is a right way to a city of habitation. You will be much tried about your own standing as you pass along, and very much so about others; and you will see those things in yourself and others that will greatly stagger you; under which feelings you will cry out, "Can there be any religion in any man's heart?"

I suppose there have been great changes at Eden Street since I was last in London; and most likely there will be greater yet. But, my friend, it is your mercy that your soul has passed through the great change, and that the new creation is wrought in your heart, and that clean water has been sprinkled upon your spirit, and atoning blood purged your conscience from dead works. The best robe has been cast over your naked soul, and a helmet put upon your head, and gospel shoes upon your feet, a sweet but sharp sword put into your hand, a precious ring of divine love on faith's

finger; so that your soul has been brought unto the Bridegroom's table, to feed upon the fatted calf, and to drink out of the silver cup. You have eaten some of the best fruits of the land, and your soul has tasted that the Lord is gracious, kind, and merciful. You may have almost forgotten his past favours and his great benefits which he has so freely bestowed upon you; but you cannot help loving the dear Redeemer, because he hath loved you, and given himself for you. Well might a soul cry out about his leanness who has been fed upon the finest flour and the richest dainties of gospel blessings, when he is led into the wilderness, and shut up and shut out from sweet communion with his best and only Friend, who has stood by his soul in all his troubles, trials, temptations, and afflictions! Therefore, those who have been favoured with the light of his countenance, and have walked under his smiles, when he hides his face from them, they are more or less troubled. I am glad to see signs of life at work in your soul, and that the little watchman is still sitting in his box, and the soldier standing on sentry, sitting and standing on the throne of the conscience, watching the wanderings of the mind and the backslidings of the heart. I am glad that the cry of little-faith, underneath all the rubbish, is bubbling and oozing up through all the deadness, barrenness, coldness, and bondage. The Lord keep you from making a downy nest. If you are sitting in an easy one, may the Lord put a thorn in it, or pull the bottom out, and let all the eggs fall out before the viper is hatched.

I like what you say about friend Tiptaft, and can say a hearty Amen to it. I believe if the Lord has one servant upon the earth, W. T. is one. In all my travels, I never heard of any man who has been made more useful in awakening sinners, stirring them up, and bringing them out from a false profession than he. I know the class of men and women who do not like his ministry. He is preaching all day long with his hands and feet, as well as with his tongue. I saw

him on my way to Alvescot. He was looking rather poorly.

My love to your wife and all the friends by name. I wish you every blessing, both for body and soul, for time and eternity.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

XVI.—TO MR. HERBERT.

Leicester, Sept. 24th, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Through the great mercy, love, and power of the Lord, I have been mercifully helped through my labours up to the present day; and I trust the Lord hath fed many a poor soul, comforted many an aching heart, healed many a wounded conscience, set many a broken bone, raised many a cast-down soul, encouraged many a fainting spirit, and alarmed some dead consciences. I hope, too, he has most blessedly entered my own soul, and has led me to sound the trumpet at places where I have never been before.

I trust you felt at home with my much-esteemed friend Tiptaft. I was glad to hear he went to N., and also came to your house. The Lord water the word he delivered, and cause it to take root downward, and bring forth fruit upward, to the praise and glory of his grace. I trust the Lord will be with you on the coming day, and bless your souls together. I have had much pulpit labour, and much help and strength communicated unto me; and I feel to need it for the coming day.

Through the great mercy of the Lord, my wife is pretty well. We went to O. yesterday, as it was the first day of liberty I had; and a fagging day it was. I went on to Stamford. We left Leicester at half-past six in the morning, and we got back a little before eleven at night. We found our daughter and family well. God willing, we hope to be home on Thursday. Our united

love to yourself, Mrs. H., to your son and his wife, and to all the friends at R. and W.; also to Mr. and Mrs. C., and Mr. H., if you see him. And may mercy and truth be with you.

Yours in the Truth,

T. GODWIN.

XVII.—To Mr. ———

Woburn, Nov. 24th, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

May the Lord in mercy and compassion bring your soul out of the prison-house, that you may praise the Name of the Lord once more with joyful lips, and sing aloud of his righteousness.

I was glad to receive a letter from you. I like it much, and see by it that you feel it a mercy your soul is out of a deserved hell. And although the great enemy of redeemed souls is still going about “as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour,” yet you are still above ground, and not consumed; nor has the pit shut her mouth upon you. Well, my friend, your soul has been shut up in the prison-house, and your feet locked up in the stocks now for many months. Your chains have been made heavy, your paths crooked, your way hedged up with thorns; darkness has set in your paths; your hope has been at a low ebb, faith buried, confidence shaken, the face of the Lord out of sight, and your feet stuck fast in the mire. And when your soul cried and shouted, the Lord shut out your prayer. Well, this is the path the fathers trod,—the way that strangers and pilgrims travelled; and those who are travelling in the same path are walking in the footsteps of the flock,—in the tribulation path down to the grave. Your soul has had a long winter of darkness, misery, death, hardness, bondage, and sorrow; yet you have been in the school of instruction with poor Job. He cried out: “Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life to the bitter in soul;

who long for death, but it cometh not?" Then he cried: "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?" Then again he cries: "Behold, I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard; I cry aloud, but there is no judgment. He hath fenced up my way, that I cannot pass; and he hath set darkness in my paths. He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed on every side, and I am gone; and my hope hath he removed like a tree." So you see you are not the first man who has been in dark paths, rough places, deep pits, and crooked ways; and although your soul has been in a tried spot for some time, and with Daniel have had your "comeliness turned into corruption," and have "retained no strength," yet that is one of the old and new holes into which the righteous all fall, more or less.

My soul has been in all the forenamed holes, pits, prison-houses, cells, and dungeons, with the power of unbelief and the devil, with enemies on every hand, all combined together, ready to devour body and soul. Yet here I am, a poor, helpless, worthless, vile sinner, but favoured with a good hope through grace.

I do believe that your soul has been learning some of the most profitable lessons you have ever had burnt into you. You would never have known the length, and breadth, and height, and depth of the salvation of Jesus, through his love and blood, if the Lord had not let your soul sink where he has. A man who is in the way to heaven must know the north side of the hedge as well as the south; God's frowns as well as his smiles; the deep places as well as the high rocks; the hard and cutting frosts as well as the hot melting sun; the sharp two-edged sword as well as the sweet and precious promises of the gospel. There is nothing like a man bearing the yoke in his youth, and being well drilled under it, and plunged in the ditch again and again, and put into the furnace to have his dross and tin purged away. This will make

him a bright Christian, and make him shine among men, and make him a good hearer, a right judge, a steady traveller, a cautious walker, a fearful stepper, an honest speaker, a faithful follower of Jesus Christ ; willing to forgive, ready to communicate, with a tender conscience, a soft heart, a humble spirit, and a peaceful soul. And though burdened with indwelling sin, hated by the devil, scorned by empty professors, and frowned upon by some of the Lord's people, yet such a one is loved of God, succoured by Jesus, comforted by the Holy Ghost, and led on in a right way to a city of habitation, where he shall be for ever at rest.

Dear friend, I was glad to see that the Lord had put his finger through the hole of the door, and peeped through the lattice, so that your bowels were moved for him, and that a word was dropped into your heart in the prison-house, to encourage your poor soul, to lift your feet a little up out of the mire, to raise your drooping head above the deep water, to keep your soul from fainting, and to make it fire and water proof. The fire shall not consume, the water drown, nor the devil destroy.

That the Lord may bless you, comfort you, guide and smile upon your poor soul, keep you on every side, save you on every hand, break every gate of brass, and cut every bar of iron in sunder, is the desire of your unworthy friend in tribulation.

Remember me kindly to your wife and all the friends by name.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XVIII.—TO MR. EVANS.

Woburn, July 20th, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I cannot tell you how glad I was to see yourself and Mrs. E. once more. My soul has spent

many sweet moments with you in years gone by ; and the former feelings were revived again during my conversation with you about the strait and narrow way which leadeth unto life eternal. I was glad to find your soul in good health, and wide awake to your helplessness, poverty, weakness, and misery ; and a cleaving to the free mercy, eternal love, pardoning blood, and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, through the teaching and application of the Spirit's work made known to the soul. I felt my heart set on fire during our conversation in the parlour, when we were talking about the dust flying in it, and how the Canaanites were continually stretching forth their long necks, and opening their large mouths, catching at one bait and another which Satan strews by the wayside ; and how mercifully the Lord has preserved our feet from falling, although the way is slippery ! I felt quite at home among you. I was also glad to find that Mrs. E. has had a few plunges in the ditch since I saw her before, and that the Lord has rent the veil from her heart, and anointed her eyes with eye-salve, and led her down to the potter's house and into the chambers of imagery, and let her soul have a peep into the mystery of iniquity, just to let her soul have a sight, that she might see how deep she was sunk by sin and transgression, and how high her soul is raised by the death and life, blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus.

The Lord bless your souls with much nearness to himself, and shine into your hearts. This is the desire of

Your unworthy Friend and
Brother in Tribulation.

T. GODWIN.

P.S.—I did not mean to have said and written what I have. I only meant to tell you that I left London early on Friday morning, went on to Leicester, and brought my poor dear afflicted wife home with me on

Saturday. It was a long trying journey for her. We had five changes,—three railways and two carriages. She has been worse since her return home. She had been there two months. She was glad indeed I had seen you. Her love to you both in Jesus. The Lord be with you.

XIX.—To MR. ———.

Woburn, January 8th, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Many times have I wanted to write to you since I wrote you the last few lines in London, but have had no opportunity till now; and I do not know a minute but that I may be called away; but still I must make a trial to send you a line.

Through God's great goodness and mercy I am brought through the past year,—a year gone and gone for ever. And all the troubles, trials, crosses, distresses, perplexities, griefs, sorrows, anguish, fears, and cares, which my soul has had to bear, carry and endure through the last six months of the past year are gone, and gone for ever! My soul has that much the less of the number which are appointed for me to pass through; for they are all meted out by measure; and the lot must fall upon us, and the measure we must have. But, my dear friend, mine has not been all trouble, cares, fears, sorrows, sinkings, distresses, anguish, affliction, temptation, and wars during the last six months of the last year. No; far from this. The Lord has given my soul many sweet humblings, crumbings, softenings, meltings, lifts, helps, touches, kisses, smiles, and deliverances, with very many mercies in providence as well as in grace. And under these sweet humbling and melting frames of soul, I could thank him from my very heart for this long and painful affliction, which no one but the Lord and myself knows to the full. Many times have I thought I

must sink under it, for my strength, both natural and spiritual, seemed to be all gone, at times, getting but little rest, night or day. But, somehow or other, the Lord has supported me, and brought me through thus far, and held me up and held me on.

The week before Christmas was indeed a trying one. I verily thought I must give up my preaching and profession altogether, for the very powers of darkness seemed let loose upon me, day and night. O the agony my poor soul went through! But I hobbled off to chapel on the Lord's day morning in a poor trembling state of mind, went into the pulpit heavy laden, read and began to try to confess my state and condition before the Lord, with my bleeding wounds laid open under my heart-aching and heart-breaking sorrows. The Holy Ghost opened the door of mercy, the throne of grace, the door of hope, and the door of faith, and led my soul into the Person of the Lord Jesus in that feeling way and manner that I have not experienced for a long time. The wounded side of the Lord Jesus was laid open to my soul's view, and the healing virtue of his blood flowed freely into the bleeding wounds of my heart, so that they were all healed; and my soul was brought forth into a large place. Jesus was made exceedingly precious, and his Word of truth very sweet; and a springing well flowed within my soul. I do not remember having more than about two or three such inlets and springs at a throne of grace before in all my experience. O how sweet it is to have a draught out of the well of salvation,—to have a good drink of the brook by the way, and one's soul made full of the love and mercy and goodness of the Lord! How sweet to have a gospel door opened, and one's soul led into it by faith! To walk about Zion, to have the gates of righteousness thrown open, to have a sweet view of one's interest in the blood of the everlasting covenant, and to feel it has cleansed one's soul from all sin! Surely, my dear friend, it must be cleansing blood to wash

my foul and filthy soul clean, purge away all my guilt and dead works, and to sanctify my base heart right before the Majesty of heaven. Surely this is a free act of sovereign grace and mercy. This set my soul upon its legs again, made every crook straight, and all rough places plain. Every dark cloud was removed, and my soul walked at large. A sweet day of liberty I had; and I hope many poor tried souls were comforted, fed, blessed, and encouraged.

O! My friend, what a free salvation it is and must be to save such a filthy, guilty, wandering, backsliding sinner as I am! Truly his mercy must be from everlasting to everlasting towards them that fear him. But all this would be nothing to my poor sin-tortured and devil-hunted soul, were it not for feeling some union and having some communion with Jesus the God-Man upon his mediatorial throne, and seeing and feeling that he can be touched with a feeling of my infirmities, and that he has been tempted in all points like myself. Truly "he is able to succour them that are tempted." O how Satan has tried to make a full end of me in my troubles! What cutting, distressing, and distracting temptations! How my soul struggled through! If I were now with you, I could relate some of them to you. I am sure your heart would ache for me if you knew some of my besetting and killing troubles. But the Lord knows them all, and has promised to deliver me out of them all. And blessings be on the head of the Lamb, who hath delivered and doth deliver, and who my soul is constrained to believe will yet deliver.

But, my dear friend, I have struggled through the first week of the new year, and it has opened up fresh troubles and fears from the same source. But the Lord has favoured me with a spirit of meditation upon my bed in the night watches; and in the midst of them you were brought to my mind. A chain of things opened before me; a spirit of prayer, I trust, fell upon me; and a hope sprang up within my heart

that I should see and experience some peace and quietness on the earth once more. What a mercy to be favoured with a good hope, through grace, and to have a feeling sense that all is right between God and conscience, that it matters not whether we die by sword, pestilence, or famine! I feel with you in this awful war, and hope I have had many cries to the Lord to appear for us as a nation. The Lord only can gain the victory for us.

My love to all inquiring friends; and the same to yourself.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XX.—TO MRS. HERBERT.

Woburn. No date.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

The glory of the Lord hath appeared within the soul of my dear wife this morning; and the glory of the Lord hath filled my soul. My wife much wishes to see you over to-day. She cried out for you just after the Lord appeared. Therefore do come. She is as happy as a soul can be, and she wants to see all her dear friends. She much wishes to see Mrs. C.; but if I cannot send for her to-day, I must write a note for her to come to-morrow. Sabbath night, and yesterday up to one o'clock, she was almost raving mad. She tells me to tell you that she is brought to the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in her right mind. I sometimes have a little hope that she will get better. To-day my hope rises high.

Kind love to yourself and husband.

Yours affectionately,

T. G.

VI.—TO MR. PHILLIPS.

Luton, November 23rd, 1855.

FRIEND,—

My thanks for your kind reply, which came
 your kind, feeling, and affectionate letter
 as a church, with your minister, have not
 a wretch that is now attempting to scribble
 to thank you all for your kind feelings
 in being willing to give me up for the last
 days in December; although when I wrote
 gave you the promise, it was upon condi-
 not think it prudent to be so far from home
 while my wife is in the condition she now
 has kept her bed five weeks. I have been
 and talking with her a long time this morning
 highway she has travelled for many years, but
 hold of nothing. I came over here on Wed-
 her, and hope to leave for Bedworth to-
 morning. God willing, I shall speak there on
 morning, and at Attleborough in the afternoon.
 going to open a new place there, where dear Mr.
 was born, and then return to B. for the even-
 ing to speak at Birmingham on Monday even-
 have never spoken there yet. I have had an
 on for some time past for a few Lord's days
 but the way has not been opened yet to do so.
 to speak at C. on Tuesday evening, and then
 I have many invitations. Friend Tiptaft has
 ed to be at Woburn on the 23rd of December.
 reached at A. the other day. He was at home, and
 well.

ar friend, for this last year and a half
 been more trying and mortifying to flesh
 it ever has been since grace entered
 and never did my soul prove before w
 , wretch old Thomas Godwin is. At the

entrance into this fiery trial my soul was kept humble, tender, simple, and submissive ; my heart was soft, my conscience tender, and my spirit meek and quiet. But in about the middle of the fire, the old man began to kick and struggle, rage and fret, fight and foam ; Satan began to roar, and the tide to rise and swell ; and I verily thought I must sink. But here I am, a poor, helpless, ruined wretch, often in a great strait to know what to do with my poor tempted and afflicted wife. I have been almost tormented to death with her. I have not laid my poor body down to rest this night ; she would not let me do so ; and the night before she would not let me sleep. Between the plague of my wife and travelling so much (I travelled about three thousand miles last year to speak to poor sinners, and about five hundred last month), having to live by myself, and do everything in the house, the temptations of Satan, and the sins of my heart, I am truly burdened and tormented ; nay, I am tried to destroy myself on every hand. But

“Although my cup seems fill’d with gall,
There’s something secret sweetens all.”

I am constrained to glory in tribulation sometimes. I am continually fearing that my wife will have to go to an asylum ; and more so if she should get better in her bodily health. I never saw such a poor creature. I can assure you I never was so completely mastered as I have been for the last year and nine months ; but every day makes one the less. The devil and sin seem determined to overthrow me, if possible. I am sorely tried, at times, to cross the broad sea ; and am often crying, “Lord, help me !” “Lord, how long is this fiery trial to continue ?” But I get no answer ; and although I am told not to think it strange concerning the fiery trial, as though some strange thing had happened to me, yet my foolish heart does fret, kick, rebel, murmur, and complain. But, amidst it all, the Lord is very kind to me, and favours me with a good hope

through grace, and a looking forward to the end of my race for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

I hope Mrs. P. and the baby are well. Will she not be an honoured woman if she should be the mother of a vessel of mercy? I have cursed the day of my birth, and my mother for bringing me forth. But the other week, as I was coming from Allington, I went to see my poor aged mother, in the 85th year of her age. She looks well. I had such feelings while walking to B——C——, on the way to see my mother, as I never had before. I did truly love her for bringing me forth a vessel of mercy.

Although I walk in the midst of trouble, the Lord does from time to time revive me. Love to your wife and friends; wishing you every blessing that a covenant God has to give.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

P.S.—I shall be willing to come to Liverpool next summer for two or three Lord's days, if health and strength be given me.

XXII.—To Mr. PHILLIPS.

Bedworth, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your kind letter came safely to hand. I delivered your kind message to friend Philpot last Thursday, and told him you had asked me to preach for him a Lord's day while he came to Liverpool. I shall be glad to see the way opened for him to come to you once in his life. I will do all I can to preach a Lord's day for him, to give him liberty to come to Shaw Street. He said he feared his health would prevent him from doing so. He was taken ill with his old complaint at Allington, and could not fill his engage-

ment at Calne, neither for Mr. Warburton at Trowbridge, but he was much better last week when at my house. He preached with much life and power. I have not heard him so well for many years; indeed, I wished there had been a reporter present to have taken the sermon down; but I trust the Holy Ghost printed it in many hearts. We had a good time together.

I feel a poor thing,—fit for nothing and good for nothing. “Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?” Yet what have I to look forward to, but for that rest that remaineth for the people of God? And when my soul can feelingly enter into that rest now by faith, my soul is happy.

I trust you are all well in health, and that the Lord is blessing your souls together. I have been poorly; but the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth for ever. And yet how little does one feel of this! What a wretch is man,—ungrateful, unthankful, and unholy! I am still living to prove the emptiness, weakness, foolishness, and folly of man. But, blessed be God, there is a fountain opened in the wounded side of the dear Redeemer, which hath washed away the filth of the daughters of Zion; and this gladdens my heart when the virtue of it is brought down into my soul. This makes me sing for joy of heart, and rejoice for gladness of soul. Then it is that my soul feelingly loves Jesus. What a desire I have felt of late to exalt the bleeding Lamb! But my soul lacks power and strength to do so. Still I hope, at times, my soul is proving the power, wisdom, grace, strength, and fulness of the blessed Jesus. I could not help breaking out on my way to-day blessing and praising his dear Name for ever looking down in mercy upon me. He is precious to them that believe.

I have written this in haste, just to let you know that I named it to Mr. P. I came here to preach last evening, and am stopping to administer the ordinance

to the church to-night, as they are without a pastor. I have not a Sabbath at liberty. My poor dear wife remains about the same. She was quiet on Friday. I was struck at many of her sayings. They sank deep into my ears. Love to your wife, Mr. and Mrs. V., Mr. and Mrs. K., and all the friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

P.S.—My dear friend, I hardly know how to answer your question. Is it the first offence? Has the member been a loose walker for some time? Is he broken down under his fall, or does he try to justify himself? Have you a good hope that he is a living soul? Has he brought an open disgrace upon the cause? If it is the first offence, and two of you have visited him, and you can see no marks of godly sorrow, set him aside for six or twelve months. Or if he has been living and walking disorderly for any length of time, and has been often reprov'd by other members, I think it is more scriptural to excommunicate him altogether: "Deliver such a one unto Satan, for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." And "if any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed." (1 Cor. v. 5; 2 Thes. iii. 14.)

XXIII.—TO MR. AND MRS. HOLMES.

London, August 25th, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

You are often passing through my mind, and I am wondering how my old friends are getting on in this wilderness of sin and sorrow. No doubt you are laden with as much trouble, sorrow, care, fear, grief, and woe as you can well carry, and are obliged to cry out for help and deliverance. Well, I am in the same condition. I have just as much as I can

stand up under. Nay, more ; for I cannot stand under it, at times ; for my burden makes me stoop and crouch. It bows me down, and often ties and binds me to the earth.

My poor soul has been truly in a strait of late ; so many things have pressed hard upon me. The latter end of last week and the week before was most trying to me. Last week was a week of prayer and supplication ; and last Friday week a day to be remembered by me. The divine channel of sweet communication was opened between the Lord and my soul. It was a day of nearness and entering into that within the veil, whither our Forerunner is for us entered. There were sweet inlets and hearty goings out, a warm heart, a flowing spirit, a lively soul, a humble frame of mind, under a lively hope, precious faith, and strong confidence ; and my soul learned of Jesus, who is meek and lowly in heart, so that I found rest unto my soul.

You see, I am in this great city again, and a poor thing I am ; but I had a good day yesterday ; and hope many poor tried souls felt the same. I have been engaged all day ; therefore am writing these few lines before I go to bed. W. T. called to see me last evening. He told me your dear wife was ill. May the Lord bless her in the furnace, and help you to hang upon Jesus for shelter. My poor wife is no better, but rather worse. I sometimes feel I am drawing near to the end of some of my troubles. Your poor sister is gone, I hear ; and we shall soon follow.

My love to all the friends by name. My daughter has been ill. The rest of my family are well, and join me in love to you both. I hope the Lord may bless your souls.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXIV.—TO THE CHURCH MEETING FOR DIVINE
WORSHIP AT SHAW STREET CHAPEL,
LIVERPOOL.

*Linslade, Leighton Buzzard,
January 19th, 1859.*

MY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, as a church and people, to comfort you in all your tribulations and sorrows which you may be called to pass through. May your souls prosper and be in health. That Jesus Christ may be exceedingly precious to your hearts and souls is the prayer of your unworthy brother in Christ Jesus.

Beloved in the Lord, your kind and affectionate letter from you as a church and people came safe to hand; and I desire to thank you for your kind feelings manifested therein towards such a worthless wretch as I am, in giving me a call to be your settled pastor over the church meeting for divine worship at Shaw Street, Liverpool. I cannot give you any answer for the present. You must give me a few months to consider the matter over, to make it a matter of prayer before the Lord, that he might keep me back from doing wrong, and lead me forth to do right.

You must first consider that I must feel satisfied that my labours are at a close at Woburn; and then I must be fully satisfied that the pillar and the cloud are moving on before me to lead me in the way to Liverpool; so that you as a church, and I as a minister, may be fully satisfied that my bounds are fixed at Liverpool.

May the Lord the Spirit lead you to watch and pray, night and day, that the will of the Lord be done in this solemn matter: that you as a church, and I as a minister, may be kept back from having our own way, and that we may not be left to take a wrong step. For

if I should come of my own accord, I should only be a plague to you, and you would be a burden to me. I desire not to move until the Lord bids me.

And now, brethren and sisters, I commend you as a church and people to the Lord, who is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified. So prays

Your unworthy Brother
in the Gospel of Christ,
T. GODWIN.

XXV.—TO MR. HOWITT.

Leighton, October 26th, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your kind letter came safely to hand during our visit at Leicester.

Since I saw you last, many changes have taken place; and the great change will take place with us all before long. Blessed are they whom the Lord has made ready to meet death and eternity. They are blessed and shall be blessed for ever and ever.

You speak of walking in darkness, deadness, hardness, and coldness. Well, those whom the Lord hath favoured with divine life and light are the only people who know what it is to walk in felt darkness and in felt deadness and coldness. People who have never been favoured with the life and light of the gospel cannot understand what it is to walk in death and darkness. It is the living family of God that grope for the wall like the blind; and it is those who feel their coldness that have had their hearts and affections warmed.

Mr. Philpot told me he saw you at B. What a mercy it is to know the joyful sound, to feel the power of the gospel of Christ, to enjoy his blessed presence, to glory in his dear cross, and to be looking forward

for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

I see by your letter that you have heard of my bereavement. We did not know of my dear son's illness until the Saturday previous to the Wednesday he died; and then we heard he was better. We were in Wiltshire during his affliction. I was preaching most evenings. I preached at O—— at an anniversary on the Monday morning, and at Stadhampton on the Tuesday evening. I arrived home on the Wednesday evening, and found a letter to say he was worse. We went off to Luton, and reached there at half-past eight. My dear son departed this life at nine o'clock. So we were with him just one half hour. The Lord God be praised, both now and for ever, for what he did for his poor soul. He truly cut the work short in righteousness on his behalf. "The last shall be first, and the first last." I never witnessed the sovereign mercy of the Three-One God in such a discriminating way and manner before. He was continually crying out for his father; and when he heard my voice, he was like a man awaked out of his sleep, and said, "Father, I am saved,—saved with an everlasting salvation." Then my mouth was opened, and I said, "Are you sure that you have an interest in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ?" He answered, "Yes." He wanted me to pray. My mouth was opened to preach the Lord Jesus Christ in his saving power; and his last words were: "Free grace; free grace."

My dear wife unites with me in love to yourself, Mrs. and Miss H., and to any inquiring friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXVI.—TO THE CHURCH MEETING FOR DIVINE
WORSHIP AT SHAW STREET CHAPEL,
LIVERPOOL.

Leighton, March 28th, 1859.

MY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN THE LORD
OF LIFE AND GLORY,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you as a church and people, to comfort your souls and encourage your hearts under all your troubles, crosses, and temptations which must befall the election of grace through their wilderness state. Not a soul living can escape the rod or miss the tribulation path; but must pass through it into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

After my long consideration of the solemn matter of your giving me a call to be your stated pastor, I now write you a line in reply; and beg to inform you that my soul has been on its watch tower from the evening of December the 13th up to this present day; for you communicated the contents of the church meeting to me the same evening. I did not get one good night's sleep after you let me know the minds of the people; and I am fearful that my long silence will prevent you from engaging supplies; or you may have some other minister in view, who would be more suitable to you than worthless me. Therefore, as my soul has been watching, waiting, and looking at every little thing, and my ear has been opened to listen and hearken unto the Lord's voice in this important step which you have taken in giving me a call, I cannot see my way to be settled at Liverpool without a special call from the Lord. If the Lord were to say, Go, my soul would willingly obey his voice; but without he bids me, I cannot comply with your request. Since I have kept you in suspense so long, I feel I had better decline it altogether.

May the Lord bless you as a church and people

with a right judgment in this matter, and bless your souls together, and send you a pastor after his own heart, who shall go in and out before you;—one whom the Lord will make useful in bringing in his lost sheep, and building up his dear saints. This is the desire and prayer of your unworthy brother and servant in Christ Jesus.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXVII.—To MR. PHILLIPS.

Prospect Place, Trowbridge.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

According to my promise, I forward you the answer of our much-esteemed friend, Mr. Philpot. The postman has just brought it to hand. It appears he (Mr. Philpot) is willing to come to you one Lord's day in August, if I could preach for him; but it so happens that I am engaged to be at Gower Street for the last two Lord's days in August. I regret very much that I cannot help him, as I know there are many souls in Liverpool and round about that neighbourhood who would be so glad to hear him. I hope to see him in a short time, when we will talk the matter over and arrange it, if possible.

I and my dear wife arrived at Trowbridge this afternoon from Exeter a little before four o'clock, very weary, as we have come a long journey to-day, and were travelling all day yesterday. On our arrival, we found many letters. One brought the tidings of the death of the senior deacon at Woburn. To-morrow fortnight he was as usual, and gave out some sweet hymns. He was taken ill yesterday week, and died on Monday last. I have this evening heard that his end was peace. He was a gracious and godly man. I shall miss him very much; but he is delivered out of all his troubles. "Mark the perfect man, and

behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The Lord grant you peace and prosperity of soul, and add to your number such as are ordained unto eternal life. May he send you men of truth to preach to you from time to time, who can tell you the way to Zion through this waste howling wilderness by being led through it themselves. The Lord bless you in your troubles, and give you counsel to move pleasing in his eye-sight. This is the desire of your unworthy brother in the gospel of Christ.

Our united love to Mrs. P., yourself, and friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXVIII.—TO MR. PHILLIPS.

Leighton, October 25th, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Through the Lord's great goodness and mercy, we are pretty well in health, and are now, for the first time for the last few weeks, sitting down together in our own quiet home. The first few minutes shall be devoted to your service in writing a few lines to you.

The dear Lord has been and still is very merciful and gracious unto me and mine. I never could have believed that any one could be brought through such a bereavement in so sweet a way and manner as the Lord has hitherto brought me through. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" How many times my soul has tried to thank the Lord for giving me a son! And now I have thanked him for taking him away in such a marvellous way, and giving me such a good hope in his end. How true it is that "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first!" Many years ago the Lord gave me a sweet persuasion that

he would never die till he had called him by his grace; but my faith was sorely tried for many years, seeing no mark or evidence of life. But the Lord waits to be gracious. O for more gratitude of heart!

We went off on Friday morning to see the poor widow and children, and found them as well as could be expected. When we came home, we found Mr. Crake at our house. We enjoyed his company very much. He is an old friend of my wife's. He went to Woburn on Lord's day, and we had a good day together. He has left us this evening for Oxford.

My dear friend, we were glad to hear that your son was better. O that the Lord may give him grace to seek his face, hear his voice, and walk in his ways!

We have seen Mr. H. several times since his return from Liverpool. We dined with him before he left for London; and for the first time I felt my heart burn within me while we were talking together. You know that it is sweet work when the oil of joy and gladness flows in one's heart and soul. My soul has been favoured much in preaching lately since I have been from home with life, love, and liberty. Now I begin to think about London, and the awful errors which are brought to light there. Many are denying the Eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ; but my cry is unto the Lord to keep me honest and faithful to the great truths of the Bible, courting no man's smiles, nor fearing his frowns, but with a single eye to the Lord's glory.

But I must conclude, wishing you and yours every blessing.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXIX.—To MR. PARRY.

Liverpool, January 9th, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

When we arrived here on Saturday, we found the enclosed letter. We were sorry indeed to receive

such heavy tidings from our much-esteemed and mutual friend Mr. Philpot; but the Lord will do his pleasure. And doubtless our friend's soul will reap the benefit of the affliction, and we trust the church at large also. Still, I know the affliction itself will not do anything for the soul, without the sanctifying power of God the Holy Ghost. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless *afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Dear friend, I have written to our friend to say I am willing to help him in March, according to promise. You may remember I told you he had written for me to preach for him this month; but my previous engagement prevented me from helping him until the month of March. So, you see, I cannot get off from helping him at that time, unless he should be well enough to resume his labours. In that case, I would come to you. It is a great trial to him and his people. We feel deeply for them, there being two churches and large congregations.

Through mercy, I was helped through my labours yesterday. I felt pretty well. I believe the friends were all glad to see us again. I am engaged to be at Stamford and Oakham for the first four Lord's days in July.

The Lord bless your soul under your heavy trial at this time through Mrs. C.'s severe illness. The Lord sanctify the illness to her soul. The Lord reveal Jesus Christ to her heart. This would cause great joy to her and all of you. My wife unites with me in love to yourself, Mrs. P., Mrs. C., Mr. and Mrs. T., and all inquiring friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXX.—To MR. EVANS.

Liverpool, January 20th, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE PATH
OF TRIBULATION,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort your soul and encourage your heart under all your hard conflicts, troubles, trials, and temptations.

I have this morning felt my heart drawn out towards you, and feel a union of spirit, and some warmth of spiritual affection burning within my heart. Therefore I will try and scribble you a few lines in the way of spiritual remembrance of you. I believe we have mourned together and rejoiced together; fasted and fed together; that we have feelingly perished together under the curse of God's righteous law; and have felt saved together in the everlasting gospel of his dear Son. Our sins have been blotted out as a cloud, and our iniquities as a thick cloud. The pardoning mercy of a covenant God in Christ has been revealed and sealed home unto our hearts and souls; we have felt justified by faith, and have had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; we have walked under the light of his reconciled countenance, and gloried in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have fed on the fatted calf, and have drunk of the brook by the way; so that our hungry appetites have been satisfied, and our thirsty spirits have drawn water out of the wells of salvation, and we have sung the Lord's song as we have passed onward through this wilderness. But what a change we have felt since that sweet morning broke in upon us, and the lovely Sun of righteousness shone into our hearts! I can say, for myself, that my soul has to travel much by night, and without the light of either sun, moon, or stars; every evidence, way-mark, token, and testimony is hidden and lost sight of; and the clouds of sorrow, sinkings, fears, cares, shuttings-up, and shuttings-out often fall to my lot; with many troubles, trials, temptations, and hard conflicts.

LETTERS.

The Lord brought me safely through the year 1859; and we have entered into the year 1860. The old year went out, and the new year came in in a very trying way and manner. My hope was at a very low ebb. The wind of temptation and the storms of corruption rose to that height within my soul that I feared I must go down with the stream; and as for hoping there was any prospect of amendment, I could not for one moment. But the sea has become a calm, and the Lord Jesus has stilled the wind and waves. Faith, hope, and confidence are raised up within my soul, and the Lord Jesus Christ is precious, his Word of truth sweet, the throne of grace opened, the promised land in view, the earnest of the inheritance in hand, the expectation of heaven in hope; and I have a sweet assurance that my soul is saved with an everlasting salvation through the blood of the everlasting covenant. My soul is watching and waiting for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

And now, dear friend, how go matters in your soul? Do you feel as though everything was in a declining and withering state and condition within your heart? Or are there fresh divine springs breaking forth and flowing within your soul? Do you feel something going forth towards the Lord Jesus Christ as your own God and Saviour, to cheer and comfort your cast-down soul? I often think about you as one alone in W—— Road; but I suppose you have more company there than you can find wisdom and strength to manage. The company of two armies live within your soul, so that the war is still going on. But, my friend might be ready to say, "I do not know what to say about two armies. I am sure I have one, and a strong army too." But, my dear brother, you would have no wisdom to know the one without the other. The fleshly weapons, which are carnal, could not be understood without the spiritual weapons, which are mighty through God to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal

life. But my friend might be ready to say, "I am a poor tool in the field of action." And so says my soul. But remember how many victories your soul has gained over your internal as well as your external enemies, and at a time when your spiritual strength has been exhausted according to your own judgment; and yet your soul has been brought out of the field of battle more than a conqueror, and has seen your enemies all lie dead on the sea shore. And who could have gained the victory for you under all your weaknesses and infirmities but the everlasting Son of the Father, full of grace and truth? And what a glorious Captain the Lord Jesus is to his dear people! Well might it be said by the Holy Ghost, "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings."

The Lord bless you and yours. My wife unites with me in love to yourself, Mrs. E., Mrs. Taylor, and to any inquiring friend.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXXI.—To MR. PHILLIPS.

Leighton, November 6th, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your kind letter came to hand this morning. We do indeed sympathize and feel deeply for you. I trust my soul was enabled to draw near to the throne of grace this morning on your behalf, and also for your dear wife. I tried to ask the Lord to appear for you, and to reveal himself to your dear wife's soul. And I am sure the Lord will land her soul safe in glory. But still I know my being at a point about this solemn matter will not bring her soul out of the prison-house; neither will it bring comfort into her sorrowful soul. But the Lord will appear for you both, and bring

you forth to the light; and your soul shall behold his glory.

We often talk about you; and if we were within reach of you, your eyes should behold us. I trust the Lord will help you, and sanctify this long and painful trial to your soul. You know that I have passed through these things, and have lived to bless God for them all, painful as they were, but yet very profitable to my soul. But how soon all things will be brought to a close with us! And how true it is: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son and daughter whom he receiveth."

The Lord strengthen your heart and soul, and lift up the light of his dear countenance upon your dear wife. That would enable her to say, "My Jesus has done all things well." Our united love to her and all the friends; also to Mr. Tiptaft, as you expect him for Lord's day next. The Lord be with you, and bless both speaker and hearers.

I have been labouring hard for the last few weeks. We are glad to get home. God willing, I go to Oakham for next Lord's day week, to help our friend P. He was better the other day, when I heard from him. The Lord strengthen him, and enable him soon to resume his usual labour.

Remember us to your children.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXXII.—FROM THE CHURCH MEETING FOR DIVINE WORSHIP IN THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE STREET, GODMANCHESTER, TO MR. GODWIN.

November 25th, 1860.

DEAR FRIEND,—

As the Lord in his providence has seen fit to remove through ill-health our late beloved pastor, Mr. Brown, from us, we, the undersigned deacons of the Particular Baptist church, do hereby certify that

it is the unanimous wish and desire of the members of the said church that we, the deacons, do invite you to become our pastor. Hoping this is not done by us as a church without serious consideration and prayer to the Lord to direct us, we trust our prayer is that the Lord will direct you, and open a way for you to come amongst us; that both you and the church may see the hand of the Lord in this solemn matter, and both be blessed together,—you in speaking, and we in hearing. God grant that many sinners may be converted to Christ through your instrumentality.

The above was, after three months' consideration, put and unanimously carried at a church meeting held November 25th, 1860.

Signed on the behalf of the church,

THOMAS TASSELL,	} Deacons.
JOHN ROLT,	
THOMAS WILLSON,	

XXXIII.—TO THE CHURCH MEETING FOR DIVINE WORSHIP AT CAMBRIDGE STREET CHAPEL, GOD-MANCHESTER.

Leighton, March 1st, 1861.

MY DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May, grace, mercy, and peace be manifested and multiplied unto you as a church and people.

You as a church have given me a call to become your settled pastor at a church meeting held at the Particular Baptist Chapel, Godmanchester, on Lord's day, the 25th of November. You say in yours to me that this church meeting was held after three months' serious consideration and prayer, and that the church was unanimous on this solemn point that I should take the pastoral charge over you as a church and people.

Now I must tell you a little of my soul's exercise.

I can truly say that the last three months has indeed been a trying time to my mind, and a most solemn matter to my soul. O the sleepless hours I have had on my bed, and the many groans, and sighs, and cries which have gone out of my heart, for the Lord to make the matter plain to me, that he would make me willing to do his will, and walk in his way! After much prayer and supplication in deep distress, my soul, being deeply oppressed, cried out, "Lord, shall I go?" And a voice sounded within my soul: "Go; and I will be with thee." My soul was delivered in a moment; and such love and peace were felt within my heart.

This has settled the matter, and fixed my mind at Godmanchester. I have been watching my feelings very narrowly day and night, ever since those words dropped into my heart; and they keep on working within my soul most sweetly. Therefore I will accept your unanimous call to become your stated pastor. And may the Lord bring me among you in the life and power of the gospel of Christ, bless me, and make me a blessing to your souls, help us to walk together in love and union, to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. So prays

Yours to serve in the Gospel of Christ,

T. GODWIN.

XXXIV.—TO MR. PARRY.

Chapel House, Leicester, April 9th, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Through the great mercy and goodness of the Lord, I was helped through my labours in Wilts; and I hope my labour was not in vain, but that some of the Lord's dear people's souls were refreshed, fed, and comforted in the way. I think I felt more life and power in my own soul at A—— than anywhere else in Wilts. I felt the sweetness of the gospel run

through my heart like honey, oil, and wine; and this inspires the soul with holy zeal and warmth of affection during the time one is preaching to others. Here lies the beauty of an experimental knowledge of the things of God in one's own soul. It is all the pleasure and comfort I have in this life, and all my expectation of eternal happiness in the world to come. Although I have every comfort that this world can produce, yet all the temporal mercies fall short of bringing any comfort into the soul. Yet I would desire to be thankful for them.

We got to Pewsey in good time; and what a crowded congregation there was! I felt pretty well there. We did not call upon the friends on Monday morning; I felt not fit to see any one. I always feel that the Wiltshire sinners draw a great deal of strength out of me. I got a good bracing up upon the coach to Hungerford; but I felt very barren on Tuesday; and on the way to Stadhampton in the evening, I seemed to have no life nor feeling in me. Still, the Lord helped me in the pulpit. Poor Mr. Doe was obliged to disappoint them on the Lord's day through illness. We have not heard how he is since last Tuesday evening. Mr. Crake had then been to see him, and he was a little better. How soon we shall all be taken off the stage of time! The Lord fit and y^e repara us for that solemn change.

We arrived home on Wednesday, and came here on Saturday. We had a full house on Lord's day. I think I felt more life and power at Allington than I felt here. Still, I do not wish to complain. Leicester, I think, is one of the uncommon places for hearers; and I believe there would be more if the chapel were large enough to hold them.

Miss Harrison is very well, and I believe the Lord comforts her soul. They have opened the new school; and a beautiful place it is,—well fitted up. No expense has been spared. It was opened last Tuesday. It has much improved the entrance into the chapel.

It is a fine building. The chapel is to be painted after I have finished my engagement.

I have heard from Mr. Phillips this morning. He tells me that the Scotch minister, John McK., was a hearer at Shaw Street on Lord's day. He has opened a school near Liverpool. God willing, we go to B. this afternoon to take tea with Miss H.

The Lord bless you, and comfort your souls. Many thanks for your great kindness to me and mine. My wife unites with me in love to yourself, Mrs. P., Mr. and Mrs. T. (hope she is better), the young ladies, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

Is poor (but yet rich) old Sallie D—— still living, or has she gone to her everlasting home? Mr. W——, the church minister, is dead. Some of the friends think he was a good man; if so, he must be gone to heaven. The Lord seemed to have opened his eyes more clearly on his death bed; and he said he should preach differently if the Lord raised him up again. I trust that you are getting on with your new house, and that you will be able to get into it some time next month. God willing, I preach at Melton to-morrow evening. Farewell.

XXXV.—To MRS. HALL.

Godmanchester, January 1st, 1862.

MY DEAR TRIED FRIEND IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort and encourage your soul in the way. I know that your soul has been travelling in a thorny path of tribulation for many years that are past; therefore you need grace to strengthen and support you in

the way. As you are passing through a barren wilderness, and through the dark and sandy deserts, your soul needs some help and strength communicated to you by the way ; because the road is dark and dreary, and many miry pits your soul sinks into. The Lord is leading you " through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought ; where there was no water ;" and where the shadow of death is hanging over your soul, and faith and hope are at a very low ebb, and your soul is in a dead, dark, desolate state and condition.

We were glad to receive a letter from you, and to find that your soul is still panting and longing for another token for good, and that the dear Lord will not suffer you to settle down on your lees ; but that he is still exercising your mind and searching your heart from day to day, and keeping your soul alive in the best things. The Lord grant your soul another smile from his lovely countenance, and let you hear his still small voice. That will lift up your soul above all your doubts, fears, trials, troubles, crosses, sorrows, afflictions, and temptations, and carry your heart away from every trifle here below the sun ; and that will lay your soul down by faith at the dear feet of Jesus, where your soul will feel clothed, and in your right mind. I have felt a union to you for many years that are past. I believe we have wept together and rejoiced together ; and when the Lord has been manifestedly with me in the pulpit, your soul has been many times favoured in hearing. And my dear wife has felt a close union of soul to you ; therefore we wish you every new covenant blessing that the Lord has to give to poor needy sinners.

You will want to know a little how we are going on. The Lord is very kind and gracious to us as a church and people. We gave the singers a supper last night. We had between twenty and thirty. We spent a pleasant evening. I had not heard so much good singing for years. I trust there is a good union between pastor

and people, and that the Lord meets with our souls at his house of prayer, and comforts our hearts together. My soul can truly say that there is nothing worth living for but the Lord's dear smiles ; and I can say that the Lord's dear people lie near my heart, and that it is my soul's delight to try and trace out their footsteps, to cast up the highway, to take up the stumbling-blocks, and to say unto the fearful in heart, " Fear not ; be strong. Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart."

Through much and undeserved mercy, we are well in bodily health ; and the loving-kindness of the Lord is very great, although I feel to be such a poor, blind, feeble, helpless, dark, and benighted wretch, so ungrateful, so unholy, and so often fretful and peevish, so that I cannot bear myself. And I believe I grow more and more so, so that my poor soul groans out, being burdened, and sometimes longs to get to the end of my journey. Then, again, there is something in me which cannot look at death with any pleasure, but draws back at the very thought of it, and thinks, How shall I face that last enemy ? Then, after some little exercise, the Lord the Holy Ghost shows my soul that the Lord Jesus hath destroyed death for me, and hath taken the sting out of it, so that my soul has only to pass under the stroke of death.

The Lord has brought us through the past year, and we have entered upon the new one. May the Lord give us grace to walk in his fear, to live to his honour and glory. And as the new year will most likely bring us new trials and troubles, may the Lord give us strength to bear them.

My wife unites with me in love to yourself and husband, and to all inquiring friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXXVI.—TO MR. OLIVER.

Leicester, March 14th, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED BROTHER
IN THE EVERLASTING SON OF THE FATHER, WHO
IS FULL OF GRACE AND TRUTH,—

The Lord is truly good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him.

Your very kind and good letter came to hand; and the contents were read with pleasure and profit. My heart was softened and my spirit melted into contrition, and a spirit of gratitude and thankfulness was raised up within me on your behalf, because I could see the goodness and mercy of the Lord going before you. When we were last with you, you had your fears respecting the business matter which is now so comfortably settled. The Lord be praised for all his goodness and mercy towards you and me.

My dear friend, we are looking forward to your promised visit to us this summer. The Lord, I trust, is with us at G.; and what can we desire more than to feel and enjoy the dear presence of the Lord of life and glory? It is all my comfort in this life, and my hope and expectation of eternal happiness in the world to come. I have a promise from your dear pastor of a visit from him in June. I cannot say anything about visiting Manchester this year. The friends at Liverpool are put about because I cannot go to them. I find it difficult to get the supplies I should like; and to leave the people without a minister is what I do not like doing, although I have done so twice lately. I preached at Barrow in a barn on Wednesday evening; it is near Oakham. I have much pulpit labour before me, and seem to possess so little spiritual strength to do it with.

The Lord bless you, my dear friend, with the rich

anointing of the Holy Ghost. Our united love to yourself and Mrs. Oliver.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXXVII.—TO THE CHURCH AT GODMANCHESTER.

Euston Road, London, January 9th, 1863.

MY DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you all, to comfort you in all your tribulations, sorrows, and conflicts, and to guide your feet into his sweet testimonies. And may I not say, with a good conscience, "Therefore, my dearly beloved brethren, and longed for, my joy and my crown, so stand fast in the Lord. Be followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garment. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

And cannot I say that "we are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all towards each other aboundeth, so that we ourselves glory in you, in the churches of God?" And my heart's desire and prayer to God is for you, my brethren, that the Holy Ghost may lead you as a church and people, and me as your pastor, into all the glorious doctrines of the gospel of the Son of God; that each of us may be favoured with divine grace to live, walk, and act as in the sight of a heart-searching God; to be enabled to keep the unity of the

Spirit in the bond of peace; that we may walk in all the precepts of the gospel, and be kept very tender and humble in spirit, and be blessed with grace not to render evil for evil unto any man, but ever to follow that which is good, both among ourselves and towards all men; and that you may be comforted together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.

May the Lord be with you on the coming Sabbath, and bless each of your souls. And may the Holy Ghost pour on each of your hearts the spirit of grace and supplication, so that your souls may be made alive in the best things, and the Lord Jesus Christ be made precious to you; that your hearts may be knit together in love; that the oil of joy may run through your spirits; and that your souls may be enabled to sing in the Spirit and with the understanding, and pray in the Spirit and understanding also.

And finally, brethren, pray for me, that the word of the Lord may have free course, run, and be glorified, even as it is with you. "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

And now, brethren, I commend you to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. The Lord be with you all.

From your unworthy Pastor in the
Bonds of the Gospel,

T. GODWIN.

XXXVIII.—TO MR. TOZÉLAND.

Leicester, March 10th, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED COMPANION IN
TRIBULATION,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort and encourage your dear redeemed soul under the heavy trial and painful conflict under

which you have been passing through the painful affliction of your dear child. Although the Lord has in a great measure answered your prayers, in granting you your heart's desire, yet you seemed to have a heavy burden to carry the other morning when we saw you at the station. The Lord will take care that we shall not go long together without some burden or trouble to carry, to make us cry and groan under.

You may think it strange to receive a line from me; but I must tell you that I felt my heart and soul drawn out towards you and the dear church and people who are committed to my charge on Friday morning after we left you; so that I said within my heart, "I will write him a line next week." I have felt many sighs, groans, and cries go up out of my heart and soul on your behalf through your late trouble and affliction. May the dear Lord sanctify it to the good of your own soul, and also to the souls of your family. O what a mercy it is to be separated from the ungodly world, which is this day just in its element, "fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind." "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the Name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

The Lord bless your soul with strength and patience to watch and wait upon him, and he will give you the desires of your heart. My wife unites with me in love to yourself, to all the friends, and your family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XXXIX.—To Mr. PHILLIPS.

Godmanchester, August 26th, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER IN
THE EVERLASTING COVENANT,—

Grace, mercy, peace, and truth be with you,
as you are one whom the Father hath loved with an

everlasting love, and whom the dear and blessed Redeemer hath redeemed with an eternal redemption. The eternal Spirit hath quickened your soul together with Christ; therefore, with him, and in him, and through him thy redeemed soul shall live for ever and ever. Amen.

My dear friend, it struck me all of a sudden that I was a letter in your debt; and you know that I do not like to lie in debt long. That scripture hath often fell upon my mind: "Owe no man anything;" and my soul's desire is that divine grace may enable me to carry that truth out until I breathe my last breath. Now, I will try and pay you off by writing a few lines to you, as I consider you to be one of my old faithful friends; because I have ever found you to be the same poor sinner. Then, what shall I say to you? This one thing I can say; that "the Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." My soul is still desiring to know more of the blessed Saviour, to live nearer to him, to love him more, and serve him better, to be enabled to exalt him higher, and to lay the sinner lower. I feel laid very low myself, from time to time; and my pathway is very dark and gloomy; yet the loving-kindness of the Lord is very great to me and mine. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my unprofitable life; and the language of my soul is, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." I am daily looking for my dismissal, and in expectation that my Lord and Master will call me home. Sometimes my poor soul feels quite ready for the glorious change. Then, again, I cry out with David, "O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more." Sometimes the enemy tries to persuade me that my soul is deceived, and that I shall be lost after all; and then he insults my soul in another way, by telling me there is no such a thing as having an assurance of being landed safe. Then he begins to reason with my soul about the

Saviour, and puts such questions as these to me : Are you sure that there is a Saviour, that he is the Son of God, and that he came down and took possession of your soul? These exercises often stagger my faith and shake my hope ; but that does my soul good, because faith's voice saith, What made the change? What was it that made sin hateful and grace sweet? What is it that has made me live a lonely life ; to hate the world and love the truth ; to hate professors and to love possessors? What has made my soul hate the devil and love the Saviour? Why is it that my soul cleaves to his blood and righteousness? When my soul begins to reason in this way, the devil skulks off, and faith and hope begin to spring up in my heart. My soul comes forth under that sweet assurance and can feelingly shout "Victory!" over all my enemies, and say, "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." Here my feet stand firm again on the Rock of ages, and my soul is upon the full stretch for heaven and eternal glory. Then the Lord Jesus is so very precious, and his truth so sweet and dear to my heart, that I want to see him as he is, and be like him.

You have doubtless heard that our friend Philpot has been laid aside for awhile, and friend Tiptaft has lost his voice. He is ordered to leave off preaching. We live in trying times ; but the Lord will do his pleasure.

I was glad to see you all again after two years' absence. On my way home I preached at Bedford, with Mr. H. He preached well. After the afternoon service, we drove eight miles to the station, reached home before eight o'clock, and found all well. We were glad to see each other on Lord's day ; we had one man proposed for membership.

The Lord bless you all as a church and people. My wife unites with me in love to yourself, Mr. P., and the children.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XL.—TO MR. PARRY.

Godmanchester, August 28th, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

There are not many days, and sometimes not many hours pass but what I think of you and your poor afflicted body and soul; and thus my spirit has been favoured to hold communion with your spirit. Something said within me, Go and write your old friend a line. So I got up, and took the pen to try and do so, although I do not like letter-writing as I once did. I will tell you why. Twenty years ago, my lamp was burning brightly, because the holy oil was continually flowing within the vessel; and that kept the lamp burning, the soul moving, the pen running, and the heart burning with love to the Lord Jesus Christ and his dear people. It was then a pleasure to sit down and write to one's friends; but now one's soul is become so dead, one's heart so hard, and one's mind so dull and sluggish, that great self gives way to idleness and slothfulness. But, blessed be God, the Lord comes again, revives my soul, puts a little more holy oil into the vessel; and that sets the lamp burning, and my soul singing; faith and hope come forth again; and my soul walks on in the divine path of life.

I can feelingly say, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." What a Book is the Bible! And how sweet is the word of truth when it is applied by the Holy Ghost! It is then meat and drink to the soul. And when our souls by faith can eat his flesh and drink his blood, we then are made strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. We then lose our legal chains and our iron fetters, and are looking onward and homeward towards our everlasting rest and peace. Then my lamp is burning, and my loins are girded, and the sweet armour of righteousness shines upon my

heart. Then the fear of death is removed out of the way, and my soul is longing to be with Jesus, to see him as he is, and to be like him.

My soul had a sweet revival a short time since. The Lord led me back, and showed me what he had done for my soul, and what he had brought me through and delivered me out of. Every step seemed to be so sure, and every testimony so sweet, that it was like a resurrection from the dead. My soul has been enabled to walk about Zion, and to tell the towers thereof. And I have had proof upon proof that there is oil in the vessel with my lamp. And I do trust that, when the Bridegroom shall come, my soul shall be ready and stand before him in his own righteous robe. I have now in my mind's view the very spot of ground where it was put on, and where the spiritual marriage took place between my soul and the Saviour. The wedding garment then glistened upon my soul, and my conscience was clear before the Lord, because it was purged in the blood of the Lamb. And *your* soul has been brought into the bride chamber, and the righteous robe cast round your naked soul. The fatted calf was killed for the redemption of the transgressors; and your soul has fed upon him by faith, and you felt strong in the strength of the Lord. The old devil may tell you when you are in the dark that it was a delusion; but you know, my dear friend, there is no delusion in the love of Jesus Christ. And you are sure that your soul has felt him precious, and at that time your sin and guilt all fled, and joy and peace flowed within your heart and soul like a river. And in the house of God, where you before felt condemned, your soul was favoured to feel justified; your sorrowful spirit was changed into a joyful one; your mourning was turned into dancing, and your sackcloth was taken off, and your soul girded with gladness.

My dear friend, if I cannot manage to come and preach to you, I can write to you when the Lord gives me the will and power to do so; and sometimes the

Lord speaks to the soul through a letter, warms up the heart, and kindles up the holy fire in the soul, so that one brother's heart is feelingly knit to another's, and we talk to each other in the Spirit, although at a long distance from each other.

The Lord bless you, my dear brother, and strengthen you out of Zion.

My wife unites with me in love to Mrs. P., Mr. T., and to your family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

P.S.—You have had another visit from our much-esteemed friend Philpot. I trust your soul was favoured in hearing, and the souls of the friends with you. You have lost another old friend in the death of Mrs. W. One after another is taken away; and by and by it will be said that Mr. Parry is no more. The Lord make us ready for that solemn change.

How are you getting on with the harvest? It is nearly all done here. We have had a beautiful rain this week. The corn here is good. I trust that Mr. and Mrs. J. are well, and that his corn crops are good, and that he will make a good price of his lambs and wool, and that his flock is now doing well. I heard from friend Tiptaft on Saturday last. I am sure the ways of the Lord are right, but his dispensations are trying to the children of grace. We all have to learn that for ourselves. I cannot say at present when (D.V.) I shall be able to visit you. I should like to do so in the month of May next, if I can get a supply, and health and strength be given me.

We are, through mercy, well in bodily health, and are at peace among ourselves; and for this I would desire to be thankful.

XLI.—TO MR. PHILLIPS.

Godmanchester, November 18th, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-BELOVED BROTHER
IN THE BONDS OF THE GOSPEL OF OUR LORD JESUS
CHRIST,—

May the good will of him who dwelt in the bush be with you, to comfort and strengthen your soul under your present exercise. I am sure that your position is a trying one, according to the heavy tidings that your last letter brought to me. I have thought much of you and a few others; but the Lord liveth and reigneth. This you have proved again and again. And you know that the Lord hath said, "One shall put a thousand to flight." So your business lies at the gate of mercy; and may the Lord help you to carry your case there; for you have proved again and again that the Lord hath overturned the devices of men and devils, and manifested the counsels of his own wisdom in a glorious way and manner; so that you have had to look on and see the Lord doing wondrously. And if you can commit your way unto him, and trust also in him, he shall bring it to pass; and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Remember, the time is short. The Lord is taking away one and another, on the right hand and on the left. The dear Lord hath taken away by death another old close and faithful friend of mine, one whom I had taken sweet counsel with.

I heard from our much-esteemed friend Tiptaft on Saturday week. He is not so well. He has been confined to the house for three weeks. He said there was a needs-be for the blessing he had, and that it was greatly valued. I believe he has sunk very low, but the Lord still revives his soul; and he is ready when death comes.

We have had Mr. Howitt here from Besthorpe. He came last Saturday, and left on Monday. This

was the first visit he ever paid us. It is seldom he hears any more than three sermons in the year; but the Lord favoured him to hear three last Lord's day. He spoke of being greatly blessed.

What a mercy it is to enjoy the Lord's presence! How sweet is his truth, how lovely his voice, how powerful his promise, how precious is his blood, and how beautiful is his righteousness to the souls of the living family of God! And how blessed it is where there is a minister and people walking together in heart-felt union! O! My dear brother, may the Lord warm your heart with his love and blood, and commune with your soul from off the mercy-seat, so that your soul may be enabled to rejoice in your own God and Saviour! Then you will find your feet firm on the Rock of eternal ages.

My love to all the dear friends who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to your dear wife and self.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XLII.—TO MR. PARRY.

Godmanchester, November 18th, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Once more I have sat down to try and scribble you a few lines. And O! to grace what a debtor I am! It is because the Lord's compassions fail not that I am not consumed. His mercies are new every morning, and great is his faithfulness. This my soul is proving every day and every hour; and never did my soul live to prove more of my need of being saved by God's free, sovereign, and discriminating grace and favour. I am living to prove more and more of my weakness, helplessness, ignorance, and emptiness; and such a blind fool I feel myself to be. I am obliged, at times, to go to the house of God shut up

and shut out from holding communion with the best and only Friend in times of trouble, and am left without will or power to think a good thought; and I go up into the pulpit trembling and fearing; yet in and under all this there is something at the bottom looking, hoping, longing, and trusting in the faithful promise of the Lord.

On Lord's day last I went up to the chapel in this state and condition; but the dear Lord came in due time, and gave me life and liberty in speaking to a very large congregation. Several strangers were present. I heard of one being greatly favoured.

What changes have taken place since last I wrote to you! You saw by the "Standard" wrapper that I was at Oakham in September; and there I saw a great deal of our dear and much-esteemed friend Tiptaft. Dear man! I could not keep my eyes off him. I could see that he was a very great sufferer. You well know that it was his delight to talk and preach; but now he can do neither. Poor dear man! He could only whisper about two words, and that would bring on the cough. I heard from him the other day. He gets weaker; but the Lord is very gracious to his soul; so that he is ready when the Lord shall call.

I have lost my old friend Mr. Healey, of Ashwell. Our friend Philpot is very much tried respecting the Lord taking away so many of the male members, and those who have been able to carry on the service on the reading days at O. When I was at O. last month, I dined with Mr. H., and he drove me to Barrow, where I preached in a barn. I spent the night at his house, and had a great deal of conversation with him. He talked freely, and told me he was setting his house in order, and he believed his time was short in this world, and that he was bringing his affairs into a narrower compass. He walked with me to the station on the morning of the 29th, and opened his mind freely to me, as he had done many times before. He was walking about on Tuesday, the 10th, and died on

the morning of the 12th. His son Richard sent me the account of his death. The Lord favoured his soul with faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he said that Christ was precious. He had not had a deep experience, either of law or gospel; but he was a good hearer, and a lover of the truth and of good men. He will be greatly missed as a husband, a father, a master, and a member. He was a kind, warm-hearted friend. O! My dear friend, what a mercy to have a little grace in the heart, and a good hope wrought in the soul through grace!

Since I have been writing these few lines, I have had one hearer in to ask me to bury his child; another to ask me to marry them next Tuesday; and another full of trouble, and wanting some help from my wife. So, you see, business is going on here.

I went to Woburn for a Lord's day in October, and I hope we had a good day there. The friends here had a prayer-meeting to let me go. We had a very good collection there. I preached to them twice, and administered the ordinance, and then rode back to our friends at Flitwick. I was glad to see their old faces again. I preached in the evening at Westoning to a large congregation, and believe the Lord was with me. We left on Monday morning for Oxford and Chalgrove; preached at Stadhampton on Tuesday evening, and Abingdon on Wednesday evening; and returned home on Thursday.

Through mercy, we are pretty well, and I hope we are in peace and union as a church. The dear Lord comforts our hearts together. I am often lost in wonder and amazement at the great goodness and mercy of the Lord towards me and mine, and to see how the congregation keeps up, and what strength the Lord gives such a poor worthless wretch to preach three times on a Lord's day; and I often have the best time at night. I am a living witness that there is nothing too hard for the Lord.

The Lord bless you and yours. My wife unites

with me in love to yourself, Mrs. P., Mr. T., and to your family circle.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

XLIII.—To MR. FEAZEY.

Godmanchester, November 24th, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED SON IN THE FAITH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with thy spirit, to comfort thy soul and to cheer thy heart in and under all the various troubles, trials, crosses, and temptations which you are called to pass through.

Your kind and good experimental letter reached me this morning; and glad I am to hear that your soul is still pressing on toward the mark of the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus, and that the spirit of hunger and thirst is kept up within your heart. I am glad that you cannot be satisfied with the dead form or a letter experience, neither can you sit easy on your chair, nor lie slumbering in your bed on the Lord's day, and say with the sluggard, "A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;" but that the Lord gives you some soul exercise, some deep searching of heart, and that he keeps your soul alive in the best things, and gives you some conscience-work, and brings your soul to the light, so that your deeds might be made manifest that they are wrought in God. And there is another thing I can see by your letter; that is, that the Lord keeps up an appetite within you to read and search your Bible. I do like real Bible Christians; because the Word of truth is weighty and powerful. And I am sure that no soul can have a good conscience if he neglect the precious Word of truth, and spends his time in reading newspapers and other books. *Stick close to your Bible*; and I am sure you will if the Bible sticks close to your heart. Remember that

we are not yet come to our journey's end. We need much godly fear and tenderness of conscience to enable us to pass through this wilderness; and we need much watchfulness and prayer from day to day in connection with this. We need the watchful care and keeping power of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to keep our feet from slipping, and to hold our souls in the narrow path.

I feel the dear Lord is good to worthless me and mine. He warms my cold heart with his precious love, shines upon my path, strengthens me under my weakness, encourages me under my fears, upholds me under my temptations, instructs me under my ignorance, and, at times, fills my soul out of his fulness; so that I glory in tribulation, and am looking forward for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. And what else is there worth looking or waiting for? When my soul is led to remember the many troubles, trials, crosses, afflictions, temptations, and sorrows the dear Lord hath brought me through, and in what a wonderful way he hath appeared for me and in me, my soul cries out with holy John, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon me, that I should be manifested a son of God!"

The Lord bless your soul. My wife unites with me in love.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XLIV.—TO MR. PHILLIPS.

Godmanchester, February 5th, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BEREAVED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May the dear Lord comfort your soul, and fill your sorrowful heart with joy and peace in believing.

I feel sure that the Lord hath delivered your poor

dear suffering wife out of all her pains, sorrows, and troubles, and landed her soul safe in glory. We could not fret nor grieve against the dispensation of the Lord, in taking your poor dear suffering wife from you; notwithstanding we feel deeply for you in your bereaved state and condition, and also for the dear children. You have lost a good wife; the children have lost a good mother; the church at Shaw Street has lost an honest living member; and we have lost a faithful and affectionate sister in the Lord, one who lived and died in our affection. We have both felt a close union of heart to her, having seen a great deal of her; and we shall meet her again in glory. She was an every-day Christian. We have had many a sweet crumb and drop together, and many times have enjoyed the sweet truths of the gospel, both in the house and in the chapel. We have wept together, and rejoiced together; we have mourned and we have danced together, in heart and spirit. And for the last fourteen or fifteen years we have seen a great deal of each other. Although I have lived in numbers of different houses for the last thirty years, I must acknowledge I never witnessed a mother have such authority over such a large family. And her method of management was most admirable. Therefore her loss will be the greater; but your loss is her everlasting gain. Remember what the Lord hath done for you. What a blessing he gave you the other week! How willing he made you to give your wife up! And how willing the Lord made dear Mrs. Phillips to leave her dear husband and large family in the Lord's hands! Then trust in the Lord, and he shall give you the desire of your heart.

I have passed through seas of troubles and trying bereavements, having had little else but affliction for thirty years past. My friends told me that it would not be always so with me; but if I have not bodily affliction in the house, I have more painful affliction within my own heart. I have never been so long without a doctor's bill as I have since my last illness, in

January, 1857. During the life of my first wife, I was continually paying them. I have been a preacher over thirty years, and have only been laid aside from preaching for four Lord's days; so that the Lord has been truly good to the poor old sinner; and bless his dear Name, he shall have all the praise and glory.

The Lord be with Mr. Kent on Lord's day evening, and open his heart and mouth, and help him to speak with power. And may the Lord give the living hearers a soft heart and a melted soul, that the Name and Person of the blessed Jesus may be feelingly precious to your own soul, and to the souls of the people with you.

My wife unites with me in love to you and the friends. Remember us to your dear children.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

P.S.—I have received a letter this morning from our brother Tiptaft. I send you an extract from it. He says: "I am now taking cod liver oil. My throat is better, but my voice much the same. I could not go to chapel on Lord's day; hope I may be able to go out with a respirator. I have taken two or three short walks, but the severe weather has prevented me. If I live until next Tuesday, I shall be 61 years of age. I can say, with Jacob, 'Few and evil have been my days.' Yet goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and I hope to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

XLV.--TO MR. HENSMAN.

Godmanchester, February 17th, 1864.

MY DEAR AND AFFLICTED BROTHER,—

May grace and mercy be multiplied unto you, to comfort your heart and strengthen your soul under all your fears, sorrows, and sinkings.

We were very sorry indeed that we could not call upon you when we were in London, on account of having lost your address; but on our return we searched and found it. I now write you a line, hoping it will find you better in bodily health, and also more comfortable in your mind. But you may say that you have been so many years waiting and seeking the blessing, and it has not yet come; and now you fear it never will come into your poor soul. Well, my dear friend, others have had to wait as long, and longer too; and the blessing has come at last. You read of the man in the gospel of John who had an infirmity thirty and eight years; and he saw many go down into the water and receive the blessing of healing before him, while he still waited at the pool. But in the Lord's own time he came to him, and said, "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk."

Last week I received a letter from Mr. D. G., of F., to tell me that the Lord had laid him upon a bed of affliction; and after seeking, waiting, and watching for nearly twenty years, the Lord brought salvation down into his heart and soul while lying on this bed of affliction, and gave pardon and peace. He said in his letter to me that he felt as though he could have gone to A—— market and told all the people what the Lord had done for his soul. When this wonderful blessing comes, it makes all the receivers turn preachers from that text: "Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." So, my friend, wait on, and in due time the Lord will appear for your help and deliverance. And then your soul will be ready to say, with my friend, "O taste and see that the Lord is good."

You have had a trying path for the last three years. May the dear Lord sanctify this painful affliction to the good of your soul, and also to your wife, so that you may rejoice together, and be enabled to say, from your hearts, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

My wife unites with me in love to you both; also to your sister.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XLVI.—To MR. HOWITT.

Godmanchester, March 1st, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH BELOVED IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, THROUGH THE LOVE AND BLOOD OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort, strengthen, and encourage your soul in the way. This is the desire of your unworthy friend in the bonds of the gospel.

Dear friend, we were very glad to receive your letter last week, and to hear of the feeling and flowing desire after the manifested love and mercy of a covenant God and Father, in and through the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the anointing power of God the Holy Ghost. Sure I am that there are no blessings like spiritual blessings, because they bring peace into the conscience, comfort into the heart, and joy into the soul; and these blessed things, working together in our spirits, make our souls truly happy in that which makes for our everlasting peace. And it is these sweet and blessed truths which make the soul rich, and make us long to be for ever freed from sin and sorrow, grief and care, pain, trouble, temptations, and afflictions. And what a wonderful thing it is that you and I should be brought out from an ungodly world to enjoy the blessed truths of the everlasting gospel in our own hearts and souls.

You speak of the sweet comfort you enjoyed when you were with us in November last. I can assure you we often talk about you; and it did our souls good to think how greatly the Lord favoured you in hearing. To have an opportunity of hearing three times in one

day, and to have some good feelings each time, was no small favour to you, who only hear about three or four sermons in the year; and when you look round about your neighbourhood, and see almost all people walking the downward road to hell, and seldom meet with one companion who is crying out, "What must I do to be saved?" But, my dear brother in the bond of the covenant, if the Lord had passed by you, and called half the village of B., that would not have benefited you. So, then, rejoice with me, and be exceedingly glad to think that the Lord should have called us out of darkness into his marvellous light, and put some of his heavenly treasure into our souls, and that ever the Lord Jesus should have made known to us that he hath redeemed us from all our sin and transgression, opened the gospel door, and led our souls into the green pastures of his love, blood, and righteousness, and filled us with joy and peace in believing. Then, my friend, press on in the narrow path. The prize is before you, the crown is waiting for you, and the glorious mansion is prepared for your soul to enter into.

My wife unites with me in love to yourself and Mrs. and Miss Howitt.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XLVII.—TO THE CHURCH AT GODMANCHESTER.

No date.

"Grace is poured into thy lips."—(Ps. XLV. 2.)

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—

My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved, and that every living member of the church may prove more and more of the grace of God that bringeth salvation; and that this grace of God may teach your souls and mine to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and that we

should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

As I expect, God willing, to leave you on Lord's day, the 9th, without an under shepherd, I feel my mind led to write to you a short epistle, to be read during your morning service. And as the Lord the Spirit has greatly comforted my soul from the above words: "Grace is poured into thy lips," I feel led to desire and pray for you as a church and people that the Holy Ghost may pour down into your hearts and souls the spirit of grace and supplication, that you may draw near to him with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, and that your souls may be enabled to "draw water out of the wells of salvation," to comfort and revive your poor needy hearts.

Then, what can such a poor, ignorant, blind bat say upon this grace of God,—this free, sovereign, discriminating grace of God that is given to the vilest of the vile? We read that this grace was poured into the lips of the Lord Jesus Christ. The psalmist had a sweet view of this. We read in another sweet scripture that the Holy Ghost was poured out on him without measure; and what was this done for? Why, this grace of God was given us in the Lord Jesus before the world began. How plain the Scriptures are upon these points! "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise and glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved; in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." And who can enter into the riches of his grace? Why, those poor sinners into whose hearts and souls this rich grace

enters, to show poor vile sinners what sin is in the sight of a heart-searching God, and to make the poor sinner hate his own sin and transgression before the Lord, and to make him forsake it also. For "the fear of the Lord is to hate evil;" and when the soul of a man or woman is brought to hate sin, he or she will then forsake it willingly. The Lord hath said, "Forasmuch, then, as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind; for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin."

Then, dear brethren in the Lord, if you and I have been brought to suffer for our sins, this rich grace must have entered into our hearts; and we are sure that it is free grace, and that by grace we are saved from first to last. The Scripture tells us that this grace was given us "in Christ Jesus before the world began; who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling; not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began; but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." And we can say, "But after the kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life."

Then, dear friends, this must be rich grace. Well might the apostle Peter say, "The God of all grace, who hath called us according to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus."

This grace must be supernatural, to reach your hearts and mine. And what divine life and power there is in it to break a sinner's hard heart, and to conquer his stubborn will. This your souls and mine have proved,

again and again,—that grace is grace in deed and in truth. We have mourned together and rejoiced together; fasted together and fed together. We have walked in darkness, and have been brought out into the glorious light together; we have been shut up in prison, and have been brought out into a wealthy place. We have sunk into the dungeon together, and have been brought out together; we have been in desolate places as dead men, and we have been brought into a fruitful field. We have lived and walked together in peace and unity. The Lord grant that we may be kept in this path, to feel for each other, and pray for each other; and may many among the congregation be brought to eat and drink the gospel with us, and hear its joyful sound. This is the prayer of

Your unworthy Pastor
in the Bonds of the Gospel,
T. GODWIN.

XLVIII.—To MR. HOLMES.

Godmanchester, March 9th, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND FAITHFUL FRIEND IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND IN THE BONDS OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT OF GRACE, MERCY, AND TRUTH,—

May the God of all grace comfort you in all your great tribulations and painful afflictions which the Lord has laid upon you in your family.

I heard, through my dear daughter, that you and yours were in great trouble through the affliction of your two daughters. And what will draw forth love and affection like troubles, trials, afflictions, and bereavements? Therefore I felt I must write a line of sympathy to my dear old friends. You have had much trouble in family trials for the last twenty years and over, through the loss of all your sons; and now you have this deep affliction in your two daughters, besides

all your other worldly troubles and trials ; and church troubles have not been few ; and these cut the closest. Well, you have been a witness that I have had great troubles, trials, and afflictions, with cutting bereavements ; but here I am, a monument of God's sparing mercy and saving grace. All through the many years that my soul was overwhelmed with heart-aching troubles, and fearing from day to day that I must sink under them, and that I never could live through them, yet how my soul proved the supporting hand of the Lord under them all ! Although I wanted many times to die, on purpose to be out of troubles, yet, blessed be the dear Name of the Lord, I could not die under them. No ; my soul must live through them, on purpose to show forth the faithfulness of my dear Lord and Saviour, and that my soul might prove the truth of that scripture : " Many are the afflictions of the righteous ; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

Sure I am that the Lord will, in his own time, deliver you out of all your troubles, trials, sorrows, and afflictions. I have been a witness to many you have passed through within the past twenty-nine years. I hear your dear daughter, Mrs. S., is very ill ; and her husband being abroad must make it a double trial for you all. But the Lord cannot do wrong, because " just and right is he." O that the Lord may sanctify these deep trials to the good of your souls ! For what are all the comforts of this life if there is no salvation ? But when he blesses, we cannot grieve because we have had a trying path ; but shall sing an everlasting song " unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

I have had many changes in my pathway within the last forty years, and I have watched the Lord's dealings with me very closely, and have witnessed the hand of providence as well as the hand of grace towards me and mine. I often lie upon my bed, sit in the chair, work in the garden, labour in the pulpit, and think

over and talk about the Lord's goodness and mercy to me. And how many thousands of miles he has taken me about the country, to preach the everlasting gospel to poor sinners! And how many souls the Lord hath comforted, fed, and blessed under me! And what an honour to be made a mouthpiece for the Lord God Almighty! But I am a poor helpless sinner, over 61 years of age; and the Lord is very good, kind, and gracious to me, in giving me health and strength, food and raiment, life and power, desire and will, to preach free grace, sovereign mercy, discriminating favour, everlasting love, and eternal justification, through the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. And not only so; but for the last two years and nearly nine months the Lord hath given me more rest from some of the trying things which I have had to do with; for when I was travelling the country over, and living in so many different houses, and hearing of the troubles in churches, I have felt so very unhappy, and longed to get home again. Now I am at home for a long time together, and feel a growing union with the people I am settled over. I should have been out now, but could not get a supply; and I could not leave the people without one.

I find you are in great fear whether you shall not have one placed over you whose ministry has not been blessed, and that you can receive. Well, do you pray against it? And can you draw near to the Lord in prayer? If so, the Lord will overturn it, and some of you shall live to see it. I do not understand how any living minister can want to push himself in a place, when he knows that the best-taught people cannot receive his testimony. But there are many of this class about the country at this present time; and many of the dear old sheep have to suffer hunger through such preachers. And it must be so in this awful day of profession; but the end will come, when all these shepherds will flee when they see the wolf coming, because they have no love for the sheep, nor yet to the Good Shepherd. All

they want is the loaves and fishes. The Lord keep us close to his precious truth.

May the dear Lord restore the health of your daughters, and bless the affliction to the good of their souls, that they may say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

My wife unites with me in love to yourself, Mrs. H., and your family circle.

Yours in the Lord,

T. GODWIN.

XLIX.—TO MR. HOPPER.

Godmanchester, September 30th, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND, MAY I NOT SAY FEELINGLY, BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

I believe the Lord hath put our souls into one school, and under one and the selfsame school-master. We have been taught and instructed in and under the law, to see and feel our lost and ruined condition as vile condemned sinners. And when Sinai's fire was kindled up within our souls, all our good works and filthy rags were consumed in the fire, like wood, hay, and stubble; so that our fleshly hope, vain confidence, and natural faith all gave way, and down our souls fell into the fire, with all our sin and guilt, under the consuming wrath of the law in the conscience. And here the Lord brought us to our wit's end, where the soul must pray and cry to God for mercy. And when we could live no longer under the weight of sin, guilt, and wrath, and were just ready to perish, then the Lord Jesus Christ came and plucked our souls out of the fire, like brands out of the burning. Then our chains and fetters were knocked off, the gates of brass were broken, and the bars of iron were cut in sunder; and the glorious gospel of the Son of God was proclaimed within our hearts and souls, which brought pardon and

peace into our conscience. Here we received the spirit of adoption. Hereby we were enabled to cry, "Abba, Father." And here we saw that we were predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will. So we have tasted the wormwood and the gall together, and the honey, wine, and oil together. And for many years past our souls have been travelling through the wilderness, shut up and shut out from holding communion with either God or man, at times; and we forget what the Lord hath done for us. We are learning this scripture, "Neither said they, Where is the Lord, that brought us up out of the wilderness, and out of the land of Egypt; that led us through the wilderness, through a land of deserts and pits, through a land of drought and of the shadow of death, through a land that no man passeth through, and where no man dwelt?" We feel, at times, that there is no man that careth for our souls; but we have a Friend at the right hand of the Father, who sticketh closer than any brother; and he is one who loveth at all times, and under all the clouds of darkness and gloominess which we are called to pass through.

The Lord hath brought our souls to hang upon the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ,—blood to pardon, and righteousness to justify. So, then, we must be brethren in the Spirit, and are both travelling onward toward that haven of rest where we hope to spend eternity with that precious Friend who died to redeem our souls to God from all our sins and transgressions, and who still maintains our cause at his Father's right hand.

But, my dear friend, I did not think of letting my pen run on like this; yet I believe that you will bear with me. Thank you for all your great kindness to worthless me. I hope you did not get wet to take cold on Monday morning. It was very kind of you to come and carry my luggage to the station. I have been very unwell since my return home. I found it coming on

on Saturday. Yesterday was a trying day to me; and to-day I feel very weak; so now I am suffering for my hard week's work. But "the Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." We shall indeed be glad to see you at any time when you can come. We both unite in love to you, wishing you good health of body and every new covenant blessing.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

L.—TO MR. FEAZEY.

Godmanchester, January 3rd, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND, MAY I NOT ADD, MY OWN SON IN THE FAITH OF THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL OF THE SON OF GOD,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to bless, keep, comfort, console, help, defend, support, uphold, and deliver your poor soul when bound in affliction and iron.

After my long silence, I now take up my pen to scribble a few lines to you once more, to show you that I have not forgotten you, and to thank you for your last good letter. It truly did our souls good. We have truly wept with you, and also rejoiced with you. We are commanded to weep with those that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice.

The heavy tidings in your letter before the last cut us up greatly. We wondered what the Lord was about to do with you, and we truly sorrowed with you. But your last letter cheered and revived our hearts and souls, and we hoped that the Lord was making a way for you in the wilderness, and that he would turn your captivity, and open a way where there seemed to be no way, put your unbelief to the blush, encourage your hope to hope on, and strengthen your faith to enable your soul to stand fast in the liberty where-

with Christ hath made you free, and confirm your confidence to trust in the Lord's faithfulness. He has said, "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." And the Lord cannot deny himself; for what he hath promised he is able to perform, because he is God and not man. This the writer hath proved for many years past, so that he is a witness of the faithfulness of our covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus.

The dear Lord hath brought us through another year,—a year gone and gone for ever, with all its cares, fears, troubles, trials, crosses, losses, vexations, perplexities, temptations, and sorrows. But we shall have some new troubles and trials down to the grave. We should not walk steady, nor yet be sober-minded, if we had no troubles, no weights, no sorrows, no temptations, no cutting conflicts, no sinking fears. No; we should soon grow stiff with pride. So, my dear friend, you must pray on, groan on, sigh and cry to the Best of all friends. He will help you on, and help you out of your many troubles.

My wife unites with me in love to you.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LI.—To MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester, January 6th, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED BROTHER
IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

I once more take my pen in hand to scribble a few lines to you, just to say that, through the great mercy and goodness of the Lord, we are brought through another year. It is a year gone, and gone for ever; and we are one more nearer the end of our journey. All the troubles and trials of the year are gone. I do not know how the year ended with you; but I can tell you a little how it ended with me. The last month of the year was indeed a time not soon to

be forgotten. My exercises were painful, my fears oppressing, my conflicts cutting, my temptations powerful, my trials many; not so much respecting my own state and standing as the state and standing of others. And, in connection with this, my own leanness, barrenness, coldness, hardness, emptiness, and ignorance, together with my unbelief and wretchedness. Although the Lord's mercies to me and mine were very great through the past year, yet I mourn over my base ingratitude and unthankfulness, when I see how the Lord daily loadeth me with his benefits. Notwithstanding my ingratitude, the Lord's goodness and mercy is still extended to me and mine. I am sure that it is not for works of righteousness that we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us; and I am sure that it must be free grace down to the end of our days.

We have just lost by death our much-esteemed friend Mr. Harper. His mortal remains were committed to the dust on Tuesday week; and I should say that there were between six and seven hundred people at the chapel. We feel deeply for the dear widow and children. We have lost by death both the superintendents of our Sabbath school within the last four months.

O that the dear Lord may support your minds under your present trial, and help you both to look up to him, and enable you to trust in his great faithfulness, and hang your all upon his free mercy. I hope your dear son will soon be better. You know that I had only one son, and the dear Lord took him from me; but I have sometimes been enabled to thank the dear Lord from my very heart for taking him from the evil to come.

My wife unites with me in love to yourself and Mrs. O. I hope we shall see you both here in the summer.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

LII.—To MR. PHILPOT.

Godmanchester, February 7th, 1865.

MY DEAR AND AFFLICTED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHO HATH LOVED YOU AND GIVEN HIMSELF FOR YOU,—

But, you may say, are you sure of that? Well, I can feelingly say before the Lord that my soul has been knit to yours now for many years. You are never long out of my mind and memory. I seldom fall upon my knees but you are brought before me; and I seldom enter the pulpit but your case is brought into my mind. So that my soul tries to ask the dear Lord to restore you to your usual health and strength, that you may resume your pulpit labour again.

I could not go to see you during my engagement in London for want of time; and I found travelling very trying through the frost and snow. But I wanted to see you, because I had some good news to tell you from a far country; but I must communicate a little of it to you by letter.

In the first place, I had been very much tried for some weeks in my mind about many things in and out of the pulpit. My soul was left in a dead, hard, cold, and barren condition. The Lord favoured me with life and liberty in the pulpit; but in a short time afterwards my soul sank into a dead, dark, and confused state again. I was often led back to see how the Lord favoured me in bygone days out of the pulpit; and now I seemed left without life or feeling, desire, or prayer; and faith and hope were at a very low ebb. Thus my mind was much perplexed, and my soul much cast down, at times; and I seemed to have no spirit of hunger or thirst left within my heart. But on Wednesday evening, the 18th of January, I was led to speak a little from these words: "But we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Next morning, the text

came fresh upon my mind with some sweetness, power, and savour; and as I was thinking it over, the Lord Jesus broke in upon my soul with his mighty power and love, so that all of a sudden my heart and mind were carried away into heaven by God the Holy Ghost. The Lord Jesus was opened up to my soul, and my interest in his love, blood, and righteousness was opened up within my heart. The gates of righteousness were open in heaven, and the door of hope and the door of faith was opened in my soul. The Holy Ghost poured into my heart the oil of joy, love, and praise, until my cup was full and ran over. The sweet Scriptures were broken up within my soul, so that I had nothing to do but to eat and drink the precious gospel of the Son of God. The power of it enlarged within my soul, so that I could not keep it from my dear wife. She thought I was going to die; and I thought so too.

This took place about half-past nine in the morning of the 19th of last month, near to the spot where I am now sitting. It remained with me all that day. My heart was broken, and my soul melted into nothing before the Lord; and the sweet tears of peace and joy came up out of my heart so freely and so fully that I could not see out of my eyes. I saw and felt myself nothing, and less than nothing and vanity before him. What self-loathing and self-abhorrence there were in my heart before the Lord! I could not abase myself low enough, nor make myself little enough.

I left home the next day for Hitchin, with my soul full of peace and joy in believing. On the Saturday morning we left Hitchin for London, and I had not been in the railway carriage many minutes before the Lord Jesus broke in upon my soul again. The Holy Ghost led me into him by faith. His glorious countenance was lifted up upon my soul, and my heart was so enlarged, and the Book of Solomon's Song was so sweet and precious, that I held communion with the Father in and through the Son and by the Holy Ghost. O what language the Holy Ghost indited in my heart!

My soul desired to live as holy as God is holy. And certain I am that the power of the Holy Ghost, felt and enjoyed in the child of God's heart, produces the same fruit in the soul, and in the life, movements, actions, dealings, and conversation of the believer, which the precepts of the gospel set forth. The precepts of the gospel cannot be obeyed in any other way, nor by any man on earth, but by him whom the Holy Ghost anoints with divine power and living faith. This, my dear brother, your soul has learned experimentally again and again. What but love and blood can melt or move such a hard and rocky heart as mine to holy obedience before the Lord, by the acting of living hope and living faith, centring in and through the precious atoning blood of the Lamb? "For without faith it is impossible to please God."

The Lord help you, my dear friend, to go on in your good work; and may he bless your soul in it, and give your heart a powerful anointing with his holy oil. O what a mercy that the Lord hath put your soul and mine among the children, and that we are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation! And O what a salvation it is to save such a sinner as I!

Yours very affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LIII.—To MR. ROWORTH.

Leicester, October 2nd, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED BROTHER
IN THE LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY,—

May grace and peace be with you, to comfort your heart and soul under all your afflictions, sorrows, and sinkings. This is the desire and prayer of your unworthy friend.

Many thanks for your kind letter. We liked the contents of it much. But my friend would be ready to say, I thought you long before you took any notice of

it. Well, my friend, I have been so poorly, and have been brought down so weak in body, that I have had no heart to write to my friends; and I have remained so for about a fortnight after you left my house; since which I have been gathering strength. I feel a poor nothing this morning, and not much fit for writing, only I have heard that you are unwell.

The Lord is truly good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him. The dear Lord has been very gracious to my soul, although, at times, I have sunk very low. My soul has been watching and waiting to see what the Lord was about to do with me. Sometimes I have thought I must give up the work of the ministry altogether. The exercise before preaching, and the labour in it, and the exercise after it, seem to pull me to pieces. Yet I have a great desire to live and die in the harness, for my dear Lord and Master has been very good, kind, and gracious to me in every way for so many years. He has never let me lack one good thing, either for body or soul. And there is this feeling in my heart and soul;—I want to love him more and serve him better. I want to exalt him higher, and lay the sinner lower. I want to live every day and hour to his honour, praise, and glory. I want to have the iniquities of my vile heart more and more subdued, and faith and hope kept more feelingly alive in my heart and soul. I want to live nearer to him, and lean upon his dear bosom, so that my soul may learn more of his secrets, and draw oftener at the fountain's head, drink more freely at the well-spring of life, and that my soul might draw water out of the wells of salvation. And sweet and precious this water of life is to the thirsty soul. Your soul is a witness to the truth of it. And when this well of living water springs up into everlasting life, then the soul is happy; faith has a feelingly firm hold of the promised rest; and hope is then anchored firm in the Rock of eternal ages.

We had a very large congregation here yesterday,

and I trust the Lord was with us. I heard that many went away last evening because they could not get in. I felt the services very solemn. I preached from these words: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, whose hope the Lord is." We have been shut out of our chapel seven Lord's days. We have had a new floor, a new pulpit, and new seats; and we hope to reopen it on Lord's day, the 15th. So they have one more Lord's day to meet in the school-room.

Our love to yourself.

Yours in Gospel Affection,

T. GODWIN.

LIV.—TO MR. PARRY.

Leicester, October 2nd, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED BROTHER
IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

I will now try and write you a few lines to let you know that I am not altogether unmindful of you under your painful affliction and suffering. No, my friend, I have not had you out of my mind and memory long together since I left your bedroom on the 9th of August; and I believe I have felt more sympathy with the afflicted family of God within the last six or eight months than in all my life before.

Since I parted from you I have been brought very low and weak in body. My short visit into Wilts was a great benefit to me. I returned to London a great deal better, and was helped through my pulpit labour; but I soon fell back again. My exercises have been many and most trying, because my bodily strength seemed to go so fast; and sometimes I have feared I must give up the work of the ministry. But I have a desire to live and die in the harness. And now, my friend, I am in a position to tell you that through the great goodness and mercy of the Lord, I am gathering strength; therefore I think the Lord may have a little

more pulpit labour for me to do. And who can tell but what the Lord will spare you and me to meet each other once more in the flesh? We have had a great many meetings and partings within the last twenty-eight years; but we shall meet shortly to part no more, and sing an everlasting song together "unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." And have we not wept together and rejoiced together, fasted and fed together, sunk down and been raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places through Christ Jesus? We have been cursed together under the law, and we have been blessed under the gospel; we have been condemned under the guilt of sin, and have been justified in his pardoning blood and justifying righteousness. And we have been travelling through a barren wilderness for some years past. Then, my dear afflicted brother, cheer up. The road is good, although it is rough. The prize is sure, although the way is so dark that the soul cannot see the mark; yet we are pressing towards it. And the victory is sure, because the Lord Jesus has conquered death, hell, sin, and the grave for our poor helpless souls; for "he is the Rock; his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment; a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he."

But I must not let my pen run on so, because I am not very strong. My wife unites with me in love to yourself, Mrs. P., Mr. Tuckwell, and to your family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LV.—TO MR. EVANS.

Godmanchester, October 18th, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND COMPANION IN TRIBULATION,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your spirit, to comfort your sorrowful heart, and encourage

your cast-down soul, to strengthen you under all your temptations, to work faith in your soul under all your hard conflicts, to enable your soul to fight on in the good fight of faith, that you may feelingly lay hold on eternal life ; for victory is sure to your dear redeemed soul.

Many thanks for your good experimental letter ; and many thanks for your short visit to us, for I began to think that you and yours would never take the trouble to come and pay us a visit. You know, my dear brother, that your soul and mine have travelled together for many years, and our souls have had a rough and thorny path. We have eaten of the same bread and drunk of the same cup ; we have been taught by the same God ; we have been drilled under the same school-master ; we have been led by the same Spirit, tempted by the same devil, and tormented and plagued by the same wicked heart. We have been burdened by the same mountains of doubts, hills of difficulty, fears, and cares. We have sunk into the same slough and mires, and have been shut up in the same prison-houses. We have, at times, been kept at arm's length from the Lord, and have been brought into the same dry and barren places of soul. But has not the Holy Ghost brought our souls out from under that strict and severe school-master, and brought us feelingly to the Lord Jesus Christ ? And has not the Lord Jesus rebuked the tempter, subdued the wickedness of our hearts, levelled the mountains, and laid the hills low, and delivered our souls out of the sloughs and pits, opened the prison-doors, brought our souls into a large place, and turned the barren wilderness into a fruitful field, and the dry ground into water-springs ? And have we not been enabled to sing as in the days of our youth ? And shall we not sing again and again "unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood ?" For the Lord will lift us up again, because he hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He also hath said, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The Lord work for you, the Lord work in you, the Lord go before you. The Lord overturn the crafty counsel of the ungodly, and show you that he is still on your side. Trust in him at all times ; pour out your heart before him ; and he shall direct your steps. The Lord bless you and yours.

Through mercy, I am better than when you left us. We re-opened the chapel on Lord's day, and baptized in the river ; and the Lord re-opened many of our hearts. We had a full chapel.

Our united love to you and Mrs. E. and sons.

Yours affectionately,

THOMAS GODWIN.

LVI.—TO MR. HOPPER.

Godmanchester, January 2nd, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

As such a poor sinner as I feel myself to be is spared to enter upon the new year, I feel I must write you a line or two this morning ; for while on my knees a few minutes ago, you were brought fresh to my mind, with some others of the Lord's dear family ; and the dear Lord favoured my soul to plead with him on your behalf. I felt sweet nearness, warmth, and tenderness within my heart and soul towards the Lord Jesus and his dear people ; and something said, Write to them to-day. So I arose from my knees, and have made a beginning, under felt love and affection towards my dear old tried friend and brother, who is often like a sparrow alone, shut up in his garden, without a friend to converse with upon spiritual matters, unless the Holy Ghost draws up your heart to the blessed Jesus, and opens up his beauty and preciousness to your soul. And when that is the case, you then find and feel that the Lord Jesus is the All and in all, a Friend that sticketh closer than any earthly brother. And he is a Friend that loveth at all times and in all seasons, under

all the dark clouds of guilt and confusion, sorrow, sinking, barrenness, and bondage.

Through the long-suffering mercy and great goodness of the Lord, we are brought through the year of 1865,—a year gone, and gone for ever, with all its troubles, trials, sorrows, sins, fears, gloominess, fits of unbelief and rebellion; and with all the temptations of the devil. And here we are brought to enter into the year of 1866.

And now what can I say respecting myself? I can tell you this much,—yesterday morning, on my bed, I was thinking it was the first day of the new year, and trying to get my heart up to the Lord, to thank him for the rich supply of his great mercies through the past year, and for his preserving care in bringing me to enter upon a new year. But I could not raise or move my hard and sluggish heart. It lay within me like lead. So that my soul began the new year as helpless and as empty as it finished the old one, and as poor and naked as any poor wretch could be. My mind wandered all over the world. I could not listen or hearken to anything of a spiritual kind. If I read the Word, my mind was at the ends of the earth, so that I knew not what I was reading; and if I left off and began again, I did not know where I left off, so that my understanding was as dark as midnight; and I groaned out within my heart and soul, and wondered where all my feeling religion was gone to, for I did not seem to have one grain left within my soul. So I could not promise to do better, or live more to his honour and glory through the present year. Nay, I thought things were getting worse and worse instead of better and better, as some talk about. But last night a few friends came in; and one man, I believe, came trembling. And when he began to tell out what the Lord had done for his soul, it dropped into my heart like honey and oil, and set my soul all on fire; and friend Tozeland asked the poor man to engage in prayer. Truly it was a sweet time to my soul; and

I feel it now while I am writing these few lines to you.

O how free and sovereign is the love of God in Christ Jesus to poor sinners ! This my soul has proved for many years. And I also prove, the longer I live, the more a free-grace gospel suits my poor soul ; for I do see and feel myself to be such a poor blind fool, such a know-nothing thing, that it seems, at times, that I shall live out all my feeling religion. But notwithstanding all these sinkings and shuttings up, the Lord gives me life and liberty in the pulpit. But I want to feel and enjoy more of the life and love of Jesus out of the pulpit, so that my soul might live more to his honour and glory from day to day.

The Lord bless your dear redeemed soul with his precious smiles, and that will cheer your sad heart, and make it glad. May your last days be your best days ; and may the Lord give you a sweet new year's gift. This is the desire of your unworthy friend.

My wife unites in love.

Yours in Jesus,

T. GODWIN.

LVII.—TO MR. PHILPOT.

Godmanchester, January 18th, 1866,

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Many thanks for your good experimental letter, which did our souls good to read. Glad we were to find by it that you were better and more comfortable than when I saw you last at your house.

The Lord be praised for all his goodness and mercy towards yourself and a poor worthless sinner like me. But, notwithstanding all my poverty, emptiness, nakedness, and shame, the dear and blessed Lord makes his goodness pass before me in the way, and gives my soul some sweet drops of comfort and consolation from time to time. Yet I have many trials by the way ; for we

could not live without them. I have had a trying path now for thirty-nine years. Still, I can say, before a heart-searching God, I have had my share of comforts mingled with my bitters. For has there been a sinner saved by God's rich, free, and sovereign grace who ever witnessed more of the goodness and mercy of the Lord in every way? Although I have had heavy weights laid upon me, and have been plunged into some deep afflictions for years together, and my soul has sunk fathoms under them, yet I have often cried out with David, "Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee."

I have, as you say in yours to me, been led to look back on the pathway which the Lord hath led me for over thirty years. It was thirty one years, on the 25th of last month, since I first stood in a pulpit; and sure I am, if the Lord had not put me there and also kept me there until this very day, I should have given up hundreds of times, in my many fits of rebellion, under my many cutting troubles and trials. And sometimes I wonder how it is that my feet have stood so many years in this slippery path of tribulation. My soul is compelled to cry out, with holy John, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed" upon *me*, a vile sinner! I am lost in wonder at his marvellous kindness to such a poor blind ignorant creature, who could not read one verse in the New Testament when the Lord called me by his free grace. But, bless his precious Name for ever and for ever, for his divine teaching, and for the love the Holy Ghost put into my heart to cleave to the Word of God, and stick to the Bible beyond all other books. When I first began to speak in public, I often read the text wrong; but it was through ignorance, not having had any education. But how my soul has thanked, blessed, praised, and exalted a Three-One God for his divine teaching; for he himself taught me to read and to write. It is nearly twenty-six years since the Lord taught me to scribble a line; and you, my dear friend,

was the first man that ever I attempted to write a line to. And I have the sweet feelings of affection and tenderness in memory which the Lord favoured me with during the time I was trying to write to you, and the sweet counsel you gave me in your answer to embrace every opportunity to improve my handwriting, which counsel I closely followed for many years. And I had to depend wholly upon the Holy Ghost to teach me to spell; and it seemed as if he sat upon the throne of judgment in my mind, and brought up every word, and set them in order before my pen; so I never had to think what must come next. And I find it the same in my preaching, when the Lord gives me life and liberty. And shall I not praise him for all his divine counsel? Yes. My soul often cries out, with the psalmist,—“Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.” I could feelingly say, before a heart-searching God, that there is no name so dear, no truth so sweet, no voice so precious, as the Name, truth, and voice of Jesus. And when the Holy Ghost opens up the sufferings of the Lord Jesus to my heart and soul, and shows me that all my sins are washed away in his precious atoning blood, and the application of the same precious blood hath been sealed upon my conscience, this is a sure evidence of my interest in his glorious salvation. And O! My dear friend, what a salvation it must be to save such a sinner as I know and feel myself to be!

And now he hath saved me through the year of 1865, and brought me into the year of 1866; and sure I am that I shall never make myself any better. No; I am a sinner throughout; and therefore I must be saved throughout by his free grace and mercy. But I feel that I am another year nearer the grave. Death is a solemn subject with me, and not long together out of my mind and memory. The Lord is taking away his ministers; and the ministers of Satan are increasing

daily ; and popery is making rapid strides in England. And sure I am that there is a great need for the ministers of Christ to sound an alarm in his holy mountain, as well as blowing the trumpet in Zion.

The Lord bless you, my dear friend, and bring you forth again into the ministry. This is the desire and prayer of

Your unworthy Friend,

T. GODWIN.

LVIII.—To MR. ROWORTH.

Euston Square, January, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort your heart, and console your dear redeemed soul. This is the prayer of your unworthy friend.

Many thanks for your kind and good letter, which came to hand with the paper. You, my dear friend, have sustained a great loss in the death of Lady Lucy Smith. We had heard of her illness and death. Truly she had an easy passage through Jordan's river into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. You will see her seat empty, both at chapel and at home. She will be greatly missed. But she is landed safely from all her toils here below.

Through mercy, we are pretty well; but what a poor nothing thing I see and feel myself to be! Yet my dear Lord and Master thinks upon me, and sometimes shines within my heart and soul, and tells me that he will be with me, and guide me with his counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. And what a wonderful deliverance that will be for a poor sinner like me! I feel that I am growing more and more into weakness, and am become a poor helpless creature. My soul is compelled to hang my all on the Lord Jesus for time and eternity; and I must say, "Surely goodness and

mercy have followed me all the days of my life ;” and sometimes I think they will until the end of my days. Sometimes I feel as though my days on earth were nearly ended ; but the Lord hath fixed the day and hour that I must die ; and I feel willing to wait until my change comes.

I trust that you are well in bodily health, and that the Lord is blessing you with the anointing power of God the Holy Ghost, and that he has given your soul a new year’s gift, in visiting your heart with the joys of his great salvation. I am sure that every quickened soul has a new year’s gift, because Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His mercies are new every morning ; and great is his faithfulness.

Through the Lord’s goodness and mercy, we had a good day on Lord’s day and Tuesday evening. The dear Lord gave my soul a sweet visit of his great salvation on the 4th inst., which flowed within my heart for hours.

My wife unites with me in love to you and any inquiring friends. And will you present my love and sympathy to Mr. Smith ?

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LIX.—TO MR. HOWITT.

Godmanchester, January 26th, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

The Lord has brought us safely through the year 1865, and brought us into the year of 1866 ; and cannot you with myself raise an Ebenezer, and say from your very heart, “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us ?” And

“He that hath help’d us hitherto,
Will help us all our journey through.”

And hath he not been a very present help to us in

every time of trouble? And bless his dear Name for ever and for ever, he shall have all the praise and glory, because he hath delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. What wonders he hath wrought for us, whereof we are glad! And when we are led to consider how few there are to be found among the bulk of mankind who are put into the possession of the great and grand secret that is revealed from heaven into the hearts of the elect of God, then, my dear friend, what a marvellous thing it is to think that your soul and mine should have that sweet secret within our hearts! Truly "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." And when the Holy Ghost opens up the beauty and sweetness of the things of our Lord Jesus Christ to our souls, then we can feed upon them by faith, and sing of mercy, love, and blood. Then it is that we can see and feel that all our troubles, trials, crosses, losses, pains, and sorrows have worked together for our souls' good, and for God's eternal glory; although when we have been passing through them we kicked and rebelled under them. But sorrows and sinkings we must have; conflicts and temptations we must pass through on our way homeward to that eternal rest that remaineth to the people of God.

I was glad to receive your good and experimental letter. We read the contents of it with great pleasure. We were truly glad to hear that the dear Lord had so favoured your soul. How sweet it is to feed upon the Lord Jesus Christ by precious faith! And how sweet is the gospel when it comes with divine power into the heart! How strong the soul grows in faith, hope, and love when the word enters with power! How it enlarges the heart, and makes the soul happy in the Lord! Affliction is then truly sanctified; and the soul can say, "This is my comfort in my affliction; thy word hath quickened me."

Thank you for your invitation for me to come and

speak to you in the Name of the Lord. If health and strength be given me, I will try and visit you once more.

The Lord bless you and yours with every new covenant blessing. This is the desire of

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LX.—To MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester, January, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED BROTHER
IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush be with you, to comfort your heart in all the tribulation which you are called to pass through.

I trust that this will find yourself, Mrs. O., and family well, as through mercy it leaves us at present. Last year, for some months, I was very poorly. My strength was greatly pulled down. I thought that the Lord was about to remove me from off this earth. But at the same time the dear Lord removed the fear of death out of my heart, and put my soul into a waiting position. He had girded my loins about with his truth, my lamp was burning, and my soul was listening to and hearkening unto the voice of his word. But here I am, brought safely through the year 1865, and entered the year 1866; and the dear and blessed Lord has given my soul a new year's gift. On the 4th of this month, the Lord of life and glory gave my soul a sweet love-visit, which filled me with love, joy, and peace, so that my cup was full and running over. So you see that my dear Lord and Saviour hath not forsaken me, nor left me to serve alone. There is a great fulness in the Lord Jesus Christ, and here is all my comfort; and my confidence is rooted and grounded in him who hath said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." I know that "to me to live is Christ,

and to die is gain." O! My dear friend, what a Saviour he is! And what a salvation he hath brought in and wrought out to save such hell-deserving sinners as you and I!

The Lord bless you and yours. Remember me kindly to your pastor and brother deacons; and to all inquiring friends.

Yours affectionately.

T. GODWIN.

LXI.—TO MR. LINK.

Godmanchester, April 6th, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER IN THE EVERLASTING SON OF THE FATHER, FULL OF GRACE AND TRUTH,—

All at once last evening the thought struck me that I was a letter in your debt. And sure I am I shall live and die a debtor to mercy; but I do not wish to live or die a debtor to any man.

I feel very poor this morning; but such as I have I will send unto you. I have no doubt that you have as much poverty as you can tell what to do with, because I know what the wilderness fare is; and I am sure that you are passing through it, because the Lord himself brought your soul into it. But then, he hath engaged to bring your soul right through it. "To him who led his people through the wilderness; for his mercy endureth for ever." And how does the soul know that he is passing through the wilderness? Because he has to fight his way through from day to day. Faith, hope, and love have to fight against sin and devils. And although we have to fight, we have but little strength to fight with, feeling, as we do, our enemies to be so strong and lively. Still, we have been held up and held on until the present moment; and I feel that my soul is coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of the Beloved. Although I am

sure of this, yet my soul seems to go further into that dark and bewildered state of mind than ever. I feel very blind and ignorant, very empty and confused, very dead and barren. But my soul cleaves to the love, blood, and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ; and a salvation by grace suits my soul well. And I am sure that the Lord hath loved me and given himself for me, because I feel a love to God the Father for making choice of me, and God the Son for redeeming me, and the same love to God the Holy Ghost for quickening my soul into life, and for leading me on thus far.

The Lord bless you and yours and all the dear friends at Gower Street. Our united love to you both.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXII.—TO MR. EVANS.

Godmanchester, April 11th, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER IN THE GREAT FRIEND OF POOR HELPLESS AND WORTHLESS SINNERS,—

He is a Friend that loveth at all times, in all occasions, and in all troubles. He sticketh closer than any brother. And he hath said that he will never leave nor forsake the poor feeble hearted sinner, neither in the furnace nor out of the fire. He hath said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;" and "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."

My dear friend, I heard the other day, through our much-esteemed friend Mr. Philpot, that you had been ill; and when I read that you were able to get to chapel again, my heart was drawn out towards you and yours in such sweet warmth and spiritual affection, that I said within myself, "I will write to my old

friend the first opportunity I have, and ask him how his soul fared in the furnace, and whether his faith saw the face of the Refiner in the furnace, and how much dross was purged away." I hope that the hand of the Purifier of silver and the Purifier of gold was seen, and that the voice of the Lord was heard; for he hath said, "Hear ye the rod." There must be a voice in every stripe and stroke which we meet with in our pathway through the wilderness; for we read that "the voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty; the voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire; the voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness." Yes, it does indeed shake the soul out of that dark, bewildered, confused state of mind under which our hard and rebellious hearts are almost ready to charge it upon the Lord. And did not Israel of old complain of this? The Lord said, "O generation, see ye the word of the Lord. Have I been a wilderness unto Israel? A land of darkness? Wherefore say my people, We are lords; we will come no more unto thee? Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire? Yet my people have forgotten me days without number." Then, my dear friend, what a mercy and consolation it is for such as you and I feel ourselves to be that the Lord hath said that he will not forget us! And he hath said, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." And to bind it firmer, he hath said, "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons." Then we can see that there is a great blessing set forth in the enduring of afflictions, trials, troubles, and temptations. For the Holy Ghost hath said, "Behold, we count them happy which endure." He hath also said, "Blessed is the man that endureth tempta-

tion, for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." Then my dear friend may be ready to say, Do I love the Lord, or no? Well, you are sure that you have loved him, and that was because he first loved you, and gave himself for you.

Our united love to yourself, Mrs. E., to Mr. Covell, Mr. and Mrs. West, and your family circle.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXIII.—TO MR. COVELL.

Godmanchester, September 17th, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND TRUE YOKEFELLOW IN THE BONDS OF THE GOSPEL,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your highly-favoured soul, so that your heart may rejoice all your journey through, whether it be long or short; and so that you may sing of mercy, love, and blood all your days, and not be left to sink down in unbelief and hardness of heart. For sure I am, if the Lord hides his blessed face, and shuts up our hearts and souls, down we go into chains and fetters; and we have to live under the cloud, and groan out under a body of sin and death. My soul would like to be what the Lord makes his ministers,—“a flame of fire,” so that my soul might be able to feelingly love and serve him with a pure heart fervently. But I do not wish to complain; for “wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?” I am sure of this one thing,—that I have thousands of mercies more than I deserve. See how many breaths I draw in and breathe out in a day, and what a great measure of health and strength I am favoured with. I preached twice at home yesterday week, then drove six miles, and preached in the evening, and drove home after the service; preached three times yesterday, and up early

this morning. I have a good bed to lie upon, food convenient, and raiment to put on, and a good hope through grace that, when I have finished my labours below, there is a crown of righteousness laid up for me ;—for you also, and all the election of grace. How many times my soul has longed to be with him, to see him as he is, and be like him.

I trust, my dear brother, that you are well, and your dear wife. I much enjoyed my visit among you last month, and I should much like to enjoy the company of my dear friend here, and to hear him in my pulpit. I should have written to you before, but have had friends staying with us since our return from London ; but now we have room in the house, and also in our hearts, to receive a visit from yourself and any friend that you like to bring with you.

My wife unites with me in kind love to Mrs. C. and yourself.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

LXIV.—TO MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, September 28th, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND, MAY I NOT SAY, SPIRITUAL SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND IN GOD OUR FATHER, THE FATHER OF ALL OUR MERCIES, AND THE GOD OF ALL GRACE,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your spirit. Many thanks for your kind and good letter. It was a long time since I heard from you ; therefore it came in an acceptable time.

I do not feel in a fit state of mind for writing ; yet such as I have I will send unto you. I am become a very poor thing, in every sense of the word ; and the longer I live the poorer my soul grows. My helpless state I cannot describe to any one. I am become such an inside sinner, in vain thoughts and foolish imaginations, so that I am plagued all the day long, more or

less. I sometimes wonder where all my former peace and enjoyment are gone; for my soul is brought at times to call to remembrance the former days, in which my soul was so blessedly illuminated with the life and light of the dear Son of God from morning until noon, and from noon until night, and my poor heart drinking into the precious love and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, drawing such sweetness and virtue out of it, often crying out, "It is enough, Lord!" Then my soul lived upon the truths of the sweet Book of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; so that the wine, milk, oil, and honey of the Word seemed to be continually flowing within my heart, like so many warm springs from a fountain. Then my soul never grew weary of talking, preaching, reading, praying, or writing. Then I could sit up half the night reading, singing, or writing, with a warm heart and a free spirit, without any sleep in my eyes or slumber in my eyelids. Living faith and hope had such fast and firm hold of the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, that the gospel door was open in front of the door of faith and hope; and my soul had continual access to God the Father, by the faith of the Son of God; and the door of unbelief and infidelity was shut. My soul could then pray without being tormented with wandering thoughts and the evil of sin. But if little-faith now sends out a sigh, cry, or groan, unbelief follows close at its heels, and doubts whether my prayer has any entrance into the compassionate heart of the Lord Jesus Christ. So that, between the power of sin in my heart, and the temptations of the devil, my soul has but little rest here below. But there is something within my soul which is looking forward for "that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Although my poor soul is plagued and tormented in this way, yet there is a burning desire within my heart to live, act, speak, walk, and do those things which are pleasing in his eyesight.

I am living daily to prove that I am a sinner, and I am compelled to dig in the hole in the wall ; and when the door is open at the end of the hole, and my soul is obliged to see all the filthy abominations that are carried on there, it almost makes me sink. But when the blessed Spirit opens up that precious fountain, which is "opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness," to my heart and soul, then all is well in a moment. My soul can then sing unto Him who hath loved me, and washed me in his own most precious blood ; so that love, blood, and righteousness are all my hope, all my salvation, and all my desire. Then I feel that my soul will soon be landed out of the reach of sin and devils. My soul will see my dear suffering Saviour face to face ; and I am sure that, when this takes place, my soul will be swallowed up in him for ever and for ever. Sometimes I long for that day and hour to come ; but when pain runs through my body, my soul trembles at the thought of death, and how I shall endure it when it comes. But I am sure that death is destroyed for me and for all the election of grace from the beginning of the world down to the end. Therefore, fear thou not, dear friend ; but trust in him, and hang your all upon him whether for life or death, for time or for eternity. "He is faithful who hath called you ; who also will do it."

With our united love to yourself and sister, and to all inquiring friends, I am,

Yours in the Faith,

T. GODWIN.

LXV.—TO MR. PARRY.

Godmanches'er, January 1st, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND AFFLICTED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you and yours, to encourage your souls in the thorny path

of tribulation. This is the desire of a poor unworthy sinner.

I have for many years past written a few lines to you at the commencement of the new year ; and as my mind has taken a survey round this morning upon my old friends, I feel that you are the first that I shall put pen to paper to. And may the Lord help me to write under the anointing power of God the Holy Ghost.

Through God's great goodness and mercy, I am brought through the year 1866 ; and I would desire to thank the dear Lord for holding me up in the slippery path of sorrow, trouble, grief, and temptation, and for holding me on in the strait and narrow path which leadeth unto the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Notwithstanding all the drawbacks, stumbling-blocks, trials, deadness, foolishness, and folly, here I am. I am lost in wonder at the goodness and mercy of the Lord, in keeping me upon the walls of Zion, and in giving my soul life and liberty to proclaim his truth Sabbath after Sabbath. And although he keeps my soul so poor and empty until after I get into the pulpit, so that I am sometimes shut up in such hard bondage, without any text during the time of the singing, yet, bless his dear and precious Name, the great Quickener and Comforter comes in due time, and removes the dark and gloomy clouds, levels the mountains, and lays the hills low. He breaks off my chains and fetters, and brings my soul out of the prison-house, and enables me to shout Victory through atoning love and blood. Then the Lord enables me to go into the holes, pits, and prisons, to fetch out the poor prisoners, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house. Sometimes I am led back to see that I have been hobbling on for thirty-two years in the ministry, the many miles I have travelled, the holes and corners I have preached in, the friends I have lost by death, the number of ministers of truth that have been removed by death, the few that there are left that were preachers thirty-two

years ago. If I live until after next month, I shall be 64 years of age ; and at this time I feel as well as ever I have in this world, or expect to be. And the dear Lord has made all his promises good to my soul that ever he spoke to my heart with life and power ; although, at times, I seem to have lived out all my religion, so that there does not seem to be one grain of grace left in my soul, nor yet a sigh, groan, or cry after any. So that I sink into a very helpless and weak state of soul, and am left without any appetite, hunger, thirst, panting, or longing after anything from the Lord. I cannot read my Bible, or think a good thought ; and I am as miserable as I can live. Then I wonder whether there was ever such a one as I in a profession and a possession for forty years, left in such a desolate state and condition as I often am. Then I search my Bible, and I can see a few of the prophets and apostles crying out under the same complaint. Poor old Jacob cried out, " Few and evil have been the days and years of my pilgrimage." And Moses said, " Kill me out of sight, and let me not see my wretchedness." Poor Job cried out, " Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?" And again he said, " He hath fenced up my way, that I cannot pass ; he hath set darkness in my paths." Poor David cried out, " Why art thou so far off from helping me ? Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?" And again he cries out, " Leave not my soul destitute." He was left " in desolate places as dead men." Solomon in his old age cries out that all things were " vanity and vexation of spirit." He says, " For in much wisdom is much grief ; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." The prophet Isaiah proved the same. He had to walk naked and barefoot, and cry out, " Woe is me, for I am undone." Poor Jeremiah sank in the mire, and cursed the day wherein he was born ; and also cried out that his strength and his hope had perished from the Lord. And Daniel cries out, under the vision he had, " My

comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength." Jonah said, "I am cast out of thy sight." Paul cried out under his load, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And poor John feared, after all, that he might be left to sink into hell, after all his former enjoyment.

So then, my dear brother, you and myself must not think it "strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try us."

I have just received a letter from our much-esteemed friend Philpot, which brought the sorrowful tidings of another dear friend's death,—Mr. R. Healy. O the trouble he has gone through respecting the painful affliction of his dear wife! And now he is taken before her; but he is taken from the evil to come, and his soul is landed safe in glory. Look at the wisdom of God in bringing him to Oakham to die. Look, then, my dear afflicted brother, and see how the dear Lord spares yourself to live with your dear wife and family. Although the Lord makes the furnace rather not, at times, yet he withdraws the rod for a short time from you, and gives you a little ease and comfort. And, bless you, he will bring you safe to the end; and it shall be a good end too, and your soul shall see him face to face, and be for ever like him. Therefore, we must be a little like him here below in suffering, in some way or the other, as the Lord shall see fit. And remember that "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The Lord bless you, smile upon your soul, and spare your valuable life for years to come. And may he bless your dear wife, and have mercy upon your family.

With our united love to yourself, Mrs. P., Mr. T., and any inquiring friends, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXVI.—TO MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester, January, 1867.

**MY DEAR FRIEND AND AFFECTIONATE BROTHER
IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—**

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort and encourage your soul in the way.

Through the tender mercies of the Lord, we are brought through the year 1866, and we have entered into a new year. Doubtless there are new troubles and trials laid up for us, and will be weighed and measured out to us; and we also hope, if we are spared through another year, that there are some new covenant blessings treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ, to be brought down into our hearts by God the Holy Ghost, and which will revive our hearts and souls in the things of God, and encourage our souls to press on in the thorny path of tribulation. We have been brought through all our troubles and trials up to the present moment. We had many perplexing things to pass through during the last year,—many hard battles to fight, many sore conflicts, powerful temptations, and fiery darts from the devil; many hard speeches from our enemies; many sinkings of soul; with all the deadness, hardness, doubts, fears, bondage, and blindness, all our fretfulness, peevishness, and rebellion; and they are all gone for ever, and we have all that the less to go through. But again, on the other hand and side of our religion, all the comforts, blessings, smiles, tokens, testimonies, applications, revelations, helps, drops, and crumbs,—are they all gone for ever? No, blessed be God; they are treasured up against the time to come, and locked up in the heart and soul. For the Lord the King hath said that of all things which he hath given to his people he would lose nothing, but that he would raise it all up again at the last day. Then cheer up; there is hope in your end. And although the Lord hath done so much for me in

every way, and brought me through so many trials, troubles, afflictions, temptations, and sorrows, and levelled so many mountains, and laid so many hills low for me, yet I have no hope that I shall ever be better or do better; because I have proved myself to be so bad for so many years. And as there is no good thing in the flesh, it is not likely that any good thing can come out of it.

So, my dear friend, I have begun this new year as a poor vile sinner, hanging my all upon the finished work of Christ. And sure I am that I cannot add anything to it, no, nor yet take anything from it. And there is a secret within my heart and soul that desires to live to his honour and glory. I want to love the Lord Jesus Christ more, and serve him better. My soul would exalt him higher, and lay the sinner lower; but I feel to be such a poor, blind, empty, weak thing, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. I have not to go out into the world after evil. No; it is present with me. Mark that, my dear fellow-traveller. And when the will is present, how to perform that which is good I find not. So then why should I, or you, or any other poor tried child of God, think that he can do more than the great apostle Paul? And yet we are so foolish as to think that we ought to do this, that, and the other. But I do desire to have divine faith wrought in my soul, to enable me to believe in what is done by God the Father and God the Son; for I am sure that the work is done well; and all my soul wants is to enjoy more of the power, sweetness, beauty, and blessedness of it from day to day, and to be more watchful unto prayer. I desire to be kept very near to himself, to be made more useful to his poor tried family, to draw more water out of the wells of salvation, and be fed out of his fulness, love, and blood. I want him to enrich my heart, and fill my earthen vessel with that rich store and divine food, that I may come before the people richly laden with gospel treasure.

I hope yourself, your dear wife and family are all well. Through mercy, we are. Our united love to yourself, Mrs. O., and to our much-esteemed friend Taylor ; not forgetting your family circle.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXVII.—TO MR. FEAZEY.

Godmanchester, February 14th, 1867.

MY DEAR SON IN THE FAITH OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with thy spirit, to comfort thy poor cast-down soul, and to strengthen thy weak and feeble heart.

We often talk about you, and I hope that my soul has prayed for you many times ; but the best of it is when you can pray for yourself, and get the answer from heaven ; because it is that which helps your soul on in the way, and encourages you to press on through all opposition. It is that which strengthens your faith to stand under all the temptations, troubles, and trials which you meet with in the way. I am sure of this one thing,—that tribulation must be your lot, because the Lord and Saviour hath left you that legacy ; and there never was another way to heaven, and there never will be. The Lord by the apostle hath said that it is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God. So the Lord's *musts* shall stand firm and fast for ever. And the Lord hath said, "And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried. They shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people ; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." But I know that furnace-work is killing work to flesh and blood ; and the way that the Lord takes to purify his people is in the whirlwind and in the storm. And truly it is very

trying when a man labours hard night and day for the bread that perisheth, and all the power of his heart and soul is in it, so that he would wish to meet all demands, and owe no man anything, and yet when the more he tries to get forward, the further he is thrown back. There is one thing I think that good men and women should look after before they make a move or take a step in providence ;—they should ask themselves this question : Am I going away from the gospel ? or am I seeking God's glory to honour him in his house among his people ? You feel that everything seems against you. You have not the gospel to comfort you on a Lord's day, nor yet a spiritual companion to commune with ; so that you are in a solitary path, and have to dwell alone. But the Lord will help you, and bless you, and appear for you ; because he hath said, " Call upon me in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee ; and thou shalt glorify me." So, my dear friend, wait upon him, and wait for him, and he will comfort your soul ; for he hath said, " I will not leave you comfortless ; but I will come to you."

Your last letter to me savoured much of the anointing power of God the Holy Ghost ; and a sweet line of divine experience was set forth therein. I see by these trials and exercises that the Lord is teaching your soul to profit.

My wife unites with me in love to you.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXVIII.—To MR. HOPPER.

Godmanchester, February 19th, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

When I wrote to you last I was very poorly indeed ; and I have been much worse since then ; and my poor wife has been very poorly too. But, through undeserved mercy, we are both better. I only

felt to have just strength to get through my labours on Lord's day; and had not the Lord put fresh strength and courage into my heart and soul, I must have broken down. Many of the friends felt for me; but the Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that are compelled to trust in him. I am sure that there never would have been one grain of true religion in my heart and soul if the Lord the Spirit had not burned it into my heart; and when my soul enjoyed so much of the life and power and sweetness of the gospel of Christ in years gone by from day to day, and my soul was so lively in the things of God that I felt as happy as I could live, I never knew what it was to have a doubt or fear upon my mind respecting the reality of my religion. I never once thought that all this would vanish and sink out of my soul's sight, and that nothing but leanness, barrenness, hardness, darkness, ignorance, and coldness would be felt. I never thought that I should have to go up to the house of God laden with such heaps of rubbish, and under such hard conflicts, with a heart full of groans and sighs, and have to meet such a large number of poor tormented sinners, who have been dragged down and pulled to pieces by sin and Satan, and under the hidings of God's dear countenance. And all these poor tried and tormented children of God expect the minister to enter into their cases, and show them whereabouts in the pathway they are; because when the poor dear children of God have neither appetite nor food, and no minister to go in and out before them from Sabbath to Sabbath, it does indeed make it trying.

I often think of you, being fixed where you have preaching only once a fortnight; and you are often confined to the house when there is preaching. But remember this, my dear brother, the Lord has given your soul a religion which came out of God's mouth from heaven, and you have proved this scripture to be true: "And hath raised us up together, and made

us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." And you have a few of these spots to go back to in Oxford, as well as at many other places. And you are sure that you never had your religion of man, neither by man, but from God, who separated you from your mother's womb, and called you by his grace, to reveal his Son in you. And here the devil can never get a foothold in my soul, to charge me with robbery, or that I had my religion of men or authors. No; I never wanted such a religion, for the enmity of my heart boiled up against it. But when the law entered into my conscience, and the offence began to abound, then my soul cried out aloud for mercy day and night. And sure I am that no soul can be brought there without crying for mercy. And there is no rest or peace until mercy reaches the heart and soul. And when free mercy enters into the soul, and the Saviour is revealed to the heart, then heaven is begun below. And here the soul goes forth in the dances of them that make merry. Now, after living in peace and joy so many years, then to have a second hell to carry about within one, and to be plagued with sin and unbelief, makes it trying travelling through this wilderness. But, blessed be God, there is a good hope through grace underneath all the darkness, death, and confusion.

I am fearful that you are still poorly, because I have not heard from you since my return from London.

I trust the dear Lord is at work among us, and bringing one and another to light through the gospel. We are expecting to have a few more added to us.

The Lord bless your soul with the dew of heaven, comfort your heart, and strengthen your poor tabernacle. This is the desire of your poor unworthy friend. My wife unites in love to you and the friends.

Yours in Tribulation,

T. GODWIN.

LXIX.—TO MR. ROWORTH.

Godmanchester, April 4th, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your heart, soul, and spirit. This will help you to press on through the crowd of opposition within and without; at home and abroad. It will also encourage you when faint, strengthen you when weak, comfort you when your soul is cast down, and make your heart glad when you are sorrowful.

It is now a long time since I received your kind letter. I will try and scribble you a line or two. But my soul is very poor and lean, dead and dull; so that if I cannot send you any bread, meat, milk, wine, or oil, I must send you a few dry bones and sinews for you to scrape and break; so that you may find a little marrow, if you can joint the bones. And as I know that you are an old soldier, and skilful in using the armour, therefore you may send the point of the sword through the joint of the harness, and draw out a little blood; and that will show that there is life in the root of the writer, notwithstanding all the death, darkness, hardness, bondage, and sorrow.

But still, the poor old sinner would like to send his brother and companion in tribulation something that he could swallow, so that it might not stick in his throat. I am sure that my friend likes a good homely dish, home-baked bread, well leavened; but I am such a poor scribe. Yet such as I have I will give to you.

I am living upon what thousands of empty professors are trampling under their feet; and that is love, blood, and righteousness. I feel that there is a living substance in it that makes my soul to stand all the hardships of a soldier. And sometimes when the old serpent begins to show his head, and accuse my soul, the Lord the Spirit puts the sword into the hand of faith, and all the armour is buckled on in a moment,

and out my soul is turned into the field of battle. Then the old serpent skulks off with all his hellish crew, and the shield of faith quenches all his fiery darts. After a hard struggle, my soul comes out of the field of battle like a soldier who has not lost one limb, nor yet received a deadly wound, with my armour much brighter than when my soul was called into the field, and my soul thanking, blessing, praising, and exalting the King of kings and Lord of lords. And sure I am that there is no food so strengthening and nourishing as the Father's everlasting love, and the Saviour's precious blood and beautiful righteousness; and I find that one good meal of this strong meat helps my soul to hang my all upon his finished work, and say, "My Jesus hath done all things well" for me and in me. And here I am living, because the Father hath made me accepted in the Beloved.

The Lord grant you much of the Spirit's anointing. This is the desire of

Your poor Fellow-sinner in the
Bonds of the Gospel,

T. GODWIN.

LXX.—TO MR. COVELL.

Godmanchester, April 8th, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your spirit in its sweet enlargements, to make and keep your heart soft, your spirit meek, your mind humble, and your conscience tender in his blessed fear. This will make your Master's work go well, both in and out of the pulpit.

It is now a long time since I received your last kind letter. I ought to have written to you before; but I am in the possession of such a sluggish, dull, and lazy heart that nothing short of the renewing and reviving

work of the Holy Ghost can make my slothful heart lively and active in the things of God, and in my Master's work and divine service. And I am sure that my dear friend Covell will say the same, although his heart may be kept more soft, his conscience more tender, and his soul more alive in the best things than my own. Therefore, he walks in the strait and narrow path with more pleasure and delight, and his soul is not cumbered about with such a load of sin as myself. But still I do not believe that your heart is any better than my own; only divine grace subdues your depravity, and keeps it under; but mine is like the swelling tide, continually ebbing and flowing. But there is a secret something that now and then flows into my heart and soul, which stills the flowing tide, and sends all the wild beasts into their dens; and then my soul comes forth again with a shout of Victory! through atoning love and blood. Then I feel the pulpit work to be a great pleasure; and my soul can stand upon the walls of Zion with confidence and assurance of my soul's interest in the truths that I am advancing, and I bring before the people both doctrine, experience, and practice. And I find that there is a great number who can endure to hear the doctrine preached; but the experimental and practical part of religion professors hate. But we must have it all blended together, like one golden chain, and wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost. I am sure that what the Holy Ghost works in the heart, the soul will work out by faith in the life, conduct, and actions.

Then, my dear friend, what a comfort and consolation it is to have such a religion wrought in one's soul and burned into one's heart by the blessed Spirit of truth; and to be killed to all the pleasures and vanities of this dying world; and to be watching and waiting for our discharge, to lay down this body of sin and death, under a good hope, through grace, that it will be fashioned like unto his glorious body at the resurrection morn; so that we shall be for ever with the

Lord, and be like him in glory, to sing an everlasting song of love and blood to him that hath loved us and given himself for us ! Then, my dear friend, fight on the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life. The prize is sure ; the battle is won ; victory is gained ; and the mansion is prepared for all the valiant men of Israel.

Yours in Tribulation,

T. GODWIN.

LXXI.—TO MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester, April, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,
WHOM I LOVE IN THE TRUTH, AND FOR THE TRUTH'S
SAKE—

May free mercy, love, and blood be let down into your heart and soul. That would strengthen you with might in the inner man, and encourage your soul in the strait and narrow path, which leadeth into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I have been thinking about writing to you for some days past, and took up my pen to do so ; but I could not find any oil in the cruse, wine in the cellar, bread in the cupboard, nor strong drink in the vessel. I had nothing but bones and sinews to send you ; and knowing, as I do, that your soul loveth savoury meat, and that you cannot feed upon husks, therefore I wanted to wait until Monday to see if the King would pay me a visit, so that he might leave something behind him that would touch the main-spring of my heart and soul ; that by faith I might draw up a little water out of the wells of salvation, and dip my foot in oil, so that my scraps might be made acceptable to my dear brother Oliver. But I have passed through a night of sighing and mourning on my bed, after a hard yet easy day's labour yesterday, fearing that my mind and

memory were giving way, and trying to ask the Lord to spare them to me a little longer. And surely, my dear Lord and Master will do this as long as he has a few poor souls for me to feed. I am sure that the Lord never took such a one as myself, so ignorant and foolish, to feed his people. But there is one thing that my soul is sure of; and that is, there is something within my heart which cleaves to my Lord and Master, and to his dear and precious truth; and I feel a desire to live and die proclaiming it, although in the night I thought I should have to give up, and go and take a house in some retired spot. But I know that the enemy of my soul is for ever trying to beset me and distress me, both by day and night; but the Lion of the tribe of Judah rebukes the old serpent, and stands himself in the front of the battle, gives my soul a dead lift, and brings me out of the field without a broken bone or a deadly wound. And the only weapons that my little faith and hope have to fight with are love and blood; and my soul has ever proved that the love, blood, and righteousness of the dear Lamb of God have been the only standard the Holy Ghost has lifted up against the enemy when he has come in like a flood. And what else has my old and faithful friend to trust in, hang upon, and run into for safety, when the enemy sets in upon his soul? Nothing but free mercy, sovereign grace, and everlasting love and blood can do his soul any good. And although I am become such a poor, barren, desolate sinner, yet I am a sinner saved in the Lord Jesus Christ with an everlasting salvation; and my soul is waiting daily and, at times, hourly for the coming of the Lord to take off the sackcloth, and to say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." Amen.

Our united love to yourself, Mrs. O., friend Taylor, and your brother deacons.

Yours in Him,

T. GODWIN.

LXXII.—TO MR. PARRY.

Godmanchester, April 25th, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND AFFLICTED BROTHER IN
THE ONCE BRUISED AND AFFLICTED SON OF GOD,—

I address you in Him who was despised and rejected of men, “a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” And O the pains and agony that the dear Lamb of God endured for your sins and mine! “Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.” O, my dear friend, what poor short-sighted creatures we are while passing under the rod of God’s correcting hand, and suffering a little pain! We lose sight of the sufferings of Christ, and of the glory that shall follow. And how we kick and murmur under every little cross when the Lord hides his blessed face! We lose sight of our thousands of mercies, and we forget that we were chosen in the furnace of affliction, out of the old world of sinners, and that, if children, then we are “heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.” Then let us begin to reckon with one of old, and say from our very hearts, “For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us!” And we are exhorted: “Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds.”

And how much my poor soul needs to consider in this way; for I am become so very forgetful of my many mercies. But my mind often runs down to have a look at my dear afflicted brethren at A.; and sometimes my soul is favoured to draw near to the mercy-seat, to ask the Lord to comfort your hearts and souls under your bodily suffering, and to give your souls a

felt sense "that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Then, my dear afflicted friend, I have known you over thirty years. We have wept together and rejoiced together; fasted together, and fed together off of the same fatted calf, and of the finest of the wheat; and we were put into the same school of Moses, condemned under the same law, and pierced through and through under the same divine justice. We were pardoned by the same God and by the same precious blood; justified in the same spotless righteousness; and sanctified in the same holiness. And we have the testimony of this in our own hearts and souls. I have witnessed this in my own soul, and you have witnessed the same in yours; and neither men nor devils can turn these living testimonies into a lie; for they are put into our hearts and souls by the Holy Ghost, and fastened there to stand as long as life shall last; and then our souls will dwell for ever in the dear bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lord comfort and support you and dear Mr. T. under your suffering, and give you patience to endure unto the end. Amen.

Our love to you all as a family.

Yours in the Lord,

T. GODWIN.

LXXIII.—TO MR. VAUGHAN.

Godmanchester, July 16th, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Peace be with you and yours, to comfort your hearts when cast down, enliven your spirits when dead, soften your hearts when you feel them hard, and warm your affections when cold. This is the desire of your unworthy friend.

I was indeed glad to see you once more ; and we should have been glad to see Mrs. V. also. I often think about you both ; and how it was that I forgot that I was a letter in your debt I cannot think. But I will now try and write you a line or two. I am become a poor scribe ; yet such as I have I will try and send you, for my conscience will not allow me to borrow or steal. "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked."

I can freely and feelingly write to you as one of the Lord's servants, and as a true yoke-fellow in the gospel of the Son of God. Then may I not be allowed to enter into a few things which constitute this yoke?

In the south-west of Wiltshire, the way of breaking in oxen is by chaining them to a tree, and turning them loose, and letting them draw this tree about, and kick, and rear, and plunge, until they fall down mad and conquered. Then they lie down stubborn and sulky. By and bye they will rise up, and have another struggle. Then the harness is put on them, and they are yoked together, taken out into the field, and linked on to the plough. Then, my dear brother, we read that Zion must be ploughed as a field. And doth the ploughman plough all the day? Doth he not sometimes break its clods? The Lord hath said, "I will make Ephraim to ride. Judah shall plough, and Jacob shall break his clods." Again, the Lord hath said, "Where no oxen are, the crib is clean ; but much increase is by the strength of the ox." As God's dear ministers are compared to oxen, he hath also said, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn."

Now, let us try and see if we can enter a little into this yoke, which the poor minister at Godmanchester is yoked up with ; and we may find the poor minister at Bradford yoked up in the same yoke. In the first place, the Lord the Holy Ghost makes the man a minister. Paul said that he was made a minister ; then he did not make himself one. Then the Lord puts the

harness upon the poor ox, and lays a solemn weight upon his mind and conscience, gives him the burden of the word of the Lord, gives his soul the little book. This he eats up, and feels it to be sweet in his mouth, but bitter in his belly. The written roll is given to him ; and it is written within and without with lamentations, mourning, and woe.

Then there is set before the poor ox the rebellious house of Israel, and the solemn care and charge of sinners' souls, and the solemn weight of being faithful to every man's conscience in the sight of God. He is commanded: "In the morning sow thy seed; and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

But again. A seedsman must well understand the seed and the soil. And the servant must have a real regard for his Master, and not give that which is holy unto dogs, nor cast the pearls before swine ; but lay before the children the everlasting bread of life, the dear everlasting Son of the Father in truth and love. A minister needs to have a discernment between a child and a bastard, a dead professor and a living possessor.

But again. We must enter a little more into this yoke. The servant of God must have an experimental knowledge of the depravity and deceitfulness of the human heart, opened up by the Holy Ghost, with all the weakness, infirmities, hardness, emptiness, slothfulness, ignorance, temptations, and unbelief ; with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. This fetters and yokes a man's soul up. This made poor Paul say : "Bonds and afflictions abide me." Then he must experience all the shuttings-up in heart and soul ;—the Word of God shut up, the throne of grace shut up, and the Saviour's face hid. Death and darkness cover the path, and chains and fetters bind the soul in bondage. In this state, the poor ox must go to the pulpit, trembling and fearing lest the Lord should not come and help him, knock off his chains and fetters, open the prison door, and bring

his soul forth into a large room. But honours crown his brow! By and bye he comes in all his power and beauty, delivers his poor captive mind and soul, gives life and liberty, and opens a door of utterance. Then the soul comes forth with a shout of Victory! through love and blood. Then the poor ox begins to scatter the good seed; and the Lord hath said, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

The Lord bless you and yours. Our united love to yourself and wife. From

Your Fellow-ploughman,

T. GODWIN.

LXXIV.—To Mr. PARRY.

Godmanchester, Sept. 9th, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

I can only send you a line of real sympathy in the death of our dear brother Tuckwell. We feel sure that your loss in his eternal gain. When the sad tidings reached us this morning, it filled us with grief, mixed with joy that our dear brother was landed safe in glory.

How true it is that "in the midst of life we are in death!" Yesterday morning we received a letter to announce the death of our dear sister, Miss Bowyer. She died on Friday night about ten o'clock. We have lost, as a church and people, a very valuable friend and member. She was a kind lady to the poor of the flock.

On Thursday night, on my way from Southill, the thought struck me, just before we got to Huntingdon Station, that instead of my going home, I must drive to Buckden to see Miss B., as I had not seen her just lately. So I drove to B., which is about four or five miles from the station. She had not taken any notice

of her friends all day; but as soon as she heard my voice, her spirit revived. I found her soul hanging on the finished work of the Son of God. She often said in her illness,

“Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.”

She was a meek, quiet woman, a very consistent character, and a humble walker. I shall miss her as a hearer.

I am sure that you all feel much the death of our dear friend Tuckwell. I should like to have seen him once more; but his full time was come. He is delivered out of all his troubles, sorrows, and sins; and is landed safe in glory; and we shall soon be with him.

Then, my dear afflicted brother, the Lord has spared you to see the end of our much-esteemed friend. And what a mercy it is for you and me that we have the same religion, the same God and Saviour, and the same everlasting home and happiness to enter into when we die! Our trials, sorrows, fears, pains, and temptations will soon be at an end.

I hope to be with you for the last two Lord's days in this month. I have several invitations for Wilts, but I have declined them nearly all on account of my feeling so weak and poorly. I feel that I am coming to the house of mourning; but hope the blessed Jesus will come and comfort our hearts and shine upon our souls. The Lord bless you all. Our united love to you, Mrs. P., and family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXXV.—TO THE CHURCH AT GODMANCHESTER.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED BRETHREN IN THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace from God our
Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ be with you,

to comfort you in all your tribulation, to strengthen you under all your weakness, and to encourage your souls in all your troubles, trials, sorrows, and sicknesses.

We can feelingly say, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation. And our hope of you is steadfast, knowing that, as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation."

I have thought much about you since I left home, and have been much troubled on your behalf, because we have been disappointed in the supply which I engaged at the commencement of the year. But still, we cannot help affliction. And doubtless it has been a great trial for our friend because he was not able to fulfil his engagement.

I trust, my dear brethren, you felt the presence of the Lord with you last Lord's day, and that the Spirit of grace and of supplication was poured out into your hearts and souls, and that you felt it good to wait upon him, and to draw near to him in prayer, in reading his blessed Word, and in singing the sweet hymns. The church is exhorted to "pray without ceasing;" and to be "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel; for which I am an ambassador in bonds; that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak." I trust you will be enabled to pray that I may keep nothing back which may be profitable, and

that I may not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, as far as the Holy Ghost hath taught me ; that I may take heed unto myself, “and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made me overseer to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.”

May the Lord make me faithful to every man's conscience in the sight of God. And may the Holy Ghost lead me into all his blessed truth, that the power of the Lord Jesus may be manifested to my soul, that I may be able to preach the word of truth with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven ; so that my soul may be a burning and a shining light among you. And may the Lord keep me with a tender conscience and a humble spirit, that godly fear may flow in my heart and life like a fountain of light, and that my care for you as a church and people may yet abound, and that my soul may be enabled to pray for your souls' prosperity. And may peace and union still abound among us as a church and people, and grace enable us to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. I long after you in the bowels of Jesus Christ ; and can rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. And if you should be left without a man preacher next Lord's day, may the God-Man Mediator come down into your hearts, and set them all on fire with his mercy, love, and blood. Then your souls will be satisfied with the goodness of God's house ; and Christ and his cross will be all your boast and song. Christ will be precious ; and his service perfect freedom.

“And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified.” The Lord be with you all.

From your unworthy
but affectionate Pastor,
T. GODWIN.

LXXVI.—TO MRS. PRAKE AND MISS MORRIS.

Godmanchester, December 4th, 1867.

MY DEAR SISTERS,—

As you have again passed through another great and painful bereavement, I will try and write you a line or two in a way of Christian sympathy. I feel assured that the loss of your dear sister has been a great trial to you both.

This morning, when on my knees, something said within my heart, Write to Mrs. Peake this morning. So I have taken up my pen to try and do so. May grace, mercy, and peace be manifested and multiplied unto your hearts; and this will comfort your souls under your present trial and bereavement. But we must all die, and die for ourselves, too. And happy are all those who can prove that the Lord Jesus Christ hath died for them. And when the poor soul can say feelingly, with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me;"—when the soul is brought into this blessed experience, and is in the possession of the witness of this within his own heart, this soul is made ready to meet the last enemy death; because "he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness within himself." Sometimes, when the glorious doctrine of the new birth, which the Lord Jesus himself preached to Nicodemus, comes with power into my soul, and I feel the impossibility of any soul going to heaven unless he is born again and regenerated by God the Holy Ghost, I then think how few, yea, very few, there are that seem to bear any special mark of being born again by the Spirit of God, and who are living a life of godliness here on the earth; who can feelingly say, "I am crucified unto the world, and the world unto me." There is nothing but true godliness

that can yield real contentment. And sure I am that "godliness with contentment is great gain;" for there is nothing in this world that can make my soul happy. But there is something in the blessed Jesus that can and does make me happy. When the Holy Ghost, the dear and blessed Comforter, takes of the things of Jesus, and shows them up to my heart and soul, and opens the door of faith and hope to lay hold of the love, blood, and righteousness of the dear Son of God, then I see and feel my soul's interest in all his finished work, and also in himself, who finished that great work of eternal redemption for me, finished the transgression, made an everlasting end of sin, and brought in an everlasting righteousness for me. He blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that stood against me, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross. And having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances, he made in himself of twain one new man, so making peace.

Then, my dear friends, what is there to stand against the poor believer in Jesus Christ, who has had pardon sealed upon his conscience, and peace brought into his heart and soul, through atoning love and blood, and who has walked under the enjoyment of the same, and fed upon the love and blood of the Lamb? My dear friend and sister, Mrs. Peake, will be ready to say, Ah, there was a time when my soul enjoyed something of the sweetness and savour of these precious things; but now they are hid from my sight. Well, if they are hid from your soul's enjoyment, yet they are hid for your soul in Christ. And your soul is hid with Christ in God, as his own property; and the Lord Jesus Christ is hid in God as your own. "All things are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." So then your soul must sigh and groan on, and fight under your heavy weight of sorrow, trouble, and oppression. And the Lord will help you, and strengthen your heart, and comfort your soul; and at the end of your travel your soul shall rest for

*

ever in the dear bosom of the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

Many thanks for your great kindness to the Basingstoke Chapel fund; and I desire to thank your dear sister also.

Our united love to yourself, your dear sister, and to all the dear friends by name.

Yours affectionately,

T. GONWIN.

. LXXVII.—TO MR. HOWITT.

Godmanchester, January 3rd, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your kind letter came safely to hand. Sure I am that you cannot dwell upon a surer part of the truth of God than upon the everlasting covenant of divine grace; because everything is sealed up in that sure covenant which the Lord established with Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. On this covenant all God's love, mercy, blood, pardon, peace, righteousness, and truth are for ever fixed immovable. He hath said, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." He will show them the power and beauty of the covenant,—and the sweetness and safety of the souls that are chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world. Such souls must be saved; they cannot be lost; because they are redeemed to God without spot. And when they are called by grace, that is an evidence that they are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Paul said, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant." Then what precious blood is the blood of the Lamb! And it must be so to wash and cleanse such filthy sinners, to make their black souls white in the blood of the Lamb. And the Lord de-

clares that such souls are all fair in his precious sight. And to be blessed with living faith to believe this for ourselves is a great blessing indeed. Such souls need not fear death; because the Lord Jesus Christ hath destroyed the last enemy for them, shut the gates of hell against them, and opened the gates of heaven to them as well as for them. And no enemy on earth, nor yet in hell, shall ever shut these glorious golden gates against them.

We are brought safely through another year,—a year gone, and gone for ever, with all its toils, troubles, sorrows, and temptations. The Lord bless your soul with joy and peace in believing, and give you much of the anointing power of God the Holy Ghost; and that will keep your soul in peace.

I saw Mr. Philpot the week before last. He was pretty well. I have been poorly with a cold on my chest for some time, and my breathing very bad. I have been obliged to give up Gower Street. I am not going out again this winter. I shall not be able to visit you as yet.

Our united love to you all; also to Mr. and Mrs. S.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXXVIII.—TO MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester, January 22nd, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED BROTHER
IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Surely goodness and mercy hath followed us all the days of our lives, on every hand and on every side. The Lord be praised for it all. And may he give us grace to live to his dear honour and glory the few remaining days, weeks, months, or years that we may be spared to live upon this earth.

Many thanks for your last kind letter; and as the dear Lord has brought us safely through the last year,

and we are entered into 1868, I will try and write you a few lines, to show you that I have not forgotten you. Although we are at a long distance from each other in body, yet we are often present in mind.

Then, my dear friend, what can be compared to a real soul union and deep heartfelt communion? Who can understand it but poor pardoned sinners, who have had a revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the glorious communication of the Holy Ghost, taking of the things of Jesus, and showing them to our hearts, opening up the glories of the everlasting gospel to our never-dying souls? O! My dear friend, what a sight I get when the Holy Ghost leads my soul to remember all the way the Lord has led me for these forty years, the great things he hath done for me, the glorious things he hath showed me, and the use he hath made of me to the comfort and consolation of many poor sinners, in feeding his dear lambs and sheep, and gives my soul an insight into his glorious power that hath kept me under the many and manifold temptations of the devil, and a little insight of the Lord helping me from Sabbath to Sabbath in the pulpit, and for keeping me upon the walls of Zion, declaring his blessed truth. And on the other hand, when I am led to see and feel what a fool I am, how blind I am! What a know-nothing thing I am! I wonder how it is that the people do not grow tired of me and of my poor blundering preaching. But one and another invite me to their pulpit; and the Lord adds to the church. O that I had a heart to praise him for all his great goodness and mercy towards me and mine! The Lord knows that my soul tries to thank and praise him for all his great goodness; for surely the Lord hath done wonderful things for me. His counsels of old are faithfulness and truth. My soul has never had the power nor yet the ability to ask him to do for me and give me what he has done; therefore I am sure it all came as his own free gift in every way.

Then I am often ashamed of myself, when I am led

to see how good the dear Lord is to me, and how badly I behave to him; for when I have a little cross and crooked thing to do and deal with, I grow as fretful and as impatient as a sinner can be. Then I lose sight of my many mercies; and then my dear Lord and Master shuts me up in darkness, death, and bondage. And here I have to grope in the dark; and such a gloom comes over my mind that my soul sinks down into the dark pit, where all my present religion is hid. I do not seem to have a rag to cover my naked soul. And when my poor soul is shut up in prison, there I am, bound hand and foot, until I feel that I cannot live nor yet die. But, after a time, the dear Lord opens the prison-door, and brings my soul forth; and then I can see that there are a few poor old sheep to be fetched out of the prison, and those that sit in darkness out of the prison-house. Who can enter into these holes and corners but the ox and the ass that has sunk into them? Who else could enter into the language of David, where he cries out, "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul?" These things must enter into the soul before the soul can enter into them experimentally. Then how needful it is for the preacher to be tried, to meet the cases of the hearers!

And, again; who can understand the following verse: "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing," unless the soul has sunk there itself? And there never was a deeper mire to be found than there is in my depraved heart. I thought many years ago that my soul had found the bottom; but the heart of man is so deep that the bottom is not to be found by any one. Well might it be said: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

But still, there is a little height to be lifted up into, as well as a depth to sink into. And I trust that the Holy Ghost hath raised the poor prisoner up out of the dust, and lifted the poor beggar off of the dung-hill, and set him among princes, at times, through the

past year ; which enabled my soul to sing of love and blood.

Then, my dear friend Oliver, fear thou not. The Lord is on your side ; and, notwithstanding all the deaths, pits, and prison-houses that your soul may sink into, yet there is a way out of them ; for Jesus still preaches to the spirits in prison, and delivers his prisoners out of the pit wherein there is no water. For it is by the blood of the covenant that he sends forth his prisoners out of the miry pits.

You may well wonder how it is that your heart and mind are so taken up with the things of time and sense ; but you need not wonder at it if you just think for one moment that the human heart can only go out after the things of the earth. And the natural mind goes with the heart ; so that the soul cries out, with David, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust ; quicken thou me according to thy word."

The Lord bless your soul, by lifting up the light of his dear countenance upon you, and giving you peace and rest in the Son of God.

Our united love to you all, and to your brother deacons.

Yours in Love,

T. GODWIN.

LXXIX.—TO MR. HERCOCK.

Godmanchester, February 19th, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your kind letter came to hand this morning ; and as you wished me to send you a reply by return of post, I do so, although I should have liked a little time to consider the matter over.

I have been exercised much about giving up "Anniversaries" altogether ; but as you have been kind enough to come and preach for me, I cannot feel comfortable in denying you. I have never liked anniver-

saries; neither do I like preaching with every minister; but as I have preached with dear old friend Kershaw many times, and have heard him well, therefore I cannot say No to your request. If the Lord spares my life, and gives me health and strength, I will try and come and speak in the afternoon of April 29th; and may the Lord give us a good day. I cannot say whether I shall stay the night or not. I may return after the afternoon service.

The friends heard you well the Lord's day you were here. I do not think of going from home so much this year. I am refusing invitations. I have been poorly for some weeks with a bad chest and breathing, and I seem to renew my cold every day; but the Lord's will be done.

May he comfort and encourage your soul as you pass on. I often think about you, and wonder how you are getting on. Doubtless you find it a rough and thorny way; but, my dear friend, trust thou in the Lord, and "he shall give thee the desires of thy heart." The Lord will not leave you nor forsake you, because he is faithful. Therefore he will stand by you, and strengthen you with strength in your soul. Look to him, and cast your care upon him; for he careth for you. "The Lord is good; and a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him."

The Lord bless your soul with the anointing power of the Holy Ghost. This is the desire and prayer of your friend and well-wisher.

Yours in Tribulation,

T. GODWIN.

LXXX.—To MR. AND MRS. REED.

Leicester, March 7th, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I just drop you a few lines by way of sympathy in your great and solemn bereavement, the sudden

death of your dear sister. As she was your only sister, it makes it more trying. I am sure that you both feel it deeply; and what a cutting stroke it is for her poor husband! O what a mercy it is to be made ready to meet the last enemy, and to be blessed with living faith! What a mercy to be enabled to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ hath destroyed death for me; for he hath abolished death for the poor children of God, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. So then, death is swallowed up in victory. Then, my dear friends, what a consolation it is for those who fear God, and have had a testimony of pardoning mercy applied to their consciences by the Holy Ghost! They are the souls that are made ready. Death will never come to them as a thief in the night; for such souls are looking for it, and expecting death to come before they are made ready.

O! My dear friend, Mr. R., may you feel that the death of your dear sister will prove the life of your never-dying soul. O that the Lord may sanctify the great loss of such a dear good wife to the poor widower's never-dying soul! The Lord support you all.

Our united love to you both, Mr. and Mrs. A., and any inquiring friend.

Yours faithfully and affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

P.S.—We arrived here to-day; and it being Saturday, I cannot write more. Through mercy, we are pretty well. Remember us kindly to Annie.

LXXXI.—TO MR. EVANS.

Godmanchester, August 4th, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED IN THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST,—

May the good will of him who dwelt in the bush be with you and yours, to comfort you in all your tribulation, sorrow, and grief. This is the desire of a

poor sinner, whom the Lord Jesus has washed in his own blood, and made his soul white before God.

I have a desire to write to my friend Mr. E. once more, because I know that the Holy Ghost has shown him a little of his own heart, so that he hath seen a few black spots. Therefore, he will have a little patience with me, and compare notes.

Well, the dear Lord hath brought us safely thus far on our journey. And I feel that my soul needs the work of the Holy Ghost to renew the work of grace in my heart, to create new desires and new longings after the Lord Jesus Christ, a new spiritual feeling of hunger and thirst after the bread and water of eternal life, another token and testimony of love and blood sealed home into my soul. These things will make my hard heart soft, my barren spirit fruitful, and my conscience tender in his blessed fear. I feel a little like David, when he said, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" My soul wants to make some return unto the Lord for all his goodness and mercy towards me and mine. But what have I to give? For I feel as poor as any man can be. And I see that David had nothing of his own to render to the Lord; but he said, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord." This is what my soul wants to lay hold of,—the whole cup of salvation. Part of the cup will not do for a sinner like me; but it must be the complete salvation, because I am a complete sinner. And bless his gracious Name for ever and ever, it is a cup that just suits me.

I have many times thought of my dear faithful friend and brother Evans since I saw him in May last; for I think that I never saw him so low and poorly. But I hope by this time that he is much better, both in body and mind. I never came to his house yet but what I felt at home in the best things; and I can say from my heart that I have not spent such an afternoon in company with friends as I spent at your house with our much-esteemed friend Covell and yourselves. But

I have spent a joyful afternoon and morning too with my best Friend since then. My dear Lord and Master has seen it good to put me into the furnace once more, and to bring me down very low. I have not yet recovered my usual health and strength; and the weather being so hot, day and night, I get but little sleep. But I must tell you that the affliction hath been very light, according to the consolation my soul hath received. Before my affliction, my poor tempted and sin-tormented soul had undergone a very painful war and conflict, day and night, out of the pulpit, so that I could neither live nor die. I could not serve God, neither could I leave him alone. I wondered where all my former religion and experience were vanished to; and, at times, thought, "Can I be deceived?" My life was a burden to me. On the Saturday evening, I was taken with a very violent pain, which continued all night. My dear wife was greatly alarmed; but I went to chapel and preached twice; but could not get out that evening. And a trying night I had. But on the Monday, when my poor body was brought down very low, the Lord Jesus Christ came down into my heart and soul with all his power, beauty, love, and blood. This broke my hard heart, melted my barren spirit, and enlivened and enlarged my dead soul. His great salvation set my soul on high, and turned my mourning into joy; so that the Lord Jesus Christ was precious, and his truth sweet, and the dear people of God very near and dear to my heart and soul. I had no fear of death nor hell, but a sweet assurance was wrought within my soul that all was well with me; and that, if I died, heaven would be my everlasting home. And O how my soul did hate and loathe my wretched self! I felt that the truths my soul had received and preached to others would do to live and die by; and I could lie and preach to my friends that came in to see me.

When I got to the chapel on the following Lord's day, the living family of God received the comfort and

consolation of my affliction. And last Lord's day I preached three times, and then walked down to the river and baptized; and the Lord gave me just strength enough.

Then fear thou not; the salvation of God is an everlasting salvation. And David said, "God is my salvation." My soul felt the life and power of the Saviour's salvation, and that it would carry my soul through all my troubles, trials, sorrows, pains, and temptations, and land me safe in glory.

Our united love to Mrs. E., Mr. Covell, and Mr. and Mrs. West.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXXXII.—TO MR. AND MRS. ROWLETT.

Godmanchester, November 30th, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

May grace, mercy, and peace by Jesus Christ be with your redeemed souls, to comfort and encourage your souls in the way, as you pass on through this barren wilderness. And may the Holy Ghost anoint your spirits with fresh oil, that you may be enabled to rejoice in God's great salvation; and I am sure that a little Saviour will not suit a great sinner.

I had been thinking and fearing that you had been unwell, one or both of you. I asked friend —, and he told me that you had a bad hand. The Lord grant that it may soon be well again; for I am sure that you cannot get on in your business without the use of your hands.

My mind has been exercised this morning about writing you a few lines. Then, again, I thought that I could not write anything profitable to your souls. Something said, when I took the paper, "Put it down again." I did so, and thought I would wait until the

afternoon ; and now I have summed up courage to do so.

When the Lord shows me my own ignorance, blindness, emptiness, and vileness, I feel fit for nothing, and good for nothing. I feel such a poor weak thing, and so helpless and poor ; but there is something within my heart and soul that is cleaving to the wisdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, and his great and glorious fulness. My soul is truly made willing to be saved by him ; and I am sure that there is virtue enough in the Saviour's blood to cleanse my filthy soul from all sin. Nay, he himself *hath done it*, although there seems to be so much dwelling and working in every shape and form. But the fountain is still open. I felt the sweetness of it yesterday morning, so that my heart burned within me in affection to the Lord Jesus and his dear people. And how precious is the Lord Jesus to my soul at such times ! And how sweet is the truth of God ! I feel a little of it now springing up in my heart, and flowing in my soul ; and I shall be glad if the sparks kindle upon your souls, and the fire burns in your hearts ; for I am sure that it would be acceptable to the souls of Mr. and Mrs. R., because it would refresh your spirits and comfort your souls.

O ! My dear friends, what a wonder of wonders it will be for you and me to meet in heaven ! And what a salvation it must be to carry us safely there, through all our sorrows, sins, troubles, trials, temptations, and the many things that stand in our way ! But his Name is still Jesus Christ, the Anointed of the Father, full of grace and truth ; and having loved his own which are in the world, he will love them unto the end. Therefore, fear not ; for he will stand by you, and strengthen your souls by the way.

I have had a bad throat since I last saw you ; but I am now better. Our united love to you both.

Your unworthy Pastor,
T. GODWIN.

LXXXIII.—TO MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED IN THE LORD
OF LIFE AND GLORY,—

Peace be with you, to comfort you under all your various exercises, sorrows, and troubles, and to give you to see and feel that they all work together for your good and God's glory. And how many mercies the Lord so kindly deals out to us unworthy creatures! I was speaking to my dear wife last night of the great goodness and mercy of the Lord,—how he has favoured us for so many years; and we thought and said that no two could be favoured more than we were in every way, in body, soul, and circumstances. The Lord has truly overcome me by his goodness. He has made me strong to labour. He has blessed my soul with life and liberty in speaking; and has also clothed the word with power. He hath blessed us as a church and people; and he is still adding one and another to us. Many of us were overcome at our church meeting last Lord's day.

I feel I am growing an old man; and I can say with the Psalmist, "Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee. Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity." And when the Lord leads me back to the time when, the manner how, and the place where I first heard the voice of God in my conscience, I am lost in wonder and admiration at the wonderful work of the Lord with me. He himself did it all; no man, nor yet minister, had anything to do with it. And when the Lord sent the law's curse into my conscience, and opened up sin and transgression therein, I verily thought I was already in hell; for the wrath of God boiled in my soul. I had no more hope than devils of being saved with an everlasting salvation. But the long-suffering mercies of the Lord were towards me, and his everlasting arms of love and mercy were under-

neath me. The Lord Jesus sat over the furnace, and watched the poor brand in the fire. And when the furnace had done its purifying work, then the Refiner stepped into the furnace, and pulled the poor wretch out, and brought his jewel forth out of the fire. And as my old rags were burned off, my soul stripped naked, the Lord Jesus, by his blessed Spirit, put on the best robe, and the ring, and the best shoes, and took me into the bride-chamber. There he opened his treasure, showed up his beauty, and lifted the light of his glorious countenance upon my soul. And the felt sight I had of his glorious Person I hope never to forget; and every fresh glimpse of his beauty still confirms the first application and manifestation that my soul was favoured with. And now I am looking forward to the last my soul will have on the earth; for there is such beauty and sweetness treasured up in him for every poor panting and longing soul to receive upon its entering into glory, that the very thought of it often overcomes me.

I am daily and hourly learning what it is to be saved by grace; for my weakness and infirmities grow upon me, and my helplessness and poverty are increasingly great; so that the salvation of the Eternal Son of God suits me well. But if he were not eternal, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, I could not venture my whole soul upon him. But, bless his precious Name, he has revealed himself to my soul again and again. And the glorious assurance I have is rooted within my heart and soul in his everlasting love, in his eternal redemption, and in his everlasting and glorious righteousness; so that when I see him in his glorious kingdom, I shall praise him for all his great goodness and mercy to my soul and body.

Thank you for your last kind letter. My wife unites with me in love to yourself, Mrs. Oliver, and all inquiring friends.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

LXXXIV.—TO MR. LINK.

Godmanchester, January 15th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER IN THE
LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you
and yours, to quicken and revive your souls in the
way.

We are brought through another year; and it is a
year gone and gone for ever. And has not the dear
Lord been very gracious and merciful to us up to the
present moment? What troubles, trials, sorrows,
temptations, and conflicts the Lord hath brought us
through! And bless his dear and precious Name, he
will not leave us nor forsake us down to the end of
our days; because he hath said, "I will never leave
thee, nor forsake thee." And he will prove faithful
to his promise, and make all his children prove it too.
And what a mercy it is for us that he can be touched
with the feeling of our infirmities, and that he hath been
tempted in all points like unto us! And what an amaz-
ing love his must be, to bear with us, and to suffer as
he did for us, and to put away all our sins for us by the
sacrifice of himself, and to bury them in the depth of
the sea, so that they can never rise up against us
again! No; they are sunk for ever, and cast behind
God's back. And the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
hath set his broad seal to it, and hath given us the
testimony of it in our own consciences, so that we can
set to our seal that God is true.

Many thanks for your last kind letter. And what
can I say to you? Why, I can say this much,—that
the Lord is good to unworthy me, for he hath shone
into my heart most sweetly. His precious love hath
warmed my heart, raised my spirit, illuminated my
soul, encouraged my hope, strengthened my faith, and
confirmed my confidence in all the love, blood, and
righteousness of the Lord Jesus, and my soul's inte-

rest in it. And what a great salvation it truly is! And it must be so to save such great sinners, in and through all their troubles. And what a power there is in divine grace, to hold a poor sinner up under all the temptations of Satan, and to carry one through all one's hard conflicts! And who are they that can testify of the great power of God? Why, those who feel the power of sin and temptation.

Then, my dear friend, press on through the crowd of opposition; fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life. And may the dear Comforter let down into your heart crumbs and drops by the way. This is the desire of yours in the truth.

Our united love to yourself and yours, and to your brother deacons, and any inquiring friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXXXV.—To MR. ROWORTH.

Godmanchester, February 7th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your spirit, to comfort your heart and strengthen you in weakness. This is the desire of your unworthy friend.

I received your kind and good letter; and I see by it that you have been put into the furnace again. The Lord hath chosen us in the furnace of affliction; so that every stripe and stroke that we have leaves the number less for us to pass through. Not one more than the perfect number shall we have.

Since you were with us, I have gone through a few changes. At the beginning of the new year, my soul wanted a new year's gift, a new covenant blessing. But the year commenced with me under a sore conflict between sin and grace. The old serpent tempted

me in every way, both day and night, until my life was truly a burden to me. But still, I thought there must be some poor souls passing through the same things, and that I must go through this trying path on purpose to meet their cases. And truly I proved this to be the case; for the Lord gave me this text: "But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." And the dear Lord favoured our souls together.

But since then the dear Lord hath given my soul a most glorious visit. On the morning of the 21st, the Lord began to break in upon my soul, and subdued every sin in my heart. Such peace and quietness began to flow in my heart that my cup ran over; and the Word of God came with sweetness and savour into my heart. So that Thursday, the 21st of January, was a day to my soul "without clouds." My soul was as happy as I could live. The great enemy of souls tried every way to insult me; but my loins were girded, my lamp was burning, and my soul was waiting for the last solemn change.

But last week the Lord put me into the furnace, so that I was confined chiefly to the house; but, through mercy, I am better.

Our united love to yourself and to any inquiring friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXXXVI.—TO MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, February 26th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Many thanks for your very kind, good, and affectionate letter, which came to hand this morning. I am become a very poor scribe; and I must confess I do not feel such a pleasure in letter-writing as I did in years gone by, although I am obliged to do a great deal of it, for the postman is often here twice a day.

My letters now are mostly short and empty of matter; but your letter has moved me to try and write you a few lines once more.

I see that you have again been put into the furnace of affliction, and deeply tried in your soul, feeling shut up and shut out from having any felt fellowship and communion with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ; and a hard heart and barren soul felt within. So that you have had a twofold affliction, which has greatly tried your faith and hope. But still, after the affliction had abounded, grace and consolation did much more abound. And it must be so; for the Lord hath declared that "in the world ye shall have tribulation." And we must enter into it before we feel our need to be delivered out of it. And you can sweetly say, "This is my comfort in my affliction; thy word hath quickened me." And what a sweet change is produced when our mourning is turned into a song of praise!

But I must tell you that you have not had all the affliction, nor all the consolation yourself. No; the old sinner that is now writing to you has had many changes since the commencement of the new year. The year commenced with my soul under a hard conflict. The pulpit was the most comfortable place I found from Sabbath to Sabbath. The war between sin and grace was very hot and strong; under which my soul groaned, being burdned. This continued until I felt that I could not live under it; for between the power of that deep-rooted sin, unbelief, and my weak faith, I had no rest. But when the Lord saw that my faith began to stagger through unbelief, he came down into my soul in a very powerful way and manner, and so enlarged my heart and filled my soul with his glory that my cup was full and running over with joy and peace in believing; and my soul was as happy as it could be on this side of the grave. There was not a sin in my heart, nor a devil in hell, that could disturb my peace. My soul felt ready for that great and solemn change;

for my loins were girded with his sweet truth, my lamp was burning, and my feet were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. The Lord Jesus was very precious, his truth very sweet, and his people very dear to my heart and soul ; and my vile self was hated and abhorred. And how sweet the remembrance of it is, up to the present time ! And what is all religion without life and power ? A poor empty sound, and a dry morsel ; a sound without life.

I am sure of this one thing,—that if the Lord had not put his blessed fear into my heart, and his fiery law into my conscience, I never should have left my old companions in sin. Therefore I am sure that the Lord took me up ; and he has held me up until this day. And, bless his Name, he shall have all the glory.

But since that glorious visit from my Lord and Saviour, we have both been very poorly. Sometimes my strength seemed almost gone, and my breathing was very bad ; but I kept on preaching. My wife has been in a very poor way. She has suffered so much pain in her chest, and has sunk so low under depression of spirits ; and we have had such floods for some months past. She felt she must have a change. Just at this time, I received an invitation from Hastings, from the late Mr. Fenner's people ; and also one from Brighton. So I have engaged to preach at Brighton on Lord's day week, and at Hastings on the 14th and 21st of next month. May the change prove a benefit to us, both in body and soul ; and also to the people. I have never preached at either place ; therefore may the dear Lord be manifested with me. We shall, if all be well, stay with Mrs. B—— in Brighton.

I see, too, that your dear sister has been ill ; but the dear Lord has spared her to you. And may the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob bless her soul with a powerful testimony of his redeeming love and blood ; and that will enable her soul to say with Thomas " My Lord and my God."

Our united love to yourself and dear sister, and all inquiring friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

LXXXVII.—TO THE CHURCH AT GODMAN-
CHESTER.

Hastings, March 18th, 1869.

DEAR BRETHREN AND BELOVED IN THE LORD,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort your hearts and encourage your souls in the way.

Although I am a long distance from you in bodily presence, yet I am with you in the spirit, beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith. “Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father; knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God. For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake. And ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost.” Therefore “we are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all towards each other aboundeth; so that we ourselves glory in you in the churches of God, for your patience and faith in all your persecutions and tribulations that ye endure.”

“Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means.”

Since I left you, I have thought much about you. The Lord hath tried me in another way. Last week I took cold in the railway carriage between Croydon and Brighton, which settled in my eyes ; and for some days I thought I must lose my sight. I suffered much pain ; and on last Lord's day week it tried me much to see to read. But the Lord was with me in deed and in truth ; and I believe that the living family of God were greatly blessed and encouraged in the way. I had large congregations on the Lord's day and on the week evening, And the Lord was with me at Eastbourne on Friday evening, and here at Hastings on Lord's day and last evening.

Through God's great goodness to such a worthless wretch, my eyes are very much better ; but my chest has been bad, and it was trying for me to speak last Lord's day. But when the oil, honey, and wine began to flow, then my soul was in the full life and liberty of the gospel ; and the dear Lord fed the souls of the living family of God. They have had but little preaching for the last twelve years. They have gone forty Lord's days together without any preaching when Mr. Fenner was laid aside, yet the people kept together. They seem a sober-minded loving people, and I have felt great power in preaching to them. They want to get a settled minister.

I long to see you face to face. Many changes have taken place since I left home. I have lost two more friends by death,—Mr. Weeks, of Maidstone, and Mr. Howitt, of Besthorpe.

I was sent for to go to B., but I could not break my engagement here.

The Lord be with you on Lord's day, and bless your souls together. And may the Holy Ghost pour upon you the spirit of prayer and of supplication, so that your hearts may be warmed together, and your souls be enabled to rejoice in his great salvation. And may your souls "wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, who delivered

us from the wrath to come." And may "the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing; that your souls may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." The Lord grant you all much of the dear smiling countenance of the Lord Jesus, and bring your unworthy pastor home to you again in peace and safety, and under the anointing power of God the Holy Ghost.

Farewell. Live in peace; and the God of peace be with you all.

Your affectionate Pastor,
T. GODWIN.

LXXXVIII.—TO MRS. DAVIS.

Godmanchester, April 5th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your dear redeemed soul, to comfort and console your heart. I do believe that you are one of the widows indeed, who are spoken of in the Word of truth; therefore I can write to you freely; because I could see in you what I like to see, and that is, the grace of God, which does indeed make me glad.

Many thanks for all your great kindness to me and mine during our visit with you. We felt much at home at your house. And many thanks for the manuscript. I shall never be able to pay you for all the trouble you have taken; but I believe the Lord comforts your own soul in the work; and I can feelingly pray that the Lord may return you tenfold into your own bosom.

Through much undeserved mercy and goodness, I am much better in my health. I went down into Nottinghamshire last Thursday, and preached a funeral sermon for my late dear friend Mr. Howitt. I saw the poor widow and daughter, and spoke a little of what the grace of God had done for the dear husband's

soul. He was a dear man of God. The place seemed nothing to me without him.

What a blessing it is to be one of the Lord's dear tried people! We do not like troubles, trials, or afflictions; but still they are good for our souls. The Lord has given my soul some of the sweetest tokens, testimonies, applications, and manifestations linked on to my trials that ever I have received of the Lord. And well might Paul say, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The dear Lord gave my soul a sweet visit last Tuesday. I felt as happy as I could live. And what can be so sweet as the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given to us?

I felt great peace during the time I was stopping with you, and much life and liberty in preaching. The Lord helped me yesterday through my pulpit work. "Surely goodness and mercy" have followed me "all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." What a wonder of wonders it will be for such a wretch as I feel myself to be to have my dwelling for ever with the Lord, to see him as he is, and to be like him for ever and ever!

Then, my dear friend Mrs. Davis, this is worth a little suffering for. And what is all our suffering compared with those of the dear Man of sorrows? For "he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

The Lord strengthen you out of Zion. The God of Jacob be with your spirit.

Our united love to yourself and Miss Ayerst, and all the friends. Remember us kindly to your son and daughter.

Yours in Christ,
T. GODWIN.

LXXXIX.—TO MR. WHITE.

Godmanchester, May 15th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND AFFLICTED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your dear redeemed soul. And may the Holy Ghost comfort your dear heart as you pass on through the valley of the shadow of death. And may the door of faith and hope be opened to your soul, so that you may fear no evil; for the Lord hath destroyed death for you, and removed every enemy out of your way.

The Lord strengthen you out of Zion. The God of Jacob be with you and your dear wife. This is the prayer of a poor sinner.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XC.—TO MR. HOLMES.

Manchester, June 19th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort your poor soul as you pass on through this barren wilderness.

After my long silence, I once more take up my pen to scribble a few lines to my old and much-esteemed brother in the Lord, with whom I have had sweet soul union and communion for more than thirty-three years. And I can say, before a heart-searching God, that I have never had but one feeling towards you, ever since our hearts were knit together in the bonds of peace and union. And yesterday, when I heard of your deep affliction, all our past union and communion revived, and I felt in my heart that I would write you a line of sympathy the first opportunity; so now I am set down to do so.

We have many times wept together, and rejoiced together; mourned together, and danced together; fasted together, and fed together; and I believe that we shall sing an everlasting song together. Your troubles have been mine for many years. And I am truly glad to hear that the Lord is favouring your soul in this affliction, and that your loins are girded about, and your lamp burning, and your soul made ready to enter into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. O! My dear friend, what a rich consolation it is to be favoured with a good hope through grace! And how sweet those words have been to my soul, again and again: "Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, who hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work."

The Lord grant you much of the anointing power of God the Holy Ghost, and give you strength and patience to bear up under all your pains, sorrows, and sufferings; and give you a song of victory over all your enemies, within and without.

Our united love to yourself and your dear wife, and to your family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XCI.—TO MR. AND MRS. GARNER.

Manchester, June 22nd, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

We have just heard of your painful bereavement in the death of your dear little boy. We do indeed sympathize with you under this painful stroke. How true it is that we know not what a day will bring forth! And no doubt you blame yourselves for letting him touch the warm tea. But, my dear friends,

their little hands are so quick ; they do it before you are aware of them.

My desire and prayer is for you both that the Lord may sanctify this painful dispensation to the good of your souls. I only wish I was at home, that we might look in upon you. I shall try to get off on Monday, if I can. God willing, we hope to go to Liverpool to-morrow.

Through much and undeserved mercy I am better than when I left home ; but as I have to preach to-night, I shall not be able to write much to you.

You will see some day that the Lord is dealing in mercy with you, and not in judgment ; although I know that flesh and blood cannot bow in submission to this cutting stroke. The Lord strengthen you out of Zion. The God of Jacob be with you, to comfort your sorrowful hearts, and support your troubled minds.

Our united love to you both ; and remember us kindly to all the friends by name.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XCII.—To MR. ROWORTH.

Godmanchester, July 29th, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER IN THE
LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Peace be with your dear redeemed soul.

“None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.”

This my soul is continually proving. And bless his dear and precious Name, he is the altogether lovely, and the Chiefest among ten thousand.

When your letter came the other morning, I was just starting to the station. I went to preach at an anniversary at Northampton, and returned home

yesterday ; so that I have but just read your kind letter, and looked at the shadows.

I must tell you, my dear friend, that the Lord preserved me from being killed yesterday at Kettering station. I was nearly under the railway carriages ; but “ the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.” This I have proved again and again. I was thrown some distance, and fell very heavy ; and was shaken very much. I feel much bruised ; but no bone was broken, neither is there any wound. My dear Lord and Master preserved my life, as he has done many times before. But I feel that I must not engage to preach at anniversaries. I do not like them, and seldom feel that life and liberty in the pulpit that I like to feel at such times. I have never had one myself where I have been settled. But I have preached at many, on purpose to help the poor and needy of the living family of God ; and I am sure I have only two things in view,—the glory of God, and the good of living souls ; for I have no talent to display.

I take this narrow escape as a warning voice from the Lord. My soul is made willing to serve him and his dear people ; but I am waiting for my discharge from the field of battle ; and hope to be enabled to say, “ I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

My dear wife sends her love with mine.

Yours in the Lord,

. T. GODWIN.

XCIII.—TO MR. PARRY.

Godmanchester, October 12th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace and peace be with your heart, soul,
and spirit.

On our arrival at home, after having had a long drive to see a sick friend, I found your kind letter; and I cannot let another post pass without replying to it, because its contents have done my soul good.

I am indeed glad to find that friend Porter has given you an answer, and that he has engaged to come to you for next year. May this step prove to be a blessing to your souls, and to his also. May the Lord set his broad seal upon it; and may the thing prosper in the hands of the Lord, that you may live in peace among yourselves, "endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." May the Lord bless your souls together, so that you may grow in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. I do trust that you may feel a little of the weight and burden taken off your shoulders, and that your family may prove it to be a benefit to their souls.

I often think about you all, although I have not visited you this year. If I should live to visit you next year, it will be under this covenant,—that Mr. Porter comes and preaches for me here; but we must wait until the beginning of next year before we fix the time.

I quite agree with you about the state of the churches in this awful day of empty profession; and that ministers and people are going down with the stream. I had two young ministers to dine with me yesterday, of whom I hope well; but they have to be proved. May the Lord keep them honest and sincere.

Our united love to yourself, Mrs. P., with your family circle.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XCIV.—To MRS. LINK.

Godmanchester, November 30th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

In your dear husband's note this morning, he tells me that I am in your debt; but I considered that your kind letter was a reply to mine. But still I would rather pay twice than not at all.

I have for many years felt a soul union to your dear husband and self. I know that you have been one of the feeble and fearful-hearted children of God; not a great talker, but a good and humble walker; so that I can venture to scribble a few more lines to you, as I could not come to see you when in London. But if the Lord will give me a word to say to you, I may visit you with ink and paper, by talking to your soul through it.

I do not expect that your soul has stood firm upon the Rock ever since the Lord gave you that blessed deliverance. No doubt the devil has tried to persuade you that it was all a bubble, and nothing but a shadow; or else it would not have vanished away so soon. But is there not something in your soul that cannot give it up, and which cleaves unto it? Then, my friend, hold that fast which thou hast; for there is a substance in it that cannot fade away. "Faith is *the substance* of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." But you may have lost the sweetness of the blessing. Yet there is a little of the savour of it left behind. You cannot give it up as a delusion. And sure I am that will never give your soul up, because it was fastened there as a nail in a sure place, "by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd."

And there is another thing which the blessing left behind. You feel more of your emptiness and ignorance, because there was such a fulness of power and wisdom in the sealing testimony of God in your soul; under which enjoyment your soul grows up into the

love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; so that you never saw such beauty and preciousness in him and his salvation before. "Then fear thou not, saith the Lord; for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee." No doubt your soul and the Lord are agreed in this solemn matter; for is there not a cry in your heart: "Lord, help me?" Then the Lord hath said, "*I will* help thee." And hath he said it, and shall he not do it? But remember that God the Father hath laid all your help upon your best Friend, one that is mighty; one who always loves you, sympathizes with your soul in every state of darkness, trouble, pain, sorrow, sinking, and fear; and one who succours you in every temptation, upholds you under all your weakness; one who hath destroyed all your enemies for you; and one who will carry you through all your troubles, and land your soul safe in glory.

Our united love to yourself and husband.

Yours in the Truth,

T. GODWIN.

XCV.—To MR. SPENCER.

Godmanchester, January 21st, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

After my long silence, I take up my pen to write you a line, to thank you for your kind letter. I see by it that you have not found out that smooth and easy path which many talk of. You do not find preaching to be such sweet work as you once thought it. You are proving that your own wisdom is nothing but foolishness, and your own strength perfect weakness; and that you have no faith but as the Lord gives it. You are learning that you are not so rich as you once thought you were; but that the Lord is now leading

your soul to see and feel more and more of the depths of poverty, emptiness, weakness, and ignorance. He is giving you a little insight into the pride of your heart, and showing you somewhat of the sinfulness and wickedness that dwells there; so that you are compelled to cry to the Lord for wisdom, life, light, strength, and power. And the Lord will help such. He will strengthen and give such poor empty souls a little courage and fortitude, to fight their way through every trouble, trial, storm, and difficulty, and land them safe in glory.

But I have no doubt that you think, at times, that you have preached your last sermon. Have you forgotten the few questions that I put to you when you first came out as a preacher? You will find that you have more to sell and lose yet. You remember what the Lord Jesus said in one of his parables: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." And the Lord hath declared that "every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."

I am not writing in this strain to discourage and condemn you;—no; I feel more for young ministers than I ever have done. The old ones are taken away from the evil to come; and if there were no young ones raised up, there would soon be no old ones. But let me ask you one more question. Do you preach more from knowledge than from experience? Because, if you do, you will have to travel over the ground again; and you will prove that to be a very hard thing. Are you invited to preach to the right sort of people, whom the Lord hath taught by his good Spirit? I wish you well, or I should not write in this way. There are some young preachers whom one hopes well of. May the Lord raise up more.

You must excuse my short note. I trust yourself,

wife, and family are well. Our united love to yourself and wife, and to any inquiring friends.

Yours in the Truth,

T. GODWIN.

XCVI.—TO MR. PORTER.

Godmanchester, January 28th, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your kind letter came safely to hand. In reply, what can I say to you? I have known something of and about you for many years past; and have had some sweet conversation with you in years gone by, in your young days. The last time I saw you to have any talk with you was at our dear friend's, Mr. Clowes, when that dear man of God, Mr. Tiptaft, was staying there; and we walked together to the station.

I was glad to hear that the dear Lord is making use of you among the churches. When I heard that the friends at Allington were trying to get you there to be pastor over them, my soul's desire and prayer was that it might be brought to pass; because I saw that the Lord was taking away his ministers from all parts of the country. And since the death of dear Mr. Tanner, Mr. Mortimer, and now dear Mr. Philpot, Wilts is left with but few faithful ministers of the gospel. And I am getting an old man, fit for nothing and good for nothing. And my dear afflicted friend, Mr. Parry, is often laid aside. And knowing that his wish is to see a man of God settled over the people before he is removed by death, I can feelingly say that my soul prayed for you on the first Lord's day morning. Many of our friends asked me who I prayed for. I can assure you that my soul felt sweet nearness to the Lord in pleading that you might be made useful to the dear people.

And now, dear friend, let me speak a word or two to you in love and affection, as you will soon begin to

feel that being settled over a people is something more important than supplying from place to place. You can see from the Word of God that a pastor is spoken of quite separately from prophets, evangelists, and teachers. Sometimes, when you are shut up and bound fast, you will find it trying work. And you will prove this one thing,—that the less you know of some of your hearers, the more liberty you will find in the pulpit. You will find some of your hearers in Wilts are hard in the mouth and heart; and you will not find many real companions in the ministry round about you. Therefore keep alone with your God and your Bible. And you must not draw back if any of the hearers look coolly upon you; but remember the word of the Lord to the prophet Ezekiel: “Be not afraid of their words; nor be dismayed at their looks.” The Lord will stand by you, and bring you through all which may be before you.

May the Lord raise up dear Mr. Parry again, and spare him a few years longer in this world of trouble, sin, and sorrow. And may the Holy Ghost anoint your soul with fresh oil, again and again, and bless your soul with life and power in preaching.

Yours in Gospel Bonds,

T. GODWIN.

XCVII.—TO MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, March 24th, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

I am sure you have a trying post to fill; and how it will end the Lord only knows. I feel deeply for you; and if I were nearer to you I could preach sometimes, once on a Lord's day and on a week evening. O that the dear Lord may work powerfully in our dear

friend's heart and soul, and bring him forth again into the work of the ministry! How do you, as a church and people, feel in your souls before the Lord respecting him? Is there a spirit of prayer and supplication poured into your hearts for him, that the Lord may bring him forth again under the anointing power of God the Holy Ghost? Do you feel that the Lord's ear is opened to your prayers and supplications? I consider that you are in a trying situation; but the Lord knows what is best for us.

I must confess that my soul has been tormented night and day with indwelling sin and Satan's temptations; but the dear Lord has never left my soul to sink into despair; but divine faith in my soul hath always been brought up again to fight against the wiles of the devil. The enemy hath tried every way to get my soul down under his awful power; but here I am, a poor sinner saved by free and sovereign grace. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood; but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." But, notwithstanding all the powerful insults and temptations of the old serpent, and all the contrary winds which have blown against me on every hand, yet I am kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. And I do desire to love and serve him the few remaining days of my life, because his great mercy, loving-kindness, and tender compassion have followed me, comforted me, and always gone before me; so that my soul can feelingly say, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

My soul hath walked in some very dark and trying paths; but there is one thing that my soul hath been favoured with; and that is, the fight of faith. The Lord hath not left my soul altogether in the devil's hand; but under all his craft, the Lord hath made a way for my escape. And I trust that he will unlock the prison-door for our dear friend, and bring him forth

again into the life and liberty of the gospel of Christ. Then he will shine brighter than ever.

I know how much you miss dear Mr. Philpot to write to for counsel ; but he is gone to his everlasting home, to cast his crown at the dear feet of Jesus Christ, and to sing an everlasting song unto him who loved him, and washed him from his sins in his own blood. But I have lost, and so have you, one of the dearest and nearest friends that we have had in this world as a Christian and a minister. I feel his death more than ever, and miss his kind and savoury letters. Though no more communications are passing between us, yet there is this coming and drawing nearer and nearer, and that is death, when we shall join him for ever and for ever, to sing an everlasting song to God and the Lamb.

God willing, we leave home on Saturday week for London ; from thence to Brighton for Lord's days the 10th and 17th. I have engaged to baptize there on Good Friday ; and I am engaged to preach and baptize for Mr. Covell on my return.

I have packed up over a hundred and thirty letters of dear Mr. Philpot's for Mrs. Philpot to select from.

The Lord bless you and your dear sister. Our united love to you both, and to all friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XCVIII.—TO MRS. DAVIS.

Godmanchester, April 29th, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

I cannot call all widows sisters in the Lord ; but we have seen much of you, have stayed in the house, and have felt a soul union with you, because we have felt to have had communion with you ; and I am sure that there can be no real union without a com-

munion first; and all this centres in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Your kind letter came to hand. We are always glad to hear from you. I thought much about you and friends at Hastings when we were in Brighton; but I had so much work there that I could not write to any of you. I preached twice on Good Friday, and baptized ten,—seven women and three men. One man was 74 years of age, and one woman 70. We had overflowing congregations. I felt much life and power among them.

Mr. Hazlerigg and myself preached at St. Ives yesterday. He slept here last night; and we had a long drive this morning before he left for home.

Salvation by grace is a great mystery; and how very few seem to understand it! And why? Because the Lord hath not revealed it to them. Then why to you and me? Because the Lord will have mercy on whom he will have mercy; and he will have compassion on whom he will have compassion. Although he causeth grief, yet he will have compassion according to the multitude of his tender mercies. And only the tender mercies of the Lord will make my heart soft, and my conscience tender. And when a little honey falls from the rock, then it is that my soul can sing of free mercy, covenant love, and blood. But there is not much singing as we pass through the wilderness. No; we must witness the briers and thorns of the wilderness, the barrenness and unfruitfulness, the coldness and emptiness of the wilderness, the darkness and death, the temptations and thirst, and almost a famine, when everything of a sweet and savoury nature seems to have left the poor soul. At such times no true evidence nor way-mark can be found; and the soul cries, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore?" No! saith the soul. "Thou hast known my soul in adversity. Thou who hast shown me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth."

Then, fear not, dear friend; the Lord Jesus hath made a way through the wilderness for his dear blood-bought children. And he hath said, "Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice; for the Lord will do great things. Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field; for the pastures of the wilderness do spring; for the tree beareth her fruit; the fig tree and the vine do yield their strength. Be glad, then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God; for he hath given you the former rain moderately, and he will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain, and the latter rain in the first month. And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else; and my people shall never be ashamed."

Then, dear sister in the Lord, fear thou not. The Lord is leading you on in the strait and narrow path; and although your soul may be wandering in the wilderness where there seems to be no way, yet the Lord is leading you forth by a right way, and you shall come to a city of habitation.

But I must not let my pen run on so. Our united love to all the dear friends. May the Lord be with you all. Our love to yourself, and kind remembrances to your son and daughter.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

XCIX.—TO MRS. DAVIS.

Godmanchester, September 8th, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your dear redeemed soul.

I have been thinking about writing you a few lines day after day; but every day has brought its work. The day after we arrived at home, friends came in unexpectedly; and the day they left us, we went to Stam-

ford. So that this is the first opportunity I have had to drop you a line to thank you for all your great kindness to me and mine during our visit with you and your dear son and daughter. We have always felt at home with you, and consider that the Lord hath favoured you beyond many widows. He hath given your soul a good experience and a right judgment in the things of God; therefore I can feelingly call you a sister in the Lord.

I am sure that yourself and many among you, with dear sister Mrs. Moor, have had a sorrowful time during this week from the sudden death of Mr. Dangerfield,—a most solemn stroke for his poor bereaved widow and family. Was his wife with him? Were his mortal remains taken to Devizes to be interred, or not?

But let us look a little at the bright side of things, and not forget that sudden death is sudden glory to the saints of God. Let us remember what a blessed change for him, to pass out of time to a blessed eternity without a pain, and to drop this body of sin and death, which hath been a clog and burden to his dear redeemed soul so many years, and to enter into the presence of his Lord and Saviour, to crown him Lord of all for ever and ever. I am sure that he has the best of it; but still, how death is hid from the best of men and women! And how wisely the Lord acts in all his undertakings! Truly he is “too wise to err, too good to be unkind.” You have proved this again and again; and I believe that we shall prove it down to the end of our days. And the Lord Jesus tells us in his Word that he, “having loved his own which were in the world, loved them unto the end.” And he hath said, “Because I live, ye shall live also.” And again he hath said, “I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. And ye now, therefore, have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.”

The Lord bless your soul with tokens and testi-

monies of his favours. This is the desire of your worthless friend.

Our united love to yourself and all the friends, and to your family circle.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

C.—To MR. COMBRIDGE.

Godmanchester, October 26th, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE EVERLASTING COVENANT OF GRACE,—

May peace and truth be enjoyed in your soul. Then Jesus Christ and him crucified will be precious to your heart, and sweet to your redeemed soul.

When I was last with you at B., you wished me to write you a few lines ; but I have been so very much engaged until now. And besides my not having time, there is another thing in the way. I am become such a poor blind empty thing ; and I have not the taste for writing as I once had, because I have nothing to say that is in any way profitable to the poor and needy family of God. I seem to have nothing but thorns and briers to set before the dear people of God ; and I am sure such food will starve the living family of God to death ; although I read that Gideon “ took the elders of the city, and thorns of the wilderness, and briers, and with them he taught the men of Succoth.” And again, what hath the Lord said respecting his vineyard ? “ Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes ? And now go to ; I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard. I will lay it waste ; it shall not be pruned nor digged ; but there shall come up briers and thorns ; I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it.”

Then, my dear friend, you cannot expect to gather

grapes of thorns, nor yet figs of thistles. And the Lord told Adam the first that thorns and thistles should the earth bring forth to him. And I am sure that every sin of my wicked heart is a pricking thorn to my poor soul. And to be brought into that dry spot of experience where the soul feels dead, dark, and desolate, with neither dew nor rain dropping into the heart, and Satan let loose upon one, this makes the path trying indeed. But you know this path which no fowl knoweth, neither hath the vulture's eye seen it.

But here the soul is learning the worth and weight of God's great salvation. We are led into our helpless state and condition as sinners, so that salvation by free and sovereign grace is truly valued by our souls. But there is something else drunk into during this experience. The soul is taught deep things out of darkness, and the Lord brings out to light the shadow of death. We are led into our ignorance and the Lord's divine wisdom in leading us in ways that we knew not, and in paths that we have not known.

And there is another thing the Holy Ghost is teaching us; and that is the worth and value of the divine wisdom and redemption of the Lord Jesus Christ. And here we see the power and glory of his dear Godhead, and the sympathy of his manhood as a sympathizing High Priest, who is passed into the heavens, and one that can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities.

My dear friend, this makes my heart burn towards the dear Lamb of God, and also to yourself, as one of his precious jewels that he is preparing for himself. But you may say, Do not be so sure of this. You do not know what I am. Yes, I know that the Lord hath made you feel bad enough to be saved by God's free grace and rich mercy; and that the Saviour's blood and righteousness are your soul's meat and drink, although you are sometimes fed with the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, in addition to the

briers and thorns of the wilderness. It is not good for us always to live upon the rich dainties, because we are sure to wax fat and kick; and, therefore, the Lord sometimes keeps us upon short commons, that we may learn our own leanness, and that it may be a witness to our face. Still, the Lord hath said that "he will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish." Then, cheer up, dear traveller. The road is good, though, at times, very rough.

When with you last, I was very poorly in body; but I have been remarkably well of late. Indeed, I never expect to be in better health in this world. I trust that you and yours are well in health now, and that you have recovered from the pain you were suffering from when we last saw you. Will you give our united love to your dear wife, and to all the dear friends, not forgetting Mrs. Grace and daughters. And now farewell for this time.

I am, dear Friend,

Yours in Christ,

T. GODWIN.

CI.—To MRS. DAVIS.

Godmanchester, November 29th, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Many thanks for your last kind favour, which came safely to hand with the manuscript. I can never repay you for all your trouble; but there is one thing that I can do; and that is, pray for your soul's prosperity; and that is more than I can do for every one that makes a profession of religion. I never forget widows that are widows in deed and in truth. We have had many proofs of your great kindness and sincerity; therefore I can write to you freely, because I have felt a heart-knitting and a soul-union to you.

I trust by this time that you as a church have

settled friend Hull over you as an under-shepherd ; and that the Lord will enable him to go in and out before you, and that he will own and honour his testimony, and that your souls may grow up together into the Lord Jesus Christ. I trust that I shall never have to reflect in recommending him to you, and that you as a church and congregation will never have to repent taking the step that you have done.

I trust that yourself and family are well in bodily health. My poor dear wife has been suffering a good deal from time to time for the last five weeks. She was taken ill at Allington ; but she has felt better to-day.

Through the great mercy, pity, and compassion of the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, I am well in my health. I never expect to be any better in this world. I feel my right eye rather weak and painful ; but goodness and mercy still follow me ; and the Lord gives me strength to get through my labours. And confident I am that the Lord will remove me off of the stage of time at the end of my days, for they are all numbered ; and I hope to stand in the lot at the end of the days appointed for me. But I am still passing through a barren wilderness, tempted by the devil, and plagued with indwelling sin ; and often feel the ground very dry, my affection cold, my heart hard, my soul dead, my mind dark, my faith weak, my hope feeble, and my confidence shaken. Many things come upon me daily, which make me groan, being burdened. But salvation is of the Lord ; and the mansion is ready. Jesus still lives ; the promise is sure ; the work is done ; sin is put away ; the victory is gained ; the debt is paid ; and the prisoners are for ever freed.

Our united love to you all.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CII.—TO MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, February 3rd, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Since dear Mrs. H. wrote to me and told me that your eyes were weak, I have thought much about you, having felt somewhat the same in my eyes for the last two years; therefore I can sympathize with you.

We have had a sick house. My wife has been a sufferer for many weeks; and we are both passing under the rod of pain and suffering. The doctor had left my poor wife before Christmas, and we hoped she was getting well; but she is now worse than ever. A fortnight ago last Wednesday, I was taken with severe pains in my left shoulder, arm, and hand. I never suffered such extreme pain before. It was much worse at night than in the day. I have not been able to keep in bed long together. Last Saturday week I sat up all night; but I walked to the chapel and preached twice on Lord's day. We have used all the means that the doctor and we could think of, but nothing has done me any good yet. I have lost almost all my strength in my left arm and hand; but I have felt a little thankful of late that I can use my right arm and hand.

Until last Friday morning, self-pity and rebellion worked in my wicked heart against the Lord in a way that I had not felt before; for my suffering was more than I felt strength to bear. But on Friday morning, the dear Lord broke my hard and rebellious heart all to pieces. The tears began to flow; all the darkness, hardness, and rebellion were removed in a moment; and joy, peace, and submission were felt within. Ever since that morning, which is a week to-day, I have been able to bear the pain better. We both walked to the chapel last Lord's day, and I preached twice. I hope that many of the dear people of God received the comfort and consolation of my affliction.

My dear wife and self feel, though still suffering, that we are in the Lord's hands; therefore he will do his pleasure with us.

We have just lost by death one of the teachers in the Sabbath school,—one of our members' daughters. She was eighteen years of age last Saturday; and she died on Sunday. The Lord had mercy upon her soul. She had been ill about seven months. The dear man has a large family, but he is a praying soul. She called her father about five minutes before she died, and said to him, "Father, I am going now." He said, "Are you happy?" She said, "Yes;" and her spirit took its flight. We hope to commit her body to the dust on Lord's day. I hope I may be able to get out and preach; but sometimes the pain runs all down my left side, and through to my heart. But as I have outlived all my old friends in the ministry, I must expect something to bring me to my end. We have been greatly favoured with health and strength for many years. We must expect that infirmities and afflictions will overtake us, to carry us to our journey's end. A few more pains, troubles, and sorrows will end this sore conflict here below.

The Lord bless you and your dear sister, and all the dear friends. I hope Mr. K. is better. Our united love to you all.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CIII.—To MR. PARRY.

Godmanchester, March 16th, 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, Mrs. P., your dear minister, and all who love the Lord Jesus Christ.

In my wife's letter to Miss Parry you heard how unwell we were, and that we were going to Hastings.

We went there, and returned last Friday. And I would be thankful to tell you that we came home much better. Indeed, I do not think that I shall be any better in bodily health in this world. I did not expect to feel so well as I am. But I must tell you, that after we got to H., two ladies called to see us, and they much wished us to see their doctor; and he came every day but Sunday. He is a homœopathist; and I believe the Lord blessed the means used. I took a cold going down, and was very ill the first week; but my wife began to improve at once.

We have a deep snow here this morning, or I should be working in the garden. The doctor in London said I was not to do anything in it; but I could not then, for want of strength and the use of my left arm and hand. But, blessed be the Name of the Lord, he hath restored it to me again. O that I could love him more, and serve him better! But my wicked heart and a tempting devil are for ever tormenting my soul; and I am sure that my soul never was in such a state as it has been through this affliction. I have never known so much of my own weakness, hardness, rebellion, and unbelief; and sometimes my soul was tried that I never should endure unto the end. I cannot tell you the groans, cries, and sighs that went up out of my soul; but sometimes I could not ask the Lord to remove the pains, and restore me. So the Lord has done it himself.

I trust that you and Mrs. Parry are as usual, as regards your bodily health. The Lord bless you and yours.

Our united love to yourself, Mrs. P., and family circle.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CIV.—TO MR. PORTER.

Godmanchester, May 1st, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and all the dear suffering friends at Allington. I feel deeply for you all, and my desire is that the Lord may sanctify this most painful affliction and suffering of my dear old friend and much-esteemed brother, Mr. Parry. O that the Lord may remove the pain, and spare him a little longer, or else take him to himself! What a dear suffering saint he has been so many years! But what an eternal weight of glory there is laid up for him! For the Lord hath said, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." For "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

I am indeed glad to hear that you are well in bodily health, and able to be with our dear suffering friend.

I went to Oakham last Wednesday, and committed the mortal remains of Mrs. Keal to the dust. She is gone to her everlasting home, to be with her God and Saviour, and to sing an everlasting song unto him that loved her, and washed her from her sins in his own blood. I have enjoyed much union and communion with her in years that are past.

I see by your letter that dear Mrs. Parry is still sinking. I think much about the family, and expect they will soon have to part with their dear parents. May the dear Lord remember them in his mercy, and grant them the same religion as their parents have.

Our united love to them all as a family, and to you and Mrs. P.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CV.—To MR. ROWORTH.

Godmanchester, June 3rd, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May Israel's One God be with your dear redeemed soul, to comfort your heart in your old age. You have now lived in this world of sin and sorrow eighty-two years; and your soul has been favoured to love and fear and serve the Lord a great number of years. And the time must be drawing near when you must put off this tabernacle, and enter into eternal rest, to see Jesus as he is, to be like him for ever and ever, and to sing an everlasting song unto him that loved you, and washed your soul in his own blood.

Your kind and good letter reached me; many thanks for it. This morning I feel my heart and mind drawn out to write you a line or two, just to let you see that I have not forgotten you.

I feel to be a poor empty sinner, tempted by the devil, and tormented by and with indwelling sin. But I am living to prove "that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord; who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification."

O! My dear brother, how well he hath done all the work for us! And how sure I am that the Holy Ghost will complete all the work within us, when my soul is led by the blessed Spirit to see and feel that the dear Father of all our mercies, and the God of all our comfort and consolation, made choice of such a sinner as

I am, and gave me to his dear Son in the everlasting covenant, and then gave his dear Son to stand in my place, under the curse of a broken law and divine justice, to save my soul from the wrath to come, and save me unto his eternal kingdom. What a salvation is this of God ! Well might Paul say, "Unto the church of the Thessalonians, which is in God the Father, and in the Lord Jesus Christ ; grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." How safe, then, must the election of grace be in the hands of the Three-One God ! But the poor soul might say, I believe all you have said ; but how stand matters with *my* soul ? Has the Lord made choice of *me* ? Is eternal life planted within *my* heart, to manifest *me* a vessel of mercy,—a vessel of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory ? Then, dear brother, when God's free mercy enters into a poor sinner's soul, this is to make the sinner manifest that he is a vessel of mercy that the Lord had afore prepared unto glory. Although the poor soul often fears that God's mercy is clean gone out of his heart and soul, yet how can it be so when the Lord hath said that his mercy endureth for ever, and that the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting toward them that fear him ? And here hangs all my hope ;—in God the Father's everlasting love in making choice of me ; for the Father never had mercy upon one sinner yet, but whom he loved with an everlasting love in Christ Jesus the Lord. Again, my soul anchors in the eternal redemption of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in his holy obedience to his Father's divine law and justice. And "he was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Then, dear friend, the ground is made good ; the foundation is sure ; the crown is prepared ; the battle is over ; the victory is gained by the Captain of our salvation. And he himself declares that he is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." And he hath said, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given be with me where I am ;

that they may behold my glory. And the glory which thou hast given me I have given them ; that they may be one, as we are one."

Our united love to yourself and the friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CVI.—To MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester, September 12th, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST,—

Having heard this day of your painful affliction, I feel I must drop you a line to inquire how you are, and to let you see that I have not forgotten you. The Lord put you into my heart many years ago, and therefore I can feelingly sympathize with you. I do hope that the dear Lord will soon grant you good health again. May the Lord come down into your soul in this trying affliction, and give you a sweet testimony of his love and blood, and revive your soul, and give you some sweet nearness to himself, that you may be enabled to say, with one of old, "This is my comfort in my affliction; thy word hath quickened me." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I trust that the Lord will sanctify this rod to the good of your soul.

I have been very poorly since my return home ; but I feel better to-day. The Lord grant that you may feel living faith and hope in the love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. This would enable you to believe that your soul is saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.

Thank you for your last kind letter. I was glad to hear from you once more, as you are one of my old faithful friends at Manchester, and one towards whom I have watched the hand of the Lord opened as a God

of providence, and his heart opened unto your soul as a God of grace. The Lord of life and glory has manifested goodness and mercy unto us both. But, my dear friend, do you not feel that text of Scripture to be trying to obey: "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them?" Do not you feel your heart going out towards them? But what is there in riches to comfort a man's soul? I have to watch my covetous heart; but still I find that it is my master after all. But there is something in my soul that hates the old covetous wretch. But to be saved with an everlasting salvation from one's self, and in the Lord Jesus Christ, is a blessing indeed. And how soon we shall be removed from off the stage of time into eternity! And blessed are they that are made ready for that solemn change. I have one part within my soul that is looking forward to that time; and I have another part drawing back from it. But, willing or unwilling, we must die when the time comes for us to die.

I must conclude with our united love to yourself, Mrs. Oliver, and family circle.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CVII.—TO MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, December 22nd, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your kind note brought some heavy tidings to us this morning, respecting the sudden death of dear Mrs. Healy. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death;" and it must be so. "The living know that they must die; but the dead know not anything." The Word of the Lord declares this. Then what an unspeakable mercy it is to have the witness within one's self that one is born of God! For it is said, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." Then, dear friends, such will enter

heaven when they die. And this one thing I believe, that the day and hour, the time when, and the place where, are appointed for me to die ; and that no power on earth, no skill can save my life when the time is come. Therefore, I am not to think that I shall die in the wrong place ; but where the Lord hath appointed. And what a mercy it is to know that in due time Christ died for the ungodly, and to prove that he died for me, wretch that I am, and that he hath put away my sins by the sacrifice of himself, and for ever cast them behind his back ! This sometimes makes my soul long to be gone, to be freed from indwelling sin and Satan's temptations, and to be with the Lord Jesus Christ for ever and ever, to sing aloud of his free mercy and dying love.

What is all the noise and bubble of the professors and profession of the present day ? How very few there really are who are manifested to be God's chosen people ! And how true are the words of the Lord Jesus, who said that " Many are called, but few are chosen ! " And all who live and die with only the outward call of the letter of the gospel must die and sink into hell. And all such will fall away before they die, and swallow down error, and die under deadly poison.

These things are truly solemn ; for I can clearly see that the spirit of bitterness is springing up and prevailing ; therefore I desire to watch, and see how things are going on. The Lord hath said, " Watch thou in all things."

I was sorry to hear, dear friend, that you had been in the furnace of affliction ; but the Lord hath chosen us in the furnace of affliction. Then we must have it in some way or other. The Lord hath favoured you and your dear sister with the good things of this life, and brought and taught you to feel, like poor tried Job, not to eat your morsel alone ; but has given you hearts to feel for the poor of God's dear family. I am sure that you have passed through a great deal of suf-

fering in your body, and a great deal of trouble in your soul. But see what you have been taught through these things, and what the Lord hath shown you by the leadings and teachings of the Holy Ghost. Salvation by free and sovereign grace is made a sweet subject to your soul; and the work and Person of the Son of God have been made dear and precious to you again and again. But you may say, Where am I now? Well, you are passing through the wilderness of briers and thorns, shut up and shut out from holding any feeling communion with the Lord Jesus Christ. But you must remember and forget not that you have been long praying to know him, and the fellowship of his sufferings. The Lord Jesus Christ puts you into the furnace on purpose that you may know what it is to have an experimental knowledge of having fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. For the Holy Ghost tells us, by good old Peter, that the trial of our faith is precious in the eyes of the Lord, although it is so very trying to us. And it is said that "it pleased the Father to bruise" his dear Son. Then it must please our dear Lord to try and afflict us.

The Lord bless you, comfort you, shine upon your soul, and give you rest and peace. Our united love to yourself and dear sister and all the dear friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CVIII.—TO MR. PORTER.

Godmanchester. No date.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ meeting with you at Allington.

You have lost your best friend and your right-hand

man, and it seems that the dear widow will soon follow him; and we might soon be taken off of the stage of time. Poor Mr. Freeman is gone, who was twelve years younger than myself, and I feel myself a poor worthless, helpless, empty thing, fit for nothing and good for nothing; a useless lump of lumber, full of everything that tries me, plagues me, burdens me, and torments my poor soul; and the devil is for ever tempting me in some way or other.

Saturday is mostly a trying day with my soul, but I cannot help scribbling you a line at this time, because I believe that you are no stranger to Saturday being a trying day for your soul. And now you are settled over a people, you will find it to be more so than being only one Lord's day at a place. Besides, when you were a supply and had filled your engagement, you were gone, and left the people; but now you have the weight and care of the church upon your mind, and you have to go up before the same people Sabbath after Sabbath. And when you feel your soul barren, your heart hard, and your mind dark, you turn your Bible over and over again, and cannot see any light in the Word, nor feel any life from the Word; and then the time draws near to go to the pulpit; and when you enter there, you have nothing to say, not a text to read, and are shut up in darkness, death, and bondage.

Well, dear brother, the poor old sinner that is now writing these few lines to you has passed through and is passing through these things every week of my life, and sometimes think I must give up preaching altogether; for through the exercise of my mind, the trials by the way, and the temptations of the old serpent, I am dragged down and pulled to pieces; my little strength seems almost gone, and I am ready to faint. But here I am, labouring on, three times on a Lord's day; and I often feel stronger in spirit after my day's work than I do in the morning before I began. Then what an almighty Friend one has to stand by and strengthen one in the work!

The Lord shine upon your soul, and comfort your heart as you pass on in the way.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CIX.—TO MRS. CLOWES.

Gloucester, January 6th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your dear redeemed soul to comfort your sorrowful heart as you pass on through this trying world and barren wilderness.

Your kind letter came to hand this morning, for which my wife thanks you. In it you say that I am a letter in your debt; therefore I will try and pay my debt at once, although I am so poor and so empty, so weak and worthless. But yet I will try and send you something, and it shall not be borrowed nor stolen; but it shall be my own.

Through the rich mercy of the Lord, we are brought through another year; and all the trying and perplexing things are gone with the year; and I say good-bye to them all. But I can say that my soul has proved the faithfulness of the Lord, and my own unfaithfulness. I cannot say, with some, how faithful I have been in the Lord's cause, and with my own conscience. No; I cannot boast of my own goodness; but, on the other hand, hate, loathe, and abhor myself, and cleave to the Lord's goodness, mercy, pity, and compassion.

When I am led to look back upon the past year, and am enabled to see the wonderful helping hand, supporting arm, watchful care, delivering power, and divine patience the dear Lord manifested towards me, a poor hell-deserving sinner, I am compelled to say, "What hath God wrought!" Now we are entered into a new year, and I hope that my soul can feelingly

say that the Lord hath entered into my soul, and brought some new covenant blessings into my heart ; so that my soul has been favoured to hold communion with the Lord. And you yourself understand what it is to have the channel of communication opened by the Holy Ghost, whose office it is to open the gates of righteousness, and lead the soul in, by faith to hold communion with the Friend of sinners. And how sweet it is to feel the honey, wine, and oil flowing into the heart and soul ! And this encourages and emboldens my soul to fight on in the field of battle. I feel the devil and unbelief to be two powerful enemies against my soul, and often I feel my faith to be very weak ; but little-faith is sure of victory. Although the souls that possess it fear that they will never reach the shore, yet the Lord Jesus will take care that all the little ones shall land safe in glory, or else he never would have said, " Fear not, little flock ; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And he hath said again, " I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me."

Then, dear sister in the Lord, what precious promises the Lord hath tied your soul up in ! For you are one of his weeping widows, that he himself hath promised to take care of. And has he not made his promise good in your experience, from the day he took your husband from you up to the present time ? The Lord Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Then, dear friend, if you have lost your earthly friend, you have a Friend in heaven that loves at all times, and that sticketh closer than any friend or brother below the sun. And he hath said that he will never leave you nor forsake you.

The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you. Our united love to you.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CX.—TO MRS. PRAKE AND MISS MORRIS.

Godmanchester, January 10th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND BELOVED SISTERS IN THE LORD,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your souls, to comfort you as you pass on through this trying wilderness.

Your kind letter came to hand this morning. The Lord hath brought us through the past year, a year gone, and gone for ever, with all its troubles, crosses, sorrows, conflicts, temptations, and barrenness; they are all gone with the year. But we must not forget the many mercies and benefits the Lord hath bestowed upon through the past year. How he hath watched over us, defended us, succoured us, taken care of us, and delivered us out of so many powerful temptations! How he hath fed and clothed us! And truly he hath been better to us than all our fears. And I have passed through another year of powerful temptations, and often feared that the wind and waves of Satan's temptations would blow me down with the stream of time; but here I am. I have passed through the first week of the new year, and I can feelingly say that the Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious, neither hath he withheld his tender mercies from me. No; bless his precious Name, he hath communed with my soul in the night watches, so that my meditations of him have been sweet to my heart and soul. And the channel of communication is still open, and the Lord Jesus is precious to my never-dying soul.

The last two nights will not soon be forgotten by me. I had been asking the dear Lord for a new year's present, and it came in the night before last; and last night it was renewed again. And as I know that you are very inquisitive, and that you would like to know what my portion was, and still is, well, I will tell you. "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sancti-

fication, and redemption." And here is all I need, and all I want; for I am become such an ignorant fool. So that my God hath provided a wisdom for my soul that will never fail, because Jesus Christ is the wisdom of God and the power of God. And as for righteousness, I have none, for mine is all as filthy rags; and therefore I have a righteousness brought in and wrought out for me, and imputed unto me; and divine faith hath put it on; and there it will remain for ever and for ever, as the best robe and wedding garment, which every soul that enters heaven must have on to appear at the marriage supper of the Lamb. And as for sanctification, or holiness, I have none of my own; for all my comeliness is turned into corruption. So that the Holy Ghost has worked the holiness of my Lord and Saviour into my soul. Therefore, without this holiness no man will enter into the kingdom of God. And now redemption; my soul is redeemed to God without spot; and so are all the election of grace.

Love to you both and friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXI.—To MRS. CUNNINGTON.

Godmanchester, February 11th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE LORD,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

Doubtless you have heard that my poor wife is very ill again with her old complaint; and a great sufferer she is. Over two months she was better in her health than she had been for the last two or three years, and we were in great hopes that the cause of her suffering was removed; but it is all dashed again. She was taken last Sunday week after she got to bed, and was very ill all night and the next day. But, after a few days, she was better until Saturday night, when she

was taken very ill again ; and she continues so. She is brought down very weak ; but the dear Lord will do his pleasure. He cannot do wrong.

I have had a great deal of affliction in my house, at times, and I have always proved it to be profitable to my soul, and also to the souls of the Lord's dear people. I feel to commit all my concerns into his dear hands, believing that it all works together for good and for God's own glory.

The dear Lord sanctified my wife's last affliction to her soul in a blessed way and manner. I never felt such a sweet union to her religion as I have since that affliction. The Lord has been good to her soul ; and I now fear, at times, that the Lord is about to take her away from me. May he give me resignation to bow to his sovereign will.

May the Lord comfort your soul as you pass on through this barren wilderness. You have had a trying path for many years. I am often thinking about you, as you are one of my close old friends left at Oakham. We have often wept together and rejoiced together ; we have fasted together and fed together upon the fat things of the everlasting gospel. And I believe the Lord has given us one heart and one soul in the things of God, and one hope and one faith in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ ; therefore, our souls are bound up together in the bundle of life. But I have become such a poor thing in soul matters, and often feel as though there was not one grain of grace in my soul. And yet I keep hobbling on in the pulpit work, and sometimes blunder up against some poor tried child of God ; and the Lord gives the poor soul a lift by the way. But I never expected to have to witness the things I am witnessing day by day. But the Lord is good to both speaker and hearer, and we have good congregations. He is a stronghold in the day of trouble.

I hope to see you on the first Lord's day in March, if health and strength be given me.

The Lord bless you, and all the dear friends with you. Remember me kindly to your husband.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXII.—TO MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, February 12th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED SISTER
IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May his divine power strengthen your poor frail tabernacle, and spare your valuable life a few more years, for his own glory and the good of his church and poor people. I often look at Oakham, and think of how many dear friends I have lost, not only at Oakham, but in almost all the churches scattered abroad. And, dear friend, you and I will soon be removed out of time into eternity; and that will be a blessed removal from sin, sorrow, pain, grief, trouble, care, fear, and temptations, which we are daily and hourly burdened with here, more or less.

I was glad to receive your kind letter, with the enclosed; we like it much. If I live until the 28th, I shall be sixty-nine. I have outlived most of my friends, both ministers and hearers; and how I miss their good and savoury letters! But I am looking forward to meet them in the upper and better kingdom, where there will be no parting, but to be forever with the Lord, to see him as he is, and to be like him; to sing an everlasting song unto him that loved us, and washed us in his own precious blood.

I am sure that I can from my heart and soul ask the Lord to keep your soul feelingly alive in the best things, and give you many happy returns of both your birthdays. What a mercy to be one of the number that are born twice,—to have two birthdays; one that we cannot remember, when we were born into this world; but to have a second birthday, that we have a saving knowledge of.

It is now nearly fifty years since the Lord began a work of grace in my soul. I am sure that I never wanted such a religion that the Lord put into my heart; but now my soul wants more than I feel I possess. I want more faith, more love, more joy, more peace, and more godliness, with contentment, which is great gain. But still I do not wish to complain. "Wherefore should a living man" or woman "complain?" For we must have some punishment for our sins. And you, my dear sister, have had a poor afflicted body for many years, and an afflicted soul; but see how kindly the Lord hath dealt with you. I am sure that you have deeply felt the loss of your dear husband; and I am sure that I missed him. I have often thought of the sweet walks and talks that we enjoyed together; and I never have forgotten long together the sweet time I had in my soul when you were married. But, dear friend, you have a better Husband living, one who redeemed your soul to God without spot, and one that prepared the wedding garment for you. The Holy Ghost has put it on your soul, and your soul is clothed in the very best robe of righteousness. And sure I am that all God's elect, after being called by grace, and free pardon is manifested to them, they all stand before a heart-searching God clothed in the garment of salvation and the robe of righteousness; and all such "shall enter in through the gates into the city." As the holy angel said to John, "Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife."

But my dear friend might be ready to say, I am often tried to know whether my soul stands clothed in that beautiful garment or not. And was not the church of old tried upon this point? What did the Lord say to her? "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." Although the church had lost sight of these

beautiful garments, she was still clothed in them; and the dear Lord calls upon her to see herself clothed in them. Faith seems to lose sight of them, but the Lord sees her clothed in the best robe, and calls the attention of the church to see and feel herself standing in the Saviour's righteousness, freely justified from all things from which we could not be justified by the law of Moses. Then, fear not, daughter of Zion; the Lord has made every step of the way through this barren wilderness good. And he is watching over you, leading you, and guiding your heart into all truth, and directing your soul into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for the coming of Christ. And the Lord will help you through all which may lie before you. Only see how many trials he has supported you under, brought you through, and delivered you out of; and see what a God of providence he hath been to you.

Then, dear sister, may the Lord give you a blessed birthday, and may it be this year a day to call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions.

The Lord bless you and your dear sister with every new covenant blessing. Our united love to yourself and dear sister and all the friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXIII.—To MR. COVELL.

Godmanchester, February 14th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Many thanks for your very kind and welcome letter, which came to hand this morning. The contents of it cheered my drooping spirit. I was feeling very low when the letters came in; and as soon as I saw your handwriting, my spirit revived.

I had been thinking day after day of writing to you

for some weeks past. And I must go back to the end of the past year and tell you a little of the furnace work with us both. My poor wife was heavily afflicted. I thought I should have lost her. And I was shut up in the house for six or seven weeks with a cold and cough; and my breathing was very bad. I just managed to get to the house of God every Lord's day. The Lord was pleased to hear prayer, and raise up my poor wife again; and for two months she was better in health than she had been for the last two or three years. But I am sorry to tell you she was taken ill again last week; and, poor dear, she has suffered in deed and in truth.

But I must also tell you a little of the blessed fruits of the furnace work. It was blessedly sanctified to my poor wife. I never felt such a sweet union to her religion as I have since her affliction in November and December. And I hope that she may be brought out of this present furnace as a vessel well refined, and fit for the Master's use and service. During the worst part of her affliction, my mind was sweetly stayed on the Lord. This word sounded in my soul: "Be still, and know that I am God."

But now I must tell you a little of my sorrowful complaint; and I must go back to the end of last year, a time not to be forgotten by me. The old serpent seemed to be let loose upon me, both soul and body. The sleepless nights I had on my bed, under the sore conflict between sin and grace, and the power of unbelief in my vile heart, were so strong, and my faith so weak, that sometimes I thought I must give up preaching altogether; for the devil in hell, and the hell of sin in my vile heart, followed me right into the pulpit. But the dear Lord always rebuked the old serpent for me during the time I was preaching. And although my soul tried to pray against it, day and night, yet the more I prayed against it the more powerful it grew upon me. And how my soul did groan and cry for the Lord to take away my life! For I felt that I could

not live in such a tormented state of soul and body too, as I had done for some time past. Some of my hearers used to be glad to hear me come out with these painful exercises; but to them that are "at ease" I was as a "lamp despised." O how my soul did cry and groan to the Lord to be delivered out of this tormented state of soul, and that I might not enter the new year in such a wretched state! Forty years ago it was only to ask and receive; and now for months my soul has been begging for the Lord to deliver me; but he seemed to shut out my prayer, and answer me by terrible things in righteousness. But, honours for ever crown his brow, he himself unlocked the prison-door, and brought the poor prisoner forth again into a large place, and manifested his power, beauty, love, and blood to my soul. And then my faith could see clearly enough that the Lord was teaching my soul some profitable lessons, so that my soul might drink deeper into the work of redemption, and see and feel what love and blood had done for poor sinners.

When the Lord opened the sweet channel of communications on my bed, after the new year came in, my soul did pull hard for a time, until the stream ran freely; and then I have only to look on and wonder, and see how firm and fast the Lord held me through all the painful conflicts and powerful temptations that my soul had passed through. And here I am, a poor old sinner, saved by free and sovereign grace; and it must be free grace indeed to save such a one as I feel myself to be. But there is a secret something that can soften the vilest sinner's heart. And when a drop of the virtue of the precious blood of the Lamb falls down into my soul, then I feel a softness and love spring up within my heart toward the Lord and his people; and then I am not drawing back from the work, but feel willing to live and die in the harness.

We have not forgotten your sweet visit here. The Lord was truly with you, both in and out of the pulpit.

And I often think about you in my poor prayers, and my other dear friends at Croydon.

The Lord bless you all together.

Yours very affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXIV.—TO MR. MARSHALL.

Godmanchester, February 26th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and yours, and all the dear friends with you at the chapel.

I have for some time past been thinking of writing a few lines to my dear brother Marshall; but thinking and doing are two things. On my bed this night my heart, mind, and spirit have been with you; and now I will try and write you a few lines, that you may see the old sinner is still alive. And sometimes his soul is lively in the best things; and I felt it to be so yesterday in the pulpit. I go to chapel in the morning with nothing in hand, and as empty and as gloomy as any poor sinner can be. I stand up, and read my text; and often do not know what to say. But the dear Lord in covenant love and mercy opens the springs of life, faith, hope, love, mercy, grace, truth, and salvation; and he leads my soul on in the life and power of God the Holy Ghost, until I am lost in wonder at the great goodness and mercy of the Lord. I felt as strong last night at the close of my four services as I did in the morning when I began; and stronger too. But, my dear friend, I have been greatly tried since I saw you last, so powerfully tempted by the devil, plagued with indwelling sin, and tried with such a hard heart and barren soul; and the devil has tried hard with unbelief to make me believe that I was deceived, and that I should be a castaway at last. And with these cutting exercises, I have also a poor frail tabernacle, and a

poor afflicted wife. She has had some hot furnaces through this winter. She is just brought out of one now, and got to the chapel yesterday for the first time. But I hope that her painful suffering has been sanctified to the good of her soul.

I have been shut up in the house all the winter, and only got to the chapel every Lord's day. And the dear Lord gave me strength to get through my labours, to the confounding of my cursed unbelief, and the disappointing of the devil. So that, notwithstanding all my weakness and fear, the Lord often brought me home at night like a giant refreshed with new wine. Salvation was very sweet to my soul yesterday, and I hope that it is to-day the same. And what should such an old sinner as I am do were not salvation all of free and sovereign grace? Why, I must sink to rise no more. But, bless his precious Name for ever and for ever, that his salvation has entered into my heart and soul, and that I feel the sweetness and savour of it from day to day. And my soul is looking forward for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. And all my hope of seeing his face in glory is through his precious atoning blood and justifying righteousness. And here my soul hangs,—upon his finished work; and if this gives way, I must sink. But there is an everlasting foundation to this, which cannot give way, because the Lord the Spirit hath engaged to maintain this work in my heart and soul. But my soul grows so weary of this body of sin and death; and sure I am, if sin and Satan could keep my soul out of heaven, they would do so. But my dear Lord and Master hath put an end to all the children's enemies.

But my brother Marshall might be ready to say, I fear that sin and Satan will make an end of me. But no, my friend; the Lord Jesus Christ hath made an end of sin, and put down the devil's power, and shut the gates of hell against you, and opened the gates of righteousness to your never-dying soul. And the Sun

of rightcousness hath shone into your heart again and again.

Our united love to yourself, wife, and to all your brother deacons, and to all the friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXV.—To MRS. CLOWES.

Godmanchester, May 8th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND GOD THE FATHER,—

The Scriptures declare that we are in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ. Then we must be safe indeed; for our lives are hid with Christ in God.

Many thanks for your and Mr. C.'s great kindness to us. We got to Brighton nicely the day we left your house. I have enjoyed many sweet hours in your house, and I hope to enjoy a long eternity with you and your dear departed husband, to see my blessed Saviour face to face, and to sing an everlasting song together. But, my dear friend, I still feel the pathway to be hedged up with thorns. Satan is continually tempting me, and the sins of my heart are plaguing and tormenting my soul. But salvation by grace is a charming sound to my soul; and the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ suits me well.

I felt these words to be sweet and savoury to my soul yesterday: "All mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them." How sweet is his word of truth, when applied to the soul by the Holy Ghost! And then it is made the word of life. But how soon the good feelings vanish away, and we sink down into our wretched selves, and grow downward into the dust of death and barrenness, and are as full of the world as though the whole belonged to us!

O! My dear friend, to be landed safe in glory will

be a mercy for you and me. I pray for dear desolate widows every day of my life, that the Lord would comfort them and make them rejoice from all their sorrows. You have your best day to come, and that will be an everlasting day, because there is no night there.

But you will want to hear how I got on in Brighton. Well, dear friend, the Lord was very gracious to us during our visit there, and at Hastings and Croydon. The good Lord gave my soul life, liberty, and power in the pulpit; and I hope the Lord fed the sheep and lambs under me. We were remarkably well in our bodily health during our absence from home; and, through mercy, we continue well.

We heard that yourself and Mr. C. were poorly after we left your house. I do hope that you are both restored again to your usual health and strength.

What a poor dying world we are in! And what poor dying creatures we are! And what a little compass our religion is come to in our feelings! My heart used to be so full, and run over day after day, and week after week; but now I cannot find a grain of grace, nor a spark of life within me, from time to time. But when Jesus shines, and the Holy Ghost revives his work within my heart, then the door of hope and faith is opened, and I can see and feel that all is well. And doubtless you feel very empty, cold, and barren in soul, at times; but then you learn something profitable. Although it is painful to feel our weakness, emptiness, and ignorance, yet it is profitable, for we there learn that salvation is all of free and sovereign grace, and that the Lord Jesus Christ has done all for us, and that the Holy Ghost must do all within us.

The Lord bless you and comfort your soul. Our united love to yourself; and remember us kindly to Mr. C.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

CXVI.—TO MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester, May 10th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, to comfort and revive your dear redeemed soul.

It is now some time since I received your very kind letter; and I hoped to have written to you while we were from home, but I had so much to attend to. And now I shall not be able to write you a letter; but I must just send you a line.

The Lord was very gracious to us at B., and we were well in our health. The dear Lord favoured me in speaking, and the dear people in hearing, so that we had a feast of fat things. But I had to come home into trouble. But tribulation is promised to us in this world; and therefore we must have it, in some way or other. Trouble mostly comes the wrong way, and at a time when we possess but little strength and patience to bear it. But “tribulation worketh patience;” so that, after all our fretting and kicking, troubles and trials are good for us.

We had our collection for the Sabbath school yesterday. It has been opened eight years; and I am thankful to say that it has been carried on nicely.

If I could say that my soul was in a prosperous state, and growing up into Christ in all things, I should be glad to communicate it to you; but alas! alas! it is not so with me. What a barren wretch I am! Although the Lord favours my soul in the pulpit, what a dead, lifeless wretch I am out of it! And, worse than all this, I have an evil heart of unbelief, departing from the living God. And between the sins of my heart and the temptations of Satan, I have but little rest here; but my soul is looking forward to the rest which remaineth for the people of God. Although Satan tries to knock my soul off of my standing, yet, when the feet are once fastened firmly upon the Rock

of eternal ages, that soul must stand every storm, and reach the haven of rest. And I am sure rest will be sweet to the weary.

We were glad to hear that your health was better, and hope that dear Mrs. O. is better. We shall indeed be glad to see you this summer. The Lord bless your souls. Our united love to yourself, wife, and family.

Yours in the Lord,

T. GODWIN.

CXVII.—To Miss MORRIS.

Godmanchester, August 23rd, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Since I have written a letter to your dear sister something said within, Why not write a line to Miss Morris? So now I will try and do so.

I have known you for many years, and have proved a great deal of your kindness; and I have witnessed your great attention under the truth preached. And I believe your soul has tasted that the Lord is gracious, and that you have received the love of the truth, and that you have a great love and affection to the Lord's dear people, and a deep sympathy for the Lord's poor people. And, although you are a slow talker, yet I believe you are an humble walker. And the Lord hath said, "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord;" and "Blessed is he that considereth the poor. The Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble."

The Lord bless you and strengthen you, in body and soul.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXVIII.—To MR. MARSHALL.

Gidmanchester, November 18th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE
EVERLASTING COVENANT OF GRACE, MERCY, AND
PEACE,—

Once more I will try and write a line to my warm-hearted friends at Brighton.

The Lord is good; and truly his goodness and mercy are extended even to worthless me and mine. What a wonder that his free grace and mercy ever reached my heart and soul, and conquered my rebellious and stubborn will! And how sure I am that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy! And what a divine power there is in his Word, when applied to the heart by God the Holy Ghost! Then the life and power of faith lays fast hold of it, sucks the sap and sweetness out of it, in the honey, oil, and wine, which run down into the vitals of the soul; and the Lord Jesus shines upon our pathway. Then it is that we enjoy fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

I have long wanted to write to you, but could not sum up courage enough. But my Lord and Master has been very good, kind, and gracious to my soul for the last few weeks, and yesterday I felt such life and power in preaching that I feel my heart burn toward the Lord Jesus Christ and his dear children. And I know that your soul would like to catch a little of the flame; and I am sure I do not want to eat my morsel alone. I wish that all his poor prison-bound children could drink more deeply into the love and blood of the Lamb of God. That would turn their mourning into joy, and make them rejoice from all their sorrow.

But, dear brother Marshall, what a trying path I have had for some months past! What temptations I have passed through, and what hard conflicts my soul has passed under! O how my poor soul has been

exercised! I thought my work was nearly done here. But honours crown his dear brow, he hath showed me that I have not been labouring in vain, nor spending my strength for nought. I have felt much life and power in the pulpit of late; and yesterday we had four come before the church,—two men and two women. The Lord opened their hearts and mouths to tell out what the dear Lord had told unto their souls; so that we as a church felt the life and sweetness of it drop into our hearts and souls. There were many wet eyes and warm hearts. O! My friend, what a salvation it is to save such black sinners! Sure I am that there is an almighty power in his salvation; and I can join David of old, and say, "O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." Although I have had a trying path to travel in for many years, yet the Lord hath been a very present help in every time of trouble, and hath made a way where I could see no way. And, bless his precious Name for ever and ever, I hope to fight my way through, because my Lord and Saviour hath fought all my battles for me; therefore all must be well.

I hope you are still in peace as a church and people. Our love to you all.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXIX.—To MR. GLADWIN.

Godmanchester, November 27th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your kind and good letter came to hand this morning. If all be well, and the Lord will, I hope to be with you at Zoar Chapel on the 8th of December. May the Lord of life and glory come manifestly with me, and bless our souls together; and then we

shall, in some little measure, be satisfied during the pleasure and enjoyments of the blessing.

We have had quite a revival amongst us. And how blessed it is to see the work of the Lord going on in the hearts of his people, making it manifest that he is still revealing himself, and bringing his sons and daughters from afar. I hope to baptize five on Lord's day. I often wonder how it is that the Lord makes use of such a sinner; but my soul is proving the truth of that scripture, which the Lord applied with such divine power to my soul forty years ago, as I was trying to do good to a poor soul in trouble: "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." How solemn indeed!

My soul's desire is to be brought among you in the life and power of the gospel of Christ, and that the Lord might comfort our hearts together. We have had many hard knocks together at Zoar Chapel; and I hope that we have had a few sweet kisses from the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Then may the dear and blessed Jesus favour us with a few more sweet smiles from his lovely countenance. This is the desire of a poor sinner saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.

My love to all the friends.

Yours in the Truth,

T. GODWIN.

CXX.—To MR. WEST.

Godmanchester, November 29th, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your kind and good letter came to hand; and I was truly glad to receive it and to read its contents. It did my soul good to hear that you are at last brought to feel an enlarged heart, to follow the

Lord Jesus Christ in the ordinance of believers' baptism. The Lord strengthen and encourage your soul to follow him and cleave close to him by precious faith. I have known you many years, and felt a love to you in the Spirit; and if the Lord spares me to come and baptize you and my other dear old friends, I trust the Lord will be with us, and bless our souls together; and then we shall feel a pleasure in the work.

Last Lord's day week we had a blessed church meeting. The Lord was truly with us. Next Lord's day, I hope to baptize five in the river. We expect one to come many miles to-morrow to be baptized. He was blessed under my ministry at Woburn, nearly twenty years ago; and for a long time he walked twenty-two miles on a Lord's day to hear me. Since that time he has been a hearer at Zoar, as he lived at Clapham; but now, in the providence of God, he is removed to near Birmingham. So you can see that there is some work cut out for me; and I can say that it is a work my soul delights in. I feel his precious love burn in my soul during the time I am writing to you. O! My dear friend, to have an interest in the blood and righteousness of the great and mighty Saviour, what a rich blessing for you and me!

Tender my love to Mr. Covell, Mr. and Mrs. E., your parents, and to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

CXXI.—To MR. COMBRIDGE.

Godmanchester, December 3rd, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and your dear wife, to strengthen and encourage your souls by the way.

I have felt you laid upon my mind for some days past. I thought, Well, I will write a line to-day; and then something or other prevented me. And since I began this, I have had two gentlemen in, who stayed the greater part of the day. That would not do for you, a man of business. The Lord knows what is best for us. When I sat down this morning, my heart felt soft, my conscience tender, my spirit meek, and my mind illuminated with the life and light of heaven; but now I cannot feel as I did then. Therefore you must have whatever comes to hand.

O! My dear friend, to be manifested a son and daughter of the Lord God Almighty, what a rich favour it is! But my friend might be ready to say, I do not know that I am one of them. But you have been manifested to my conscience. I have had many a warm heart when in your company, so that I have felt sweet union and communion with you. But, dear friend, what a trying path it is through this wilderness! I find it hard work to hold on against wind and tide, and often seem to be blown back into the open sea, instead of drawing near to the shore. I am such a riddle to myself. Sometimes I think I can see the image of my Lord and Saviour created within me; and then again I seem more like Satan within; and I am so troubled with myself that it puzzles me to make myself out to be a good man and full of the Holy Ghost. O! What an enemy we have to fight with! And how our cursed unbelief gives way to Satan's lies! And what fast hold the devil seems to have of us, at times! But the Lion of the tribe of Judah comes forth and rebukes him, and gives our souls a smile, and revives faith and hope, and we begin to sing in the way, as in the days of our youth. Then the Lord Jesus Christ is precious, and his great salvation made so suitable and powerful to our souls; and then it is that my poor soul is happy, and I go on my way rejoicing in the glorious prospect of seeing the Lord Jesus Christ as he is, and to be like him. But

my poor sin-tormented soul often goes groaning on, ready to halt; and Satan often tells me that he will have me after my many years of profession and labour. And then my soul will say within myself, What! Am I deceived? And shall I perish after all the trials, troubles, sorrows, and sinkings that I have passed through? Then I begin to think, Well, I never wanted such a religion, nor to live such a life as I have been compelled to live so many years. But when the Holy Ghost leads me back, and shows me all the way the Lord hath led me these forty years in the wilderness, and gives my soul to see and feel how sweet the love of sin was, and then shows me how bitter he himself made it, and what a weight of sin and guilt I felt in my conscience, and how deep my soul sank in the mire, and what a cry he put into my soul for mercy, and what a blessed deliverance he wrought in my soul by revealing Jesus Christ to my heart as my own God and Saviour, and what a blessed song he put into my soul to sing of mercy, love, and blood,—then Satan and unbelief drop their ugly heads, and my soul comes forth with a shout of Victory through atoning blood. And then it is that I am sure I am saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, and my enemies let me alone for a short time. Then the Word of God is sweet and savoury, and the throne of grace is opened, and my soul by faith enters into the Word of truth, and the Word of truth enters into my heart. But soon again the clouds gather up thickly, the Lord hides his face, and some foul and filthy sin springs up within; and down my soul sinks again, and the enemy begins to tempt and accuse. And then my soul begins to groan and sigh, and the mountains and hills hem my soul in. So then the conflict begins, and darkness, death, and bondage bind my soul down in iron bands. Then I find it to be hard following after the Lord Jesus. But still, this is walking in the footsteps of the flock.

But I must not let my pen run on so. I must draw

to a close. The Lord bless you and yours, and all the dear friends at Galesburg. Our united love to you and yours, and all the friends.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

CXXII.—TO MRS. PEASE AND MISS MORRIS.

Godmanchester, December 31st, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIENDS IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your souls, to comfort your hearts, and encourage you under your many discouragements that you meet with in the way.

When we last parted, you asked me to write you a line. It being the last day of the old year, I begin to make the attempt, for you are two of my old friends left to do good and communicate; therefore I can write freely to you, and record a few of the Lord's dealings to unworthy and worthless me through the year 1872.

When this year entered upon us, I did not expect to have struggled up to this day, feeling so much of my own weakness, and the power of sin and temptation, and the many things I have to meet with in the way; and knowing, as I do, my own ignorance and unbelief, with a hard heart and tempting devil, and all the evils within and without. But here I am, spared, watched over, and taken care of by my covenant God and Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And notwithstanding all my ignorance, emptiness, leanness, hardness, carnality, backwardness, fretfulness, rebellion, and unbelief, here I am, an old sinner, saved by free and sovereign grace. How many times the dear Lord has appeared for me and in me! And what temptations the dear Lord has kept me in and under, and delivered me out of! And how many times I have

gone to the pulpit bowed down with trouble, sorrow, and sinkings, and as full of fears as a soul could hold, shut up in death and darkness, with not a word to say ! But honours crown his dear brow for ever and ever, he has always appeared for me, in me, and through me, to some poor soul or souls, and brought my soul forth with a shout of Victory through atoning blood. And, my dear friends, what could such poor sinners do, were it not for the precious blood of the everlasting covenant ? What cleansing virtue there is in the blood of the Lamb !

I felt my text sweet last Lord's day morning : " O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good ; for his mercy endureth for ever." (1 Chron. xiv. 34.) And whatever may fail us, " his mercy endureth for ever." Then, in the afternoon, part of the following verse : " Save us, O God of our salvation." And what saving power there is in his salvation. The Lord grant us to feel it, and to drink deeper into the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ.

My prayer for you both is that the God of all grace, mercy, and love may smile upon your souls, and give you more faith in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ ; that he may give you good health of body, and spare your valuable lives for years to come ; and that the new year may bring you some good tidings, to cause your hearts to rejoice in his great salvation.

How is your poor sister, Mrs. G. ? The Lord bless her soul, and give her a sure token, and an everlasting testimony of mercy and love.

Our united love to you both and all the friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXIII.—TO MR. EVANS.

Godmanchester, January 22nd, 1873.

**MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—**

Grace and mercy be with you and yours, to comfort your hearts in the way, and encourage you when cast down.

We are brought through the year 1872, and entered into the year 1873. And although we are entered upon a new year, I feel that I am the same poor old sinner as I was last year. But, my dear friend, I think that I could not live through another such a year of temptation and conflict as I passed through last year; for within were fears and fightings, day and night, like a soldier in the battle-field. And sometimes I feared that I could not bear up against the winds and waves; for my indwelling sin, the devil's temptations, and the power of unbelief were so strong, and my own strength so weak, that I sometimes feared I must give up the fight altogether. But when my faith seemed ready to fail, then the great Captain of my salvation appeared for my soul's relief, rebuked the tempter, put the whole armour of God upon my soul, opened the door of faith, and made my soul feel strong; so that no enemy could come near me. All the inside enemies lay still and quiet in the camp; but they are not dead. No; I found them strong and lively again and again.

I have besought the Lord not to let me live through another year like last year; for sometimes it did not seem like living, but dying, under the plague of sin and power of temptation; there was so much death, leanness, barrenness, coldness, hardness, and unbelief working within. But in the month of November, a divine power broke in upon my soul, and put new life into my ministry; and such a sweet channel of communication was opened between the Lord and my soul, that I began to think that I was going to see better

and brighter days, and that sin and Satan would let me alone. The Word of truth was sweet and savoury to my soul. Well, now, I thought, I shall live a more fruitful life, and, I hope, be made more useful to the Lord's dear tried children. I hoped that I should be more on the bright side of things, and be more happy. But alas! alas! I have been compelled to go out into the battle-field since then, and seemed to have no armour on.

At Cambridge, on Lord's day morning, the 12th, the power of temptation was so strong, and my faith so weak, that I thought I must have fallen dead in the bedroom. But my dear Lord and Captain stood by me, rebuked the tempter, and brought me forth before the people at Hope Chapel with the gospel armour on. And a sweet time we had together; because the Lord was there. And last evening I had a sweet time here by my fireside. I felt very happy in my soul. And now that I am writing a line to my old friend, I feel all is right, and every crook made straight, and every rough place made plain.

And now I must ask my dear friends how matters go with them since you have followed the Lord in believers' baptism and the Lord's supper. Are you or have your souls been walking with the eunuch, "going on your way rejoicing?" Have you felt to thank the Lord for giving faith and courage to follow him in that despised ordinance? I could not describe to you the pleasure I felt in baptizing you both with the other three. I have thought much about you and dear brother Covell, whom I love in the Lord.

Our united love to you all.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXIV.—To MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, January 24th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND IN THE COVENANT OF DIVINE GRACE,—

Yours came to hand this morning, with the glad tidings of your dear sister's being landed safe in glory. Although it is a great loss to you all as a family, yet remember it is her eternal gain. She has had many trials, troubles, pains, and afflictions; but now she is delivered out of them all. And there is another sweet and blessed thing to come yet, and that is, that you are in the possession of a good hope through grace of meeting her again in glory, to spend an eternity together, to sing an everlasting song unto him that loved you and still loves you. And there is another sweet thing connected with it,—you love him, and you have the witness of this in your own soul; for it is said in his blessed Book that “he which believeth in the Son of God hath the witness within himself.” And you have the Lord Jesus Christ a witness in heaven; for he is the faithful and true Witness that delivereth souls. He is a Witness that he hath loved us and redeemed us to God with his own precious blood, and blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that stood against us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross. And he hath opened a new and living way; and this I felt most sweetly on Monday evening by my fireside in reading my heavenly Father's will. I could read my own interest therein; and the sweet heavenly-mindedness I felt I cannot describe, because it seemed like having one foot in heaven. And sure I am that you had a sweet feeling in reading the fourth and fifth chapters of the Romans; and well it might be said then that to him who is trusting to be saved by his own good works he will fall short of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. “Not by works of righteousness which we have done; but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and re-

newing of the Holy Ghost." "He was" truly "delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Then we must be glorified together.

My dear friend, you say that you have another affliction in the house. Well; "for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." We must have something to weigh us down. Remember, dear sister, how well the Lord hath dealt with yourself and dear sisters. See how he is landing them safe in glory, and spared your afflicted life to witness this great work of free and sovereign grace. And see what temporal mercies the Lord hath favoured you with, and also given you a heart to part with a part of it to the poor and needy of God's people.

Our united love to yourself and dear sister.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXV.—TO MR. MARSHALL.

Godmanchester, February 5th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Many thanks for your last kind and good letter.

Now I will try and send you a line, and tell you a little of the Lord's gracious dealings with my soul and body within the last five days. His Name is truly like ointment poured forth to my soul. On Saturday last, my Lord and Saviour paid my soul a sweet visit, and these words were sweet indeed: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." And the Lord Jesus communed with my heart for a very long time, so that I could not keep it to myself. All my burden was gone; every devil fled; and all the ene-

mies of my own heart sank down into their dens ; and joy and peace flowed in my heart like a river. No fear of death then ; but a full assurance of faith enjoyed in the soul, and a sweet looking forward to the time of my departure out of this body of sin and death.

Yesterday the Lord and King gave my soul another blessed visit, and enlarged my heart in a most blessed way and manner. These words came so sweetly into my heart and soul : "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." The Lord the Spirit opened the sweetness and savour of them in my soul until my cup was full and running over, and I began to think that my Lord and Saviour was about to take me home ; for his precious love, blood, and righteousness filled my soul with joy and peace in believing. I felt very happy ; and I feel it sweetly at this present time.

O ! My dear friend, what a salvation it is to save such an old hard-hearted sinner as I have felt myself to be through many weeks and months in the past year ! I have felt such an unbelieving poor wretch, at times, and have been often tried under the power of temptation, whether I should endure with honour until the end ; feeling so much of my own weakness, and so much of the power of sin and temptation. My soul was continually crying to the dear Lord to be kept and held up under these heavy burdens and painful conflicts ; and I had such a desire and prayer in my soul that the Lord would bless me, and water my spirit, and turn the barren wilderness into a fruitful field, and the dry ground into watersprings. And bless his dear and precious Name, he hath done it ; for on the 20th of last month, the Lord gave my soul such a blessed testimony of his love and peace. I thought and felt that one foot was in heaven, and that there seemed to be only one spot more, and my soul would be in glory. And my soul has these good things in possession at the present time.

You, my dear friend, know these things for your-

self. In your last letter to me, you spoke of having a sweet visit from the Lord.

The dear Lord has favoured me with such good health through this winter, and I can say feelingly that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I am sure that my soul's desire is to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Our united love to yourself, wife, and daughter, and all the friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXVI.—To MRS. DAVIS.

Godmanchester, February 19th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—ONE THAT IS A WIDOW IN DEED AND IN TRUTH,—

As I have a few minutes to spare, I will devote them to writing a line to one whom my soul loves in the truth, because the grace of God is within your heart and soul. But you may be ready to say, in answer, that you cannot always prove that. Well, the Lord can prove that he himself put it there many years ago, and he himself hath kept it there. And when the Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, comes to fetch you home to glory, he will find all the treasure in your heart that he himself put there. But my dear friend may be ready to say, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" He shall find it in your soul; and who can say how soon? But what a mercy it will be to be found ready! But I do not always feel ready. No; my coward flesh draws back at the thoughts of death; and yet my spirit sometimes longs to die. I have felt this under the sweet enjoyment of the love of Jesus again and again during this present month; and sure I am that his "love is better than wine."

But there is another thing. I have felt willing to live to proclaim salvation to the lost and ruined among men and women, and for the good of poor sinners' souls and God's eternal glory. But sometimes I want to die, to be out of the reach of Satan's temptations and the plague and power of sin; and then again something tells me that I shall destroy myself, and I tremble, fear, and cry, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." And then again the Lord shows me that he hath "destroyed death, and him that had the power of death, that is, the devil," and also that he hath destroyed sin, and made an everlasting end of it. He tells us also that "death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Then, dear friend, the work is completed for us, and we are complete in him who loved us, and gave himself for us. Then what is there to fear? "Well," saith the soul, "am I one of those who have an interest in him that did that great work?" Well, that is a solemn question. But now and then the Lord gives the soul a sweet testimony and a powerful application of his promise, love, and blood; and this throws open the door of faith in the soul, and the door of the gospel is then opened before the soul, and the soul enters in by faith, and holds sweet communion with the Lord Jesus Christ. And this is sweet work for a poor old sinner like me.

The Lord bless your soul with joy and peace in believing. This is the desire of a poor worthless thing. Our love to you, and son, and daughter.

Yours in the Lord,

T. GODWIN.

CXXVII.—To MRS. CUNNINGTON.

Godmanchester, February 28th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND TRIED SISTER IN THE
LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and your poor afflicted husband, to comfort your souls in your path of tribulation.

We feel and sympathize with you in this trial. I know that you have had a trying path for many years; but the election of grace have ever had a path of trial to walk in. But the apostle says, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." But flesh and blood kicks and rebels under the cross; but precious faith falls into the hands of its Author, and cleaves close to him.

I have thought much about you since we left Oakham, and I trust have prayed for you, that the Lord may support you under your heavy trials. The Lord trieth the righteous; and I am sure that they try him. But I have lived to prove that I never have had one trial too many. I am this day threescore years and ten; and here I am a poor empty, ignorant, blind thing; and my strength fails me. I told my people on Sabbath day that I felt my soul could live and die upon the truths I have preached for the last thirty-nine years. The Lord helped me to commit my soul, body, wife, and friends into his dear hands; and I did not want one thing altered but my wretched self. O, my friend, what a path I have had, day and night, between the sins of my heart, the temptations of Satan, and other things! I often wonder I am as well as I am.

The Lord bless you with strength and patience, and,

if his will, raise your husband up again. Our united love to yourself, husband, and all friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXVIII.—TO MRS. HATT.

Leicester, March 11th, 1873.

MY DEAR MRS. HATT,—

I received your kind letter on my seventieth birthday, and I felt that it was very kind of you and dear Mary to think of me. I can say with Jacob, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." But I believe I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Dear sister-in-law, I often think of you and your large family, with all your cares, fears, troubles, and sorrows; for you are obliged to carry them. But, my dear friend, there is a great Burden-bearer, who bore the great weight of sin and the curse of God's holy law. And if the Holy Ghost should make this great salvation known to your soul, and manifest this Saviour to your heart, and give you faith to believe in the precious atoning blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, this, and this only, would make you feel happy; for there is nothing in gold, nor silver, nor houses, nor land, to make men and women happy. But there is a living substance in a revealed Christ.

The Lord bless your soul and the soul of your dear husband with this rich blessing, and then you will have something to look death in the face with; for love is stronger than death; and many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. And "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And would not our souls rejoice together to hear of this? Your dear

sister from day to day is asking the Lord to do this great work within your souls; but are you asking the Lord for yourselves? May the blessed Spirit make his power known in you. This is the prayer of your unworthy brother-in-law.

Our united love to yourself, dear husband, and family.

Yours in the Truth,
T. GODWIN.

CXXIX.—TO MRS. BRAIN.

Leicester, March 13th, 1873.

MY DEAR AGED SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your dear redeemed soul, to comfort your heart, and make your soul strong in faith, to meet the last enemy, called Death. For if you feel as I often do, your flesh draws back at the thoughts of death, and your soul wants divine faith to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ hath destroyed death for you, and hath taken the sting of death out of the way. The Lord Jesus hath swallowed up death in victory. Therefore, dear aged sister, your soul will fall asleep in the Lord Jesus at the end of your days.

I know that I have lost one good hearer at Zoar Chapel, and I never expect to see you again in your old corner in the chapel; but I do hope to see you in glory. But we may yet have some hard struggles and sore conflicts with sin, Satan, and the world. But remember, dear friend, the Lord Jesus Christ hath said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." And he will not leave us comfortless, but hath said, "I will come to you."

And now what can I say for your eightieth birthday? The Lord has brought you to fourscore years; and what are my good wishes toward you? Well,

may the King of kings and Lord of lords pay your soul a blessed visit on this day, and open the door of hope and faith, and let you read your name in the Lamb's book of life. May he let your soul by living faith enter into the precious pardoning blood and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that will fill you with all joy and peace in believing. And may the Lord smile upon you, and shine into your heart, down to the end of your days, whether many or few. This is the prayer of

Your affectionate Friend,

T. GODWIN.

CXXX.—To MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, April 15th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE
LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and your dear sister, to comfort your dear redeemed souls as you pass on through this barren wilderness.

Thanks for your two kind letters. I had thought of writing you a line to-day if your kind letter had not arrived this morning. It is the stock fair to-day; and while the dealers are engaged in buying and selling, I will try and write a few lines to my Oakham friend, and try to have a little dealing with the great I AM, who hath said, "Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water." Now, as you seem deeply concerned about your dear sister, I do believe her soul is lying in one of the five porches, and you know that these souls that are confined in these porches are waiting for the moving of the water. And there they must lie until the Angel of the covenant comes and troubles the water. And you must re-

member that there is a certain season appointed for that ; and that season will come to deliver your dear sister's soul. There is a set time to favour Zion ; and the time of love will come, when her soul will be brought through the porch into the bride-chamber, where the dear Bridegroom will tell her soul, " Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Then her soul shall sing of love and blood, and she shall go forth in the dances of them that make merry. I always feel for such poor souls. The Lord bless her, and open the prison-door to her prison-bound soul.

You, my dear friend, are still passing through various changes and hard conflicts. Well, you are one of God's dear widows that he hath bound himself to in an everlasting covenant of love and blood. And he hath said that he will not alter the thing that is gone out of his mouth. And although you have been left a widow so many years, see how the Lord hath cared for you and your dear sister ; and he will never leave you nor forsake you. And see what a loving Saviour he hath been to you, in all your pains, sorrows, and afflictions ; and he has not left you to sink ; no, nor ever will.

But you will want to know how I am getting on in the path. My soul seems empty of all that is good, and my heart full of all that is evil ; and the daily and hourly conflict is going on between the flesh and spirit. But sometimes it seems all flesh and no spirit, and I sink very low, and wonder where all my feeling religion is gone to, which my soul enjoyed so many years. But still Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Although my enjoyment is not what it was many years ago, yet the salvation of the Lord is very great and very dear to such an old sinner. And there is another sweet and blessed Name that is more delightful daily to my soul, and establishing to my heart ; and that is, God the Father, and all his great gifts. The Father gave my soul and laid my sins upon his dear Son ; and then gave his Son to

me, even Jesus Christ, who loved me, and gave himself for me and to me. Although I do not enjoy so much as in bygone days, yet there is something within my soul cleaving to the Father and the Son by faith. And I am living to prove more and more of what the prophet Isaiah declares: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass." Therefore, dear friend, you must expect to prove your heart to wither like grass, as David declares: "My heart is smitten and withered like grass, so that I forget to eat my bread." We must believe that the psalmist had no appetite for the bread of eternal life; and, like Jeremiah, he forgot prosperity, because his soul was removed far off from peace. And David often cried out, "Why art thou so far off from helping me?" And again, as I was reading this morning, "For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground."

Then, dear friend, if you are passing through this experience, with your soul's life smitten down to the ground, you have no strength nor power to raise yourself, and are made to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead. Now, my dear sister, my soul is a witness to this experience, and a most trying path it is for a minister and hearers. But David was a preacher, and Jeremiah also.

Now, what does the soul learn under this painful drilling? Why, we learn more of our own weakness, emptiness, ignorance, and wretchedness, and more and more of our need of a free and full salvation by the everlasting Son of the Father. And not only so; but we learn to see and feel that we have no experience to live upon. Therefore we are driven out of self to live by faith upon the Son of God. And now see, my dear friend, what a God-glorifying life this is; because we are learning what it is to hate our own lives in this world. And the Saviour declares that

such as do shall keep them unto life eternal. I am sure that my soul hates my own life. I feel such a useless wretch. I try to live and do the will of God; but I am so full of evil that I cannot do the things that I would. My soul groans and sighs out under a felt sense of my own wretchedness and poverty.

Our united love to yourself, sister, and friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXXI.—TO MR. WILSON.

Godmanchester, 1873.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Just a line to say that we did not have the ordinance last Lord's day. There were so few of the members at chapel that we thought it would be better to put it off until another Sabbath. You can have it next Lord's day if you like, or wait until the following, when I hope to be at home.

The Lord, in his tender mercy, pity, and compassion, hath greatly favoured my soul during this week. His precious love, and the virtue of his atoning blood, have filled my soul with joy and peace in believing, so that I have been as happy as I could live; and his sweet word of truth hath dropped into my heart like honey and oil.

The Lord give your dear redeemed soul a sweet drink at the fountain's head, and your dear wife's soul also.

I trust it was the weather, and not ill-health, that kept you from us. Eleven miles is a long drive in the rain.

Our united love to you both.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXXII.—TO MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester, April 25th, 1873.

**MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—**

May the God of Israel be with you, to comfort and encourage your soul as you pass on through this great and terrible wilderness.

I was indeed glad to see your handwriting once more, and to hear that you were all pretty well in bodily health, which is a great mercy indeed where there is a large family like yours. And then, on the other hand, to have a good hope through grace in the precious blood of the Lamb is a greater blessing still; and to stand clothed in the best robe, with a blessed expectation of a glorious entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to have a blessed assurance of this wrought in one's soul, is a rich favour indeed. And I am sure that my old friend Mr. Oliver has tasted and handled this for himself in days that are past. What the Lord Jesus hath done for us, and the Holy Ghost hath wrought within us, is done for ever; nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it. Then, fear thou not; for the Lord Jesus "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."

But my old friend, not having heard from me for so long, will want to know a little about my pathway. Well, I have gone through many painful changes in soul matters, although I have been favoured in bodily health. I have had better health this winter than I have had for years past; and I hope that I have felt a little gratitude to the Lord for it. But then, between the evils of my heart, the temptation of the devil, and the hardness of my heart, the deadness of my soul, the barrenness of my spirit, the darkness of my mind, and my wretched unbelief, I have, at times, been driven to my wit's end, and have been sorely tempted to de-

stroy myself. But here I am, a monument of God's free mercy. And when I heard of a nobleman last evening being pulled out of the river yesterday at Cambridge, I felt that it was only the grace and power of God that has kept me out of the river. I have been tempted to go and throw myself into it when I have been going to chapel. But here I am, a poor sinner saved by free and sovereign grace; and I am sure that it is free grace and a salvation just suitable to save such an old sinner as I feel myself to be. And what a power there is in this salvation! What holes and corners it has pulled me out of!

But it will soon be over with me. I shall soon have to lay down this vile body. But still the Lord is good to such a poor nothing thing, and he helps me through, Sabbath after Sabbath, and gives my soul life and liberty in speaking, and brings people to hear from every quarter. We are at peace among ourselves, and the Lord comforts our souls together.

The Lord bless you, and may your family be manifested as children's children. Our united love to yourself, Mrs. Oliver, and kind remembrance to your family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXXIII.—TO MR. MARSHALL.

Godmanchester, July 21st, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE FRIEND OF PUBLICANS AND SINNERS,—

After my long silence, I now attempt to write a line to you, just to let you see that I have not forgotten you at Brighton. No; I often think of you all. Every day brings me nearer the time of my engagement with you; and what a poor in-and-out thing I feel myself to be! Sometimes I feel as blind as a bat; but when the Lord anoints my eyes with eye-salve, then I see a little beauty in the Lord Jesus and

in his great salvation. But again I sink down into such death that I have no more feeling religion than though I never had any. Still, the quickening power of God the Holy Ghost revives my soul, and the water of life springs up within my heart into everlasting life, so that my drooping head is then lifted up, and I begin to sing again of love and blood. But soon all the water of life seems to be dried up, and my soul is left in a desolate state ; and then Satan comes at me like a lion, and he tries to make me believe that all is a delusion. Then my little faith hunts about after living evidences, and hope joins with faith ; and by and by the Holy Ghost brings to my remembrance this word : " Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father." Then Satan skulks off, and my soul comes forth with a shout of Victory ! But soon again the devil gets at the blind side of me, and lulls me off into such a sleepy, sluggish state of soul, and my heart feels as hard and barren as a rock. O, my brother, what a zigzag path it is ! But when the melting power of the Lord Jesus touches my hard and barren heart, and turns the barren wilderness into a fruitful field, and the dry ground into water springs, all is well. And here my soul feeds upon the rich blood and righteousness of the dear and blessed Saviour.

I have been to Leicester for two Lord's days. I baptized three, and received six into the church at Alfred Street, which was quite a revival among the people there, and a revival to my own soul also. But I have been much perplexed for some weeks. We have our chapel all to pieces. We have met in our schoolroom for the last five Lord's days ; and how many more we shall be shut out, I cannot say. The cost will be great ; and where the money is to come from I cannot now see ; but the gold and the silver are the Lord's.

I trust you are all well at home. Our united love

to yourself, wife, daughter, and brother deacons. Our kind love to Mrs. Grace and her daughter.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

CXXXIV.—To Miss ———.

Godmanchester, July 25th, 1873.

DEAR MISS ———

I received your kind epistle. I have considered your case over, and what you say about the doctrines of free grace, and the exercise of your mind respecting the doctrines of God's election. And now let me ask you a question: Have you ever felt your lost state and condition as a sinner before a just God by the quickening power of the Holy Ghost? You must show me first what you know about the first verse of the second of Ephesians: "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins;" and a little about being ready to perish; and also what cry you have had in your soul to God for mercy; and whether you have ever felt a hope spring up in your soul in the free mercy of God. Because a mere knowledge of the doctrines of grace in the judgment, without the life, grace, and power of the doctrines in the soul, will do you no good.

Let me just lay before you three verses in the beautiful chapter that you name in yours to me: "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

Now, dear friend, have you ever felt anything of the life and power of God in your soul? Because "the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." When you have answered these few questions, then I

will talk to you about believers' baptism. I shall be glad to see you, to have a little conversation with you, if you think proper. I wish you every blessing.

Yours faithfully,

T. GODWIN.

CXXXV.—TO MR. AND MRS. WILSON.

Brighton, September 10th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your dear redeemed souls ; and your bodies are redeemed also.

What a rich blessing you are in the possession of,—to have Christ Jesus formed in the heart the Hope of glory, and to be loved with an everlasting love, redeemed with an eternal redemption, called with a holy calling, pardoned fully, and justified freely by his grace, sanctified by his blood, and when you die, to be glorified with Christ for ever ! Then, dear friends, we must expect to be tempted by the devil, plagued with indwelling sin, and hated by the world ; and not only so, but we must have troubles from every quarter, and sometimes lose all our bright evidences. The soul has to travel through such dark and trying paths ; for it is through fire and through water into a wealthy place. I proved this last Saturday ; and on Sabbath morning I wished myself at home ; but after I got into the pulpit, and began to try to confess my state before the Lord, the channel of mercy was opened to my soul, and I stood up and read this verse : “ He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.” The Lord gave me life and liberty before a very large congregation, both morning and evening, and also last evening.

I hope the Lord favoured your souls at G.

Dear Mrs. W., I promised you that I would drop you a line and tell you how I got on with Miss —.

I found her honest and upright in her confessions, and fearful of saying more than she had experienced. I told her a little of what would be required of her before the church; and after a good deal of conversation with her, I asked her if she thought her experience would be sufficient to come before the church with. She paused a little, and said she would rather wait; and I thought so too, because her testimony was not so bright and clear as I could have wished; and it would be trying to turn her back.

Through mercy we are pretty well. We (D.V.) go out to Burgess Hill to-morrow.

The Lord bless your souls together. Our united love to you both, to your brother, and to the friends at G.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXXVI.—To MRS. CLOWES.

Godmanchester, October 16th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

May he be your guide, comfort, and consolation; for I am sure your soul much needs to be comforted and encouraged while you pass on through this barren wilderness.

Many thanks for your kind letter, which we received during our visit at B., and your kind invitation for us to call and see you on our return home. We should much like to have done so, but I felt so poorly that I wanted to get home. Through mercy, I am better now; but I have been greatly troubled and perplexed day and night; for we have been shut out of the chapel seventeen Lord's days, and I know not how many more before it will be ready for use again.

I trust that yourself and Mr. C. are better for your visit to Hastings. I stand engaged for the second

Lord's day in December at Zoar ; and then, if health and strength be given me to fulfil my engagement, we shall hope to see you.

We are drawing nearer and nearer to the end of our journey. And what a mercy to be led in the King's highway, and to feel a good hope through grace that our souls will be landed safe in glory ! But what a trying path it is ! O what enemies we have, within and without ! And what powerful temptations we meet with from day to day, nay, from night to night as well ; for I pass many hours on my bed, under great conflicts and painful exercises. But still the Lord is good, and he helps me to declare his truth ; and sometimes I feel it to be very sweet and suitable to my own soul. But Satan is for ever telling me that I know nothing about it in a saving way and manner. But when the Lord leads me back to some sure spots and marked deliverances and blessed applications and sweet revelations of the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and what a glorious Saviour and salvation it is, then my soul, like David, " dances before the Lord." Then, dear friend, fear thou not. The Lord will carry you safely through all your troubles and trials, and land you safe in glory.

We understand that you have your dear old friend Mrs. Taylor come back to London again. The Lord bless you together.

Our united love to yourself, and Mrs. T., when you see her.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

CXXXVII.—TO MR. AND MRS. STURTON.

Godmanchester, December 2nd, 1873.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

As I am alone for an hour this evening, I will try

and scribble you a line, to thank you for your great liberality in giving so bountifully towards the chapel. The Lord restore you tenfold unto your own bosom.

Through God's great goodness and mercy I am much better, but not well. I rode to the schoolroom on Lord's day, and spoke a little twice. We had a church meeting, and received the friend from Chatteris into church fellowship. So the Lord gives, and takes away; for on the same morning one of our members died very suddenly,—a Mrs. Beldome. She came downstairs, lighted her fire, went up again, prayed for her husband, family, and her minister, came down, cut the bread and butter, and, as her husband was blowing the fire, she kissed him, moved away, and fell down dead. Sudden death—sudden glory. How solemn! But what a blessing for her! She had often expressed her belief that the Lord would take her away suddenly.

The dear Lord hath dealt well with me in my affliction. I felt I had no will of my own, and that the truths that I have preached for thirty-nine years, and upon which I have lived, would do to die by; and I felt that I had nothing to do but to die. What a blessed soul is that that is washed in the blood of the Lamb, and clothed in the best robe!

I hope to get out again next Lord's day. I have been obliged to give up London for the 14th, and Oakham for the 21st. I feel I must remain at home this winter. The friends have been very kind. They did not wish me to go out last Lord's day, and I thought I had more strength until I read my text.

Our united love to you all as a family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXXVIII.—To MR. COMBRIDGE.

Godmanchester, December 12th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and yours, and all the dear friends with you at Galeed.

It is now a long time since I wrote to you ; and I know that yourself and the rest of the friends will be glad to have a line from me, for you have been much on my mind of late. When you have been telling out the Lord's dealings with you, in providence and grace, many a sweet word from your lips has dropped into my heart, and set my soul all on fire ; so that I have felt a sweet communion with you. And this establishes a union of heart and soul with a brother or sister in the Lord Jesus Christ. And how can two walk together unless they are agreed ?

But, my dear brother, I find it to be a trying path, although the dear Lord hath dealt well with me in every way during my affliction. And through the rich mercy of the Lord, I am very much better, but my head is not well. I did hope there would have been more dross and tin purged away in the furnace than what I feel there is ; for there is so much remaining, which makes me sick at heart. And the filth and guilt work within, so that I seem more wretched than before the affliction fell upon me ; for between the workings of sin in my heart, and the temptations of Satan, I have but little rest. I still groan out under a body of sin and death. But my soul cleaves to the blood of atonement, and feels redemption to be very precious, because the Lord Jesus Christ hath redeemed me from all sin and transgression, and blotted out all my crimes, and the handwriting of ordinances which stood against me, and took them all out of the way, nailing them to his cross. And the atoning blood has been applied to my conscience, and peace has been enjoyed in my soul,

so that I felt I had nothing to do but die; although the devil and unbelief fought hard against little-faith, and tried hard to get master of the field; and at one time my soul by faith was compelled to go back to the first powerful work on my conscience, and had to well beat the bush, and the taste of the wormwood and the gall came up in view. And then the sweet deliverance was showed up to my faith, and the old serpent skulked off, and unbelief dropped its head, and my soul came forth with a shout of Victory! through the blood of the Lamb. "For this is the victory that overcometh the world," flesh, and the devil, "even our faith." But faith has to fight hard, day and night; and sure I am that we shall have to fight against our enemies and for our friends all our journey through. But there is one consolation,—the victory is sure.

Then, dear friend, cheer up. "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

The Lord bless you and yours. Our united love to you both, and brother deacons, and all the friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXXXIX.—To MR. GLADWIN.

Godmanchester, December 15th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and all who fear God with you at Zoar Chapel.

I hope you had a good day yesterday at the chapel, and that the Lord was manifestly with both speaker and hearers, and that you had a good collection for the poor. I thought much about you. My supply came,

and he preached morning and afternoon. I spoke in the evening.

Through mercy, I hope I am gathering strength, but I am obliged to be more careful that I have ever been.

Thank you for your last kind and good letter. I am become nothing but weakness, emptiness, and ignorance,—a poor tempted and tormented sinner. The publican's prayer suits me well: "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" for I am living to prove that my heart is full of sin and every evil. Satan tries every way to pull me out of the narrow path; and my little faith and hope have to fight hard against principalities, against powers, and against spiritual wickedness in high places; and I have often feared that sin and Satan will get masters of the field. Sin and temptations often cripple me, and I go halting, groaning, sighing, and crying, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

I hoped, in my light affliction, that I should come out of the furnace more purified than I am. I felt calm and quiet, so loving and simple, the greater part of my affliction, and felt thankful to the dear Lord for his kind and tender dealings with me; so that I hoped to be more fruitful in my life and ministry. There is but one thing that I can see and feel; and that is, my heart seems to be closer knit to the Lord's dear people; and I have a burning desire, at times, to exalt the Lord Jesus in my preaching, and lay the sinner low. And how can I do this in a becoming way and manner unless I am plunged deeper into the ditch myself? But I know that this is a painful life to live. But how is the fisherman to know which is the right side to cast the net? When the Lord Jesus told Peter to thrust out a little from the land, little did Peter think that the next command would be: "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." And by the way in which he answered the Lord, we judge he could not believe that he should have a draught:

“ Master, we have been toiling all night, and have taken nothing ; nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net.”

I sometimes feel that it is very needful to fish in deep waters ; because there are so many of the Lord’s dear people who sink in deep mire, where there is no standing. Therefore they must be drawn up out of the miry clay, and up out of the horrible pit, and their feet set upon the eternal Rock ; so that the poor things might feel that they have a firm foundation to stand upon.

I felt that the Christ of God, who was revealed to my soul at the time the great Deliverer came out of Zion, and turned away ungodliness from my conscience ; who saved me from sin, death, and devils, and saved me through and out of so many troubles, was the same God and Saviour in my affliction ; so that I had nothing to do but to die. The Lord Jesus swallowed up death in victory.

The Lord bless your soul.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXL.—To MRS. CLOWES.

Godmanchester, December 22nd, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED SISTER
IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace and peace be with your dear redeemed soul, to comfort, support, and encourage your fainting heart ; because I am sure you greatly need it as you pass through this trying wilderness. The Lord Jesus tells us : “ In the world ye shall have tribulation ; ” but he adds : “ Be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world.” And the Lord hath said, “ And ye now, therefore, have sorrow ; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice ; and your joy no man taketh

from you." And, again, he hath said, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."

I trust, my dear friend, that your soul is proving this to be true from time to time. No doubt you have been expecting a line from me before now. Well, this is the first opportunity I have of writing to you. And now shall I enter a little upon the work of faith and labour of love and patience of hope in your soul? Doubtless you are often tried whether you have any faith at all. But let us look and see in what way faith works in your soul from day to day.

You have a hard conflict going on within your heart between sin and grace, faith and unbelief. And while sin is lusting after the things of this world, grace is thirsting after God and godliness; and when unbelief is falling in with Satan's lies, faith is fighting against sin, Satan, self, and the world. And faith works by love, and follows after the Lord Jesus Christ, its Author, and works in him, and sometimes holds communion with him, and draws virtue out of him; so that you feel your faith working in the truths of the gospel of Christ. It lays firm and fast hold of God's election and the precious atonement, and sees some beauty in the everlasting righteousness of the dear Redeemer, and you feel you have an interest in it. So then your labour of love begins to work in the Lord Jesus Christ, and your soul begins to talk with him, and walk with him. The truths of the everlasting gospel are then fed upon and drunk into. And the patience of hope begins to look forward to that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ. So that faith, hope, and charity still abide, and will until the end of our lives.

Yesterday the Lord gave me strength to go through all my labours. My illness pulled me down greatly; but what a mercy it is that I am as well as I am! My head is not well; I have had erysipelas in it. But the Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him. I felt in my

illness that the truths that my soul had received and preached for thirty-nine years would do to die by. And what a salvation it is to save a sinner like me!

I hope you are well. The Lord bless you, and strengthen you in body and soul, and help you to cast all your care on him; for he careth for you.

Our united love to yourself and Mr. C. Kind remembrances to your sisters.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXLI.—To MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, December 30th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MUCH-ESTEEMED SISTER
IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Many thanks for your last kind letter.

The dear Lord has brought us to the close of another year,—a year gone and gone for ever, with all its troubles, sorrows, temptations, persecution, and suffering. But we must not forget all our mercies, comforts, testimonies, applications, and revelations which the Lord hath favoured us with, and the close, watchful care over us under all our troubles and temptations, and how the Lord hath succoured us under the powerful temptations of the devil. I am a wonder to myself, to think how the Lord hath supported me under all that I have had to endure; and sometimes I have thought I must give up preaching. But here I am, a poor worthless sinner, saved by sovereign grace. Well might good old Peter say, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

I felt that sweet portion very suitable to my soul last Lord's day: "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." O! What a mercy, my dear friend, it is for us that Jesus was

made under the curse of the law, and that he was made a curse for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him! But what a path the Christ of God had to travel to redeem our souls from all our sins and transgressions! And not only so, but he blotted them all out of God's book of remembrance, and took all the enmity out of the law. "Having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances, for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace." He blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that stood against us, which was contrary to us; and we were contrary to that; and took it all out of the way of our poor souls, and nailed it to his cross, never to be removed. So that "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

I never wish to go through another such a year as I have this; and more so for the last six months, since the chapel has been pulled to pieces; it being such a long and tedious job. I gave out last Lord's day that we hope to re-open it next Sabbath; but there is a great deal to do to it yet. My Croydon friends gave me £100, and another friend £100; and my wife collected over £100; and other friends collected good sums. So, you see, rich and poor, old and young, and even little children, have also given freely; and I quite hope at the re-opening to be able to say that it is free of debt.

The Lord grant you both the best of all blessings at the entrance of the new year, and give you much of his comforting presence down to the end of your days. Our love to you both and friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXLII.—To MR. AND MRS. J. WILSON.

Godmanchester, January 1st, 1874.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your dear redeemed souls, to comfort your sorrowful hearts in the way.

I desire to thank you both for your kind and affectionate letters to such a poor worthless wretch as I feel myself to be. Although I have received your good letters for some time past, I have not forgotten your great kindness in giving me an outline of your trying path, painful conflicts, and powerful temptations that you were passing through daily. I liked your letter much, because my soul was then passing through somewhat the same things. O! What a path my soul has travelled in for the last six months! The sleepless nights and painful days I have passed through I could not tell to any man. The powerful temptations and painful exercises of mind seemed unbearable to flesh and blood; and sometimes I seemed to have nothing more than flesh and blood in me. But here I am, just saved by the skin of my teeth; and all the fears, cares, sorrows, conflicts, persecutions, and temptations are gone with the year; and we have all that the less to pass through. But we must not forget the many mercies, comforts, helps, lifts, testimonies, applications, and manifestations we have had through the past year. I sometimes thought I must run away, and leave it all; and sometimes I feared my mind was giving way. But here I am, a sinner saved by grace; and if ever a sinner deserved hell beyond another, I am the man. But, my brother, my soul has had a hell of sin, wrath, and temptation to pass through here below; but at the end of my pathway my soul is in full expectation of entering the pearly gates of heaven.

Therefore, dear friend, fight on; press through the

host of enemies. The Lord will stand by you and fight for you ; and at the end of your race you will find the prize waiting for you.

We are indeed glad to find that dear Mrs. W. and the babe are going on so well. The Lord bless you both.

Our united love to you and brother.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXLIII.—TO MR. OLIVER.

Godmanchester, January 20th, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and yours, and all who fear God with you.

Your kind letter was gladly received. And now I will try and write you a line; just to let you see that I am still upon the earth. But I am become the old man in deed and in truth. The Lord brought me through the year 1873 ; and I am sure that I never want to see another such a year of sleepless nights and trying days, especially the last six months. But all the cutting troubles, painful conflicts, and powerful temptations are all gone with the year. Still, the Lord gave me many mercies and rich blessings in my soul. And when I remember his watchful care over me, his helping hand, his keeping power, and delivering arm, I am lost in wonder at his great love and patience towards such a poor old worthless wretch.

Now I have entered into a new year, I must expect new trials. And I do expect some new covenant blessings ; and I hope my soul has enjoyed some already. But since my illness in the month of November and the first part of December, I have not felt so strong. My breathing continues bad. I thought

then the Lord was about to take me off the stage of time ; but I am spared to write a line once more to my old friend Mr. Oliver. But writing tries my chest, and my hand shakes ; so that it is nearly over with my writing.

We re-opened the chapel on the first Lord's day of the new year. I read these words for a text : " The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts ; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." When I closed, I thanked the church and congregation for their kind liberality ; and then told them the cost was £570, and that there would be no collection at the doors, and no debt on the chapel. This was a pleasure for me to tell the church and congregation, and good news for the people. So, you see, we all put our shoulders to the wheel, and it was done nicely. The friends knew I could not endure being in debt.

Now I have told you a little how the year ended, and also a little about the beginning of the year, because I know that you feel an interest in my welfare. If we should live until September, we shall have known each other thirty years. I have lost by death all the ministers I knew at that time, and the greater part of the old hearers.

We were glad to know that you were all well. The Lord bless your soul with the spirit and power of prayer, and give your soul testimonies of his great favour, and open his hand wide unto you and your family. This is the desire and prayer of your old friend. My wife joins me in love to yourself, Mrs. Oliver ; and kind regards to your family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXLIV.—To MR. FEAZEY.

Godmanchester, January 30th, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BELOVED SON IN THE FAITH OF GOD'S ELECT,—

I received your long and good letter, and will just send you a line to let you see that I am still in this body of sin and death; but a poor thing I feel myself to be. I do not gather strength. I feel the best in the pulpit. I was obliged to give up all my winter engagements, through ill health, up to the present. I stand engaged at Oakham the last Lord's days in February, and at Leicester the first two Lord's days in March, if the Lord gives me strength to go.

We re-opened the chapel on the first Lord's day in the new year, free from any debt. "What hath God wrought!" The friends came forth so liberally. You would not know the old chapel now, it looks so nice and well done. But of course I shall not want it long. But I would not pass through another such a six months, not for the worth of the chapel.

But I must just say a word or two to you about my Lord and Master, and his great salvation. He has brought me through all my troubles, sorrows, pains, fears, sinkings conflicts, and temptations of the last year; and they are gone and gone for ever. And here I am, brought through the first month, nearly, of the new year. I must expect new troubles and trials; and I hope I shall have some new covenant blessings. A salvation by free and sovereign grace suits me well. I have nothing to hang upon or trust in but the love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. My own righteousness is nothing but filthy rags. Nay, I hate my wretched self with more abhorrence than ever I have done since I have known the Lord. I have had a burning desire for many years to be a Christian; but I fall so short of it, both ends and middle; for my depraved heart is such a trouble to my soul, and,

at times, there seems nothing going on but sin. I keep on preaching to poor helpless sinners, it is true, and I am very sure that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and there is something very sweet in this salvation, because it hath saved me. And cannot you say the same for yourself?

I hope the Lord will favour your soul with his smiles, and open his hand wide unto you as a God of providence.

Our united love to yourself. Remember us to your wife.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXLV.—TO MR. MARSHALL.

Godmanchester, February 5th, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST,—

Peace be with you and yours, to comfort your sorrowful souls now that you are in affliction.

I have been in the furnace of affliction myself of late; and I cannot say that I am brought right out yet. But I do know that no affliction for the present seems to be joyous, but grievous. And there is another thing that I am sure of, and that is, I cannot see the peaceable fruit of righteousness that I should like to see in my own case. My soul is still exercised about it, waiting for it, and looking after it; but I am such a poor, empty, blind, stupid, vain, and carnal wretch, in and of myself, that I mourn sore like a dove, and feel like a silly dove without a heart. I have the form of godliness, or hardly that. I feel so destitute of the life and power. But there are times when my heart and soul are as full of life and power as they can hold. It was so on Lord's day morning. The honey, oil, and wine ran sweetly; and I hope there was some sincere milk for babes, as well as honey, oil, and wine for

young men and fathers. For some of the lame were made to leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing ; for in the wilderness waters flowed forth. And yesterday the water of life sprang up again so sweetly, and warmed my heart and soul toward the Lord and his people ; and the Word of God was sweet and precious, so that mine eye was anointed with eye-salve, and my ear was opened, and my heart enlarged ; and I had a good night's rest after it. But this morning, after the reading and prayer, I took my Bible to try to read a little. My heart was hard, my soul was dead, my mind was wandering, and I was half asleep. My life was a burden to me. I tried to read again ; but no sooner than my eyes looked upon his Word, they were heavy with sleep, and my mind was as carnal as though I had not one single grain of grace. Now what a burden this is to my soul ! I try to pray against it, and groan under it, but all seems in vain. Then my soul begins to search after my sure evidences ; and then Satan begins to tempt, unbelief begins to work. Then faith is moved by the blessed Spirit ; and then the conflict begins between sin and grace, faith and unbelief ; and sometimes the war is very hot. But when my little faith seems almost overcome, the Lord Jesus comes for my help and relief, and brings my soul out of the battle-field more than a conqueror. Then my soul can sing again of mercy, love, and blood. I feel all is right ; and my mountain stands strong ; and then I say to myself, "I will not give way to these changes, and not sink so low." But soon again I am sunk in deep mire, and base things are working in my evil heart ; and there is awful work going on within ; and the devil seems ready to devour me ; and here I am, again under the clouds of dismay. "Thou hidest thy face, and I am troubled."

But I feel that I cannot live like this. I must give up preaching. I went up to the chapel like this on Sabbath morning, with no text ; but when the last hymn was given out, the Lord gave me a text, and he

himself was in it; and all was right in a moment. And a good day we had.

I was delighted to see dear Mr. Stenning here. How kind of him to come and see me in my affliction! He told us you were ill. I trust that you are better. I am a poor feeble thing.

Our united love to yourself, wife, and daughter, and all the friends at the chapel.

Yours in the Lord,

T. GODWIN.

CXLVI.—TO MR. STURTON.

Godmanchester, February 12th, 1874.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—

You must remember that I cannot comfortably call all my friends brothers and sisters in the Lord; because I must first prove myself to be in the Lord, and then I must be well satisfied that the friend I am writing to is in the Lord also. And as I like your spirit, and believe that the Spirit of Christ is in you (for it is written, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his"), therefore I can write freely to you; and may the Lord bless you and yours.

And now I must tell you a little about our church meeting last Lord's day. Mr. and Mrs. H. were visited after the morning service; and they gave in their experience after the afternoon service; and a nice meeting we had. There were many warm hearts and wet eyes. So they were well received; and as they had been members of a church before, we did not think it needful to wait a month, as we usually do.

The friends think, as I am expected (D.V.) to leave you for three Lord's days, that we had better have the ordinance of the Lord's supper next Lord's day, and receive them into church fellowship. I have thought it best to let you know; then you can please yourself about coming.

I am much tried about leaving home. I have not been so well this week. I continue weak and feeble. I took a little cold last Lord's day, and have been shut up in the house ever since. I am fearful that the complaint is making its appearance again in my head and eyes. If I am not able to go to L., friend Bray is willing to go for me. If I am well enough, the change might prove a benefit to my health. At L. I have not to go out of doors to go into the chapel; and if I can get to O., they will take care of me there. But after all, I have to look to the Lord, day and night; for I suffer a great deal of pain, at times. But every trouble leaves the number less; for I am sure I must have them all by weight and measure.

The Lord bless you and yours. Our united love to yourself and Mrs. Sturton. Remember us to your kind family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CXLVII.—To MR. J. WILSON.

Leicester, March 6th, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Before we left home, I told you that I would let you know how we are getting on as regards our health. My wife was very unwell at Oakham last week, but through mercy she is nicely again.

And now what shall I say of myself? I am a poor worthless old sinner in myself. But the Lord hath enabled me to preach a free-grace gospel to poor needy sinners; and he has given me just strength enough. But I feel very exhausted after preaching; yet I think I am somewhat stronger than when we left home. I have felt life and liberty in the pulpit, and we have had some sweet times in conversation about the best things with a few old friends.

We have had two good letters from Miss Shelton.

We have wept and rejoiced with her. She told us that it was the twelfth day of the feast. O! My dear friends, what a reality there is in the religion of Jesus Christ! And what sweetness and savour there is in living testimonies; and how strong they make the soul feel!

After I came out of the pulpit last Lord's day morning, I thought my preaching was come to a close, for my strength seemed to have left me.

I hope the Lord has favoured your souls since we last saw each other. May the Lord be with you next Lord's day, and bless your dear souls together. I shall be glad to see you again. But the friends wish me to stop and preach next Thursday evening. If I do, we shall not be home before Friday. And I want to try the change, to see if it will prove of any benefit to my health and strength.

But I cannot write much to you, because writing tries my chest and breathing. Please give my love to all the dear friends; and may the dear Lord be with you all on Lord's day, in the life and power of the gospel of Christ. Our united love to yourself, dear wife, and brother.

Your unworthy Pastor,

T. GODWIN.

CKLVIII.—To MRS. DAVIS.

Godmanchester, March 16th, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto your heart and soul, for you are one of the Lord's dear widows indeed. Therefore he will take care of you, and provide everything for you that is needful; for he is a Father unto the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow.

Many thanks for your kind and good letter, which

we were glad to receive. I have been a poor helpless thing all this winter. We have been from home for three weeks. I much dreaded leaving it, for I felt in such a weak state of body; but my dear wife and the friends thought that the change would prove a benefit to me, through God's blessing. So my wife and I went to Oakham. Mrs. Peake and Miss Morris were very kind to us.

The dear Lord helped me through my labours at Oakham and Leicester, and we came home on Friday last. The same evening we had a friend in, whom the Lord had greatly blessed. She had been in bondage for about twenty-five years; and in her own house the Lord Jesus Christ revealed himself to her soul as her own God and Saviour; and the blessing was enjoyed in her soul for twelve days and nights. She preached to us here for about an hour; and we all caught the fire. I have not heard of such a glorious deliverance for many years. She came in to see us before we left home, and was as miserable as she could be. She took a house here about eighteen months ago, to be near the truth. After the Lord delivered her soul, she wrote to us. We received her letter at Stamford; and what a weeping time we all had! I have known her for many years. Her deliverance has caused a great revival among us.

Many thanks for your kind invitation to come and see you. If we go to Brighton in May, we shall be pleased to do so. I am engaged to be there for the first three Lord's days in that month. But whether I shall be able to fulfil my engagement there or not I cannot say. I do not feel fit to leave home. I have been shut in the house most of the winter, but got out in the garden a little to-day.

Our united love to yourself, the Misses Summers, and all the dear friends.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

CXLIX.—To MR. WESTON.

Godmanchester, March 24th, 1874.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to your heart and soul, to comfort and encourage your soul in the path of tribulation; for I suppose you are still in the path of trouble, trial, and conflict.

Many thanks for your kind and good letter, which came to hand on the 24th of January. I took it to Leicester with me to answer it, but I have been so poorly all this winter that I have not been able to write to my old friends. But there are not many of them left. Death has removed them out of the path of tribulation into eternal glory; and I never expected to enter into my seventy-second year. But I have become very feeble and weak, and such a wretched old sinner. I am proving daily more and more of the deceitfulness and wickedness of my own heart; so that the older I get, the worse I grow. Salvation by free and sovereign grace suits me well.

I have heard that you have removed to Croydon. There are some good people there, and a good minister of Jesus Christ; and if the Lord gives your soul the spirit of hunger and thirst, then you will sit under dear friend Covell's ministry with pleasure and delight. So when you go to the house of God in a dead and lifeless state of soul, and come away the same or worse, you must not lay the blame upon the minister.

I feel, my dear friend, that I cannot write you a letter. My hands have become so feeble, and it tries my chest to write, my breathing being so bad. But the Lord is very merciful to us as a church. We had two join us at the last ordinance; and we have two more coming before the church; and I believe that it is the Lord's adding.

I should like to have laid before you a little of my black list, and also a little of the great goodness and

mercy of the Lord to me and mine ; but my strength fails. My wife is but poorly ; so that we are two poor creatures indeed.

Give our kind love to all the friends ; also to your wife and family.

Yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,
T. GODWIN.

CL.—To MR. COMBRIDGE.

Godmanchester, March 26th, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Many thanks for your good letter, which did my soul good to read. And I am sure that I did not feel in any way displeased at your long silence, knowing, as I do, what a man of business you are, and that you have so much writing to do. I thought, when I wrote to brother Stenning, that I might not be well enough to fulfil my engagements at Brighton for the first three Lord's days in May. I am still but poorly ; but if I do not fall back again, I shall hope to see you. But if I should not be able to take the journey, you shall know in time. The friends here think that the change might prove a benefit to me. But I am become quite the old man,—so weak and feeble in body. Yet the Lord puts strength into my soul in the pulpit, and helps me through my labours, Sabbath after Sabbath. And the Lord is among us in deed and in truth, as a church and people, and adds such as he has ordained to eternal life.

The dear Lord has been good to my soul in giving me strength and courage to persevere in the great work. If I die in the harness, it will be dying in a good work. And, at times, I am led back to remember all the way the Lord hath brought me through, and what temptations he hath kept me under and delivered me out of ; and, notwithstanding all the sins which are continually at work in my wretched heart,

yet the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ sounds in my soul very sweetly. Love and blood are savoury meat to an old sinner like me ; for what could one do if salvation was not free, full, and complete, and my soul complete in salvation ? And although the Lord has done so much in every way and on every hand, yet what a hard-hearted, unholy, and unthankful wretch I am ! And the more the Lord favours me, the greater wretch I feel myself to be. Can there ever be such an one in heaven as I feel myself to be ? For neither judgments nor mercies, afflictions nor consolations, make my wretched heart any better. Surely (I thought in my affliction in the winter), now the Lord is so kind to me, I shall be better armed to stand against Satan's temptations. But, alas ! alas ! I seem weaker than ever.

But I shall weary you with my scrawl. Our united love to yourself and yours, and to all your brother deacons and friends.

Yours in the Lord,

T. GODWIN.

CLI.—TO MISS MORRIS.

Godmanchester, September 5th, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND, AND MAY I NOT SAY, SISTER
IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your heart, soul, and spirit, to comfort, encourage, and strengthen you under all your fears, cares, sorrows, and temptations. And here you are a living witness that the Lord hath helped you and brought you to see another birthday. And cannot you say, dear friend, that goodness and mercy have followed you up to this day ?

I have known you many years as a waiting soul ; and although you may not yet have received a full satisfaction of your interest in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, yet you shall have it.

The Lord would not have showed you such things as he has if he had intended to destroy you. No; the time is drawing near when your soul shall prove the truth of these words: "He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day."

I have often heard you say what a wretch you were. Who taught you to know and feel that? Why, the blessed Spirit of God; and he will put the spirit of adoption into your heart, and enable your soul to cry, "Abba, Father." Is not this what your soul has been seeking after and waiting for these many years that are past? I have no doubt Satan tells you that you will never see that happy day. What a happy day it would be to your dear redeemed soul! But you may say that you have been watching, waiting, and expecting the blessing to come for so many years; therefore, at times, you are almost ready to give up hoping. But remember what the Lord hath said: "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

Now, my dear friend, I want you to take notice of this little word "yet." "For the vision is *yet* for an appointed time;" and as soon as that time is up, you shall prove that your expectation is not cut off. Not yet, you may say. No; nor it never shall be. For the dear Lord hath said that "the needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." And has not the Lord made your soul poor and needy? Then he will surely set your soul on high, and you shall have a new song put into your heart; and then you will sing aloud of his love, blood, and righteousness. You shall prove that the Lord waiteth to be gracious, and that your soul has not waited in vain. Just watch your feelings, and you will find that your soul cannot be satisfied without a Christ of your own, revealed in your heart the Hope of glory. There is not anything in this world that can

give true peace but the dear smiling countenance of the blessed Saviour. May your soul have a kid to make merry with your friends on your birthday. O! If Jesus would say to your soul, "I am thy salvation," it would indeed rejoice our hearts to hear of this. I hope to try and pray for this, as I have done for some years gone by. You know that the love of the truth is in your heart; and you love those men that preach it.

The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless you. Our united love to yourself and sister.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLII.—To MISS MORRIS.

Godmanchester, November 4th, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I feel my mind drawn out towards you by night and by day, from time to time, in your affliction; and sometimes I feel nearness to the Lord on your behalf. I hope I felt this morning some pleadings for you, that the Lord would give your soul a powerful testimony of his love and blood.

Yesterday morning, I had these words much on my mind: "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark." Now, dear friend, is not this the state of your mind? Now consider this over, and the following verse: "But it shall be one day, which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night. But it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." Now, dear friend, the gospel day is before you; and how near we cannot say. "For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

The Lord bless these words to your soul. I have made no comment upon them; they are so plain to them that have any right understanding.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

CLIII—TO MR. MARSHALL.

Godmanchester, November 23rd, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

It is now a long time since I heard from you; and it is also a long time since I have written; but I feel my heart warmed towards you this morning; therefore I will try and write you a line or two, because the Lord Jesus Christ is precious to my soul, and the goodness and mercy of my God and Father is very great to me this morning; and all I want is more love and power to praise him. I have been poorly with a cough and cold, and have been almost plagued to death by indwelling sin and Satan's temptations. But my Lord has smiled upon me again; and for some Sabbaths past the Lord hath given me much power in the pulpit, and also strengthened me in body. Although I preached three times yesterday with a good deal of strength and power, I feel well this morning. And my heart and mind is with you at Brighton, and I am wondering how you are getting on at the chapel, and whether your supply is restored to his usual health and strength. You must have been put about a good deal. But we must have disappointments here as we journey on through the wilderness.

But, dear friend, it will soon come to an end with us. The devil and sin have been trying to make an end of me for many years. But here I am, a sinner saved by sovereign grace. And how sweet this is, to feel that I am saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation! The devil and sin have been trying to drag

my soul and body down into hell ; but, bless my dear Lord and Saviour, he has been drawing up my heart and soul into heaven this morning. And how sweet it is to have a little rest and peace in one's soul, and a sweet prospect before one of entering heaven when one dies ! And you, my dear friend, are not a stranger to this trying path. But what a mercy it is for you and me that the Lord ever put us into the path of tribulation ; for we must go through it into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Our united love to yourself, wife, and daughter ; also to Mrs. Grace and the friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLIV.—TO MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, November 23rd, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND IN THE BONDS OF THE EVER-
LASTING GOSPEL,—

I feel that I must drop you a line, just to let you see that we have not forgotten you. No ; we make mention of you in our prayers.

I was glad to hear through Mr. B. that dear Miss Morris was gathering strength. The Lord bless her soul, and that will strengthen her faith, and encourage her heart to wait upon the Lord and wait for him ; because the Lord waiteth to be gracious ; and he hath said, "Blessed are all they that wait for him." And what a dear and blessed Friend he is to poor broken-down sinners, poor cast-down and oppressed souls, that are laden with sin and guilt, and tempted and tormented by the devil ! But the Lion of the tribe of Juda is Satan's Master. Bless his precious Name for ever and for ever for what he has done for poor vile me and mine. And how he hath appeared for me in the midst of trouble, sorrow, and sinking ! None but the Lord knows what I have gone through, under the

power of temptation and the workings of sin and unbelief, with infidelity. The devil and unbelief have tried hard to make me give up preaching, and stop my mouth from saying anything about Jesus Christ and his dear family. But neither of these foes has yet prevailed. No ; since I was with you last, I think I have felt more life and power in my soul than I have felt for years past in the pulpit. And truly I am proving that the Lord is doing wonders for me in my old years. No mortal living can understand the pathway the Lord hath purposed to lead his people in.

My soul has been sore puzzled to make out the Lord's dealings within ; and the more my soul cried unto him for deliverance, the firmer and faster I seemed to be bound, until I was tried about giving up asking. For my life became such a burden to me that I felt it would be better for me to die than to live. But I could not die ; neither could I feelingly live. But here I am, brought on my way, and through so many sorrows, sins, fears, sinkings, troubles, and temptations ; and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is my only Help and Deliverer. How my heart burns with love toward him at the present time, now I I am writing to you, for all his great goodness and mercy to me and mine, and for giving us both to see eye to eye in the truths of the everlasting gospel ! If ever any man had two good wives, and well taught by God the Holy Ghost, I am the man. And bless the dear Lamb of God for saving my poor tempted soul from self-destruction, and from the lowest hell, where I deserve to be cast for ever and for ever. But my good Lord and Saviour hath saved me with an everlasting salvation ; and, at times, my soul is led to consider what my dear Lord and Saviour went through to accomplish my salvation and freedom from wrath, sin, death, and hell. " For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

But I must not let my pen run on like this ; yet I

cannot help it; for the God of peace is within me, and the oil of joy is running through my heart like a river. And sure I am that there is a river, and the streams thereof make glad the soul of the poor old sinner saved by free and sovereign grace. And I am sure that it is free, or else it never would have reached me.

Through mercy, my cold is better, and my wife is pretty well. Our united love to yourself and dear Miss Morris, and friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLV.—To MRS. CUNNINGTON.

Godmanchester, December 4th, 1874.

MY DEAR ESTEEMED FRIEND,—

I was sorry to hear this morning that you are very poorly, and had hard work to keep about. Well, dear friend, you are proving the truth of what the Lord hath said,—that he hath left in Zion a poor and afflicted people, and that they shall trust in the Name of the Lord. Now, dear friend, what else have you left to trust in? You have lived long enough in the holy war to prove that your own wisdom is foolishness, your own strength perfect weakness, your own righteousness filthy rags; and your own memory often fails you. Then what a mercy it is for us that our Covenant God and Father remembered us in our low estate, because his mercy endureth for ever! And sure I am that we need many stripes, a deal of chastening, and much scourging, because we know our Master's will, and yet we are such fools, we do not do his will. Although we have a desire to walk, and act, and do, and speak as in his blessed sight, yet we have so much sin, and so little grace, so much unbelief, and so little faith, and the old serpent is continually firing his darts at us, that we are often entangled in Satan's nets; and being

carnal minded and such earth-bound wretches, we seem to have lost all that warm zeal that we possessed when we first knew each other, nearly thirty years ago.

But then, let us look at the other side for a few minutes, and see how the Lord's great goodness and mercy have followed us. Have we ever lacked one good thing? And have not all our troubles, trials, sorrows, sinkings, fears, and temptations all proved to work together for our soul's good and God's glory? I am sure they have. Then let us see whether we cannot see a few signs of our interest in the Saviour's work, life, love, blood, and righteousness. We are, I am sure, sick of ourselves and all that springs from ourselves. And I am sure that the work of the blessed Spirit in our souls has constrained us to love Jesus Christ and all that belongs to him; and I am sure that the love of the truth is within our hearts. So then, this is the fulfilment of the commandment,—to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love one another.

The Lord bless you, and shine into your soul. Our united love to you and yours, and all the dear friends.

Yours in the Truth,
T. GODWIN.

CLVI.—To Miss SUMMERS.

Godmanchester, December 9th, 1874.

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND,—

We were glad indeed to hear from you once more. We have been often talking about you, and wondering whether you were at home, or gone to Hastings for your winter quarters. But when your welcome letter came, we were glad indeed to read the contents, and to hear that you were still at Croydon, and both so well in your health, and able to get to

chapel. What a mercy and privilege it is that you have such a blessed man of God to go and hear! I have not forgotten his last visit here; neither have many more of the living family of God. He left behind him a sweet savour. How many times my heart has burned with love towards him! And sometimes I have thought I must write to him, and thank him for his kind visit.

But, since that time, I have been very poorly, and have had such a cold and cough. But the dear and blessed Lord has restored me again to good health, and I can walk about better than I have done for the last two years. My dear wife also continues well. She has gone for a long drive, to take flannel and calico for the poor; and she is also busy getting prizes for the school children. She is hoping to go to London with me on Saturday.

We should much like to see yourselves and dear brother Covell, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans; but as my visit will be a short one, and we have made some few engagements already, I fear that we shall have no time; and if the weather should be wet, it will be trying for an old man like me to get about.

But I must tell you that the Lord is good and gracious to me, in body and soul. And O, what a wonder of wonders it is that I am here! Sin and Satan have tried hard to kill me outright; but here I am still,—upon sound ground, waiting for my removal off the stage of time. But since I saw you last, I have had some trying times. The winds have been very high, and the water very low, and life in my soul has been at a very low ebb; and the enemy hath thrust hard at me that I might fall. So my old cry has been: "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

I must just tell you I have been so stout that I had hard work to get about; and it was such a trial to me. I tried to lower myself, but could not do it; and then I tried to ask the Lord to do it; and bless his dear Name and Person, he himself hath done it.

I must close my scrawl by wishing you every new covenant blessing.

Our united love to yourselves, to Mr. Covell, and the friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLVII.—To MR. COMBRIDGE.

Godmanchester, December 31st, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and yours, to comfort your hearts and revive your spirits. This will encourage your souls in the way and under your hard conflicts and painful exercises.

Dear friend, this being the last day in the old year, I feel my heart constrained to drop a line or two to you once more. I have been thinking about doing so for a long time, but I have been waiting for the springs to rise, for they have been very low. Nay, the living water seemed almost dried up within my soul; and the little that seemed to be left had not strength enough to spring up into everlasting life. But yesterday the stone was removed from the well's mouth, and the stream flowed down into my heart and soul from the river head; so that the sweet warm living waters sprang up into everlasting life. I am more than sure that "there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." And the longer the water flowed, the more my heart burned with love towards the Three-One God;—the Father, for loving me; the Son, for redeeming me; and the Holy Ghost, for quickening my soul into divine life, and for teaching my soul the contents of the curse of the law, and the strictness of divine justice, and that God would have been just if he had sent me to hell. And then the dear Comforter took of the things of Jesus, and showed

them to my soul. My soul was filled with joy and peace in believing. And how my heart ran out in love and feeling affection toward the Lord's dear people! I said to my wife, "Surely I shall soon die, for my soul is so full of the love of God in Christ Jesus the Lord." For the love of Jesus was poured into my soul in such a way as I had not felt for many a month.

On Tuesday night I felt so to plead with the Lord; and I asked him to give my soul another sweet and powerful visit. Although the Lord has helped me in the pulpit from time to time, yet the conflict and the temptations have been very strong and powerful out of it. And the devil was continually telling me that my sins had hid the Lord's face from me, and that I should never have what my soul had been crying for, seeking after, and watching and waiting for. But my dear Lord hath confounded my unbelief, and confirmed my faith; and the pure river of the water of life hath risen again above the ankles, up to the knees, and reached the loins. So my soul was strengthened with might in the inner man, and my soul held sweet communion with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. And here I should like to live and die, with the sweet water of life springing up into everlasting life. Sure I am that all my springs are in the Lord. O, my friend, how true it is: "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

The Lord bless your souls with a sweet springing up of this water. This is the prayer of your unworthy friend.

Our united love to you both, and all friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLVIII.—TO MR. WILSON.

Godmanchester, January 1st, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and
yours.

The Lord has brought us through the past year,
and we are entered into the new year. I cannot
promise that I shall be better or do better; but I hope
and trust that the dear Lord will smile upon me, and
shine within my soul.

The dear Lord greatly favoured my soul the last
two days of the old year. And I do pray that he will
favour our souls, as a church and people, with the out-
pouring of the Holy Ghost, and give us peace and rest
in the finished work of Christ. I can say that my
soul has a growing union to you all as a church and
people. The Lord bless your own soul with nearness
unto himself, and give you every needful blessing,
both for body and soul.

Our united love to yourself and Mrs. W.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLIX.—TO MR. FEAZEY.

Godmanchester, January 8th, 1875.

MY DEAR ESTEEMED FRIEND,—

It is a long time since I received the account
of your first sermon. How many doors have you had
opened to you? And how many sermons have you
preached since? I have thought much about you,
but I could not write to you before; but I trust I have
felt prayer in my heart that the Lord may make you
useful to his tried people. I know that Satan will not
leave a stone unturned, but will harass and try you on
every point.

When you write, I should like to know how you are getting on respecting preaching. I am glad to see that the Lord is raising up young ministers, for he is taking others home to glory. We have lost by death Mr. Blanchard. He preached his last sermon here.

Surely the Lord is very good. He has brought us through the old year, and we have entered into the new; and all the troubles, cares, trials, sorrows, sins, and fears of the old year are gone with the year. But then we must not forget all the mercies, blessings, helps, lifts, smiles, and deliverances that our souls were favoured with through the past year. The Lord gave my soul a blessed visit the last two days of the old year, which warmed my heart, and fired my soul with holy love and zeal for his own honour and glory. How sweet was the Word of truth! And how dear was the Lord Jesus and his dear people to my heart! So that the old year ended nicely with me; and the new year began the same. But I must expect new troubles and trials; and I hope some new covenant blessings, if spared a little longer.

Through much and undeserved mercy, we are pretty well in health; and I hope this will find you the same. The Lord bless you. Our united love.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLX.—TO MRS. PEAKE.

Godmanchester, January 12th, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Through God's great goodness and mercy, we are brought through another year, and have entered into the new year. Let us remember that, notwithstanding all our troubles and temptations, doubts and fears, the Lord has been very good to us. See how many mercies we received from his hands. What a comfort a good home is, and food to eat, and raiment

to put on! O that we could be more grateful to the Lord for his mercies to us! I must not pass over one thing that my soul had been praying for, day and night, for a long time; and that was, for a blessed visit of his salvation in my house and home. The Lord helped me through my pulpit labour the last year; but see how the devil and my own unbelief tried to make me give up preaching. And are not you tempted to give up your post, at times? But the dear Lord came down into my heart like rain upon the new-mown grass; and the last two days of the old year were two happy days to my soul. The dear Lord poured his love into my soul in such a blessed way and manner that my cup was full and running over. And how my soul did burn with love to the Three-One God and his dear people! I began to think that the Lord was about to take me to himself. I was obliged to call my wife and tell her; but I could not give her my feelings. So that the old year ended well with my soul, and body too; for the Lord gave me such good health of body that I have not felt so well for a long time as I do now.

I see by Jane's letter that you were disappointed in your supply on Lord's day. So were the Brighton friends; for friend Bray was unable to supply, being so poorly. What the Lord is about to do with his people we cannot say. He has taken away by death a great many of his ministers; and the few that are left are often laid aside with ill health.

Then, dear friend, what a mercy it is to be made ready, and to be well laid in the grave! I felt preaching from these words: "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" to be very sweet. I still feel that my soul is looking, watching, waiting, hoping, and expecting the Saviour to come and fetch my redeemed soul home to himself. And are you not, dear friend, waiting for the same glorious appearing? Then, dear friend, hope on unto the end; for

you have felt that your soul is in the possession of a good hope through grace. For the Father hath loved you, and hath given you an everlasting consolation; and your soul shall never be ashamed of such a Helper; and your God will never be ashamed to own your soul; for "the righteous hath hope in his death."

Our united love to yourself and dear sister, and all the friends.

Yours affectionately,
T. GODWIN.

CLXI.—TO MISS MORRIS.

Godmanchester, January 12th, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

As I have been writing a line to your dear sister, I will try and send you one too. We must live for ourselves, and die for ourselves. You have a soul of your own; and you must have a Saviour of your own, before your soul can enter into rest. I have heard you say your soul was brought into trouble about your state before your sister was. But the Lord is a Sovereign in these matters. He often makes the last first, and the first last. I believe that you love the truth, and I know that you have had some trouble in your time, and some painful afflictions. The last time we were with you, you were under the rod; but I am glad to hear that the dear Lord has restored you to your usual health and strength.

And now, dear friend, you want a heart to be enabled to thank the Lord for his great goodness and mercy towards you. See how good the Lord is to you, in giving you a heart to remember the poor; for the Lord hath said, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth." Then what a

mercy it is that the Lord makes any use of such poor helpless creatures!

And now, dear friend, I wish you every blessing that a covenant God and Father has to give. May the Lord Jesus say unto your soul, "I am thy salvation." And may the Holy Ghost comfort your heart, by showing your soul that your name is written in the Lamb's book of life, and give you a lift by the way, and help your soul to look to the Lord as your own God and Saviour.

Our united love to you in the Lord.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXII.—TO MRS. CLOWES.

Godmanchester, February 4th, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER IN THE LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your dear redeemed soul, to comfort and encourage your fainting heart.

I can only just write you a line. We have mercifully been brought through the first month of the new year. When we saw you in the last month of the old year, we thought you were looking very poorly, and thought that it might be the last time we should meet in this world. But we shall meet in the everlasting kingdom to sing unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.

The Lord was very precious to me the last two days of the old year. My soul was as happy as I could live. My cup was full and running over. I had a very trying time through the greater part of last year. The devil did all he could to destroy me. But here I am, a sinner saved by grace.

And now, dear friend, how is it with your soul? Doubtless you are travelling in a trying path, through

much death, darkness, bondage, and barrenness. Well, you know that path well. But this is not the path under the law, but the wilderness state. When you were under the law, you walked in a path where the poor soul feels it cannot live any longer, but in a moment must perish. I once walked into my shop, and expected to be in hell there and then; when all of a sudden the Lord Jesus Christ was revealed unto my soul, and hell was taken out of my conscience. And, mark, all the guilt and power of the law, the piercing eye of justice, and all transgression, were all taken out; and pardon and peace brought into my soul. Then in a moment my soul took its flight upon wings of love and faith, by the Holy Ghost, and ascended up to the Father, and entered by faith into the Lord Jesus Christ, as freely as he entered into my soul with pardoning mercy and forgiving love.

And the Lord has favoured your soul with many love tokens; and he will visit you again. He will not leave you comfortless; but he will come to you, and will tell you something that will do you good.

The Lord bless you. And may your dear son find mercy. Our united love to you and all friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXIII.—To MR. J. WILSON.

Godmanchester, February 9th, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I was glad to hear from you, that your wife was going on so well; and trust that she may continue to improve. The Lord has been very gracious to her in supporting her thus far, and in proving that there is nothing too hard for him. And I will tell you my feelings when your letter came: "O that the dear babe might prove to be a vessel of mercy!" And I am sure that you will say "Amen" to that.

You may not have heard that two brothers came to the chapel last Lord's day week, in the morning. The Lord cut one of them down under the word ; and he was taken ill on the Monday, and he died on Saturday. His friends sent for me, as the young man wished to see me. I went to see him on Friday morning, and found it to be a real case. The Lord manifested pardon and peace to his soul. His sister was here yesterday, and told us that he died happy. You can see that this was indeed a short work.

I am, at times, lost in wonder at the goodness and mercy of the Lord, and that ever he can and does make use of such a poor, blind, empty wretch. But, my dear brother, I have no desire to live here but for God's glory, and the good of poor sinners and God's saints.

The Lord bless both your souls with a sacrifice of praise to the Lord for all his great goodness and mercy towards you and yours. Our united love to you and yours.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXIV.—To MRS. J. WILSON.

Godmanchester, February 18th, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

May grace, mercy, and peace be with your dear redeemed soul, to comfort and encourage your soul under all your weakness, both of body and soul.

I have had you much upon my mind for some days past ; and I hope there has been and still is prayer in my heart to the Lord for you, that the Lord will restore you to your usual health and strength, and that he may bless your soul with his dear smiles, and manifest himself to your soul as your own God and Saviour. I

am sure that nothing short of this will satisfy your soul. But doubtless the enemy of the elect of God has been very busy with your soul since you have fallen back in your bodily health; and it may have been a stripping and searching time with your soul. "The Lord trieth the righteous;" and we are told: "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you."

Satan is for ever at me, day and night, in some way or other; and between the devil's temptations and indwelling sin, I have had but little rest and peace. But the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, hath put down the devil's power, and conquered death, sin, and all our enemies for us. But what a poor empty thing is mortal man! But, my dear friend, what a fullness there is in the blessed Jesus, although he often hides his face from us when we are in trouble! Then we cry out, with David, "Why art thou so far off from me? Why hidest thou thy face from me? How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? How long shall mine enemies be exalted over me?" And the dear tried saint said, "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? For ever?" And I am sure of this,—that I cannot find the least grain of life and grace in my soul in these things; but have to feel everything to the contrary, which tries me to the very quick. And I go on, like poor Job, mourning without the sun. But still I know that it is needful for the Lord's dear tried people that my soul should pass through these changes, to enable me to meet the cases of the tried children of God.

I begin to feel leaving home. I never find any place like home. But still, wherever I am, if the Lord's dear presence is with me, I feel at home.

But I shall tire you in reading my scrawl. But I could not rest until I wrote these few lines to you. And may the Lord bless you, strengthen you, and comfort you and your dear husband, and visit your

souls with his great salvation. Our united love to you both.

Your unworthy but affectionate Pastor,
T. GODWIN.

CLXV.—TO THE CHURCH AT GODMANCHESTER.

Brighton, June, 1875.

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be manifested and multiplied to you as a church and people, to comfort your hearts when cast down, and give your troubled souls rest and peace. I long to see you again face to face; for, notwithstanding all the kindness of friends, and the Lord's goodness and mercy to me and mine, I find that there is no place like home; and I am looking forward to be with you soon again.

The Lord is good to poor worthless me and mine. I am much better and stronger than when I left home; and I hope that these few lines will find you all well. I saw dear Mrs. A. yesterday morning; and she looks well. The Lord has indeed blessed the means to the strengthening of her body.

What beautiful rains we have had here! And I trust that you have been favoured with the same, and that the Lord hath given your souls refreshing showers from his blessed treasure, which makes the soul feelingly alive in the best things. O! My dear brethren, why were our souls favoured to have an interest in his great salvation? Sometimes, when the dear Lord gives my soul a little touch and a sweet smile from his lovely countenance, I long to be with him, and to be delivered from this body of sin and death. But we must endure the hard conflict; and I am sure that every living soul feels it hard work to bear up against the winds and waves which come against his poor soul, day and night. Although I keep much in the house, yet sin and Satan plague and torment me. But it will soon be all over.

And then my soul cries for grace, to enable me to endure all things for truth's sake.

This town is full of empty professors ; but there is a goodly number of precious jewels here, who live the gospel of Jesus Christ. I feel great pleasure in preaching it to them, as far as I know it. I believe that the Lord hath made my soul feel experimentally the power of the law's curse, and the power of the gospel's blessing. I am at a point about these two grand truths. And sure I am that, if the soul has not been feelingly lost under the law, it can never know what it is to be feelingly saved under the gospel. O ! My dear friends, to be sure the Lord hath killed us under the old covenant, and made us feelingly alive under the new covenant of grace.

Dear brethren, beloved of the Lord, and saved in him with an everlasting salvation, what a rich favour and blessing to be washed in his precious atoning blood, and to be clothed in his glorious righteousness!

The Lord be with your dear redeemed souls on Lord's day, when you will be assembled together for prayer and supplication. And may the Lord the Spirit pour out upon your souls the spirit of grace and supplication, and make you feelingly alive in the house of our God. I long to see you again. May the Lord bring me home ; and may he meet with us in the life and power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. This is the desire of your unworthy pastor.

We hope to return on Tuesday next. Our united love to you all.

Your affectionate Pastor,

T. GODWIN.

CLXVI.—TO MR. MARSHALL.

Godmanchester, July 7th, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and
yours.

I feel a desire to send you a line, although I am not worthy to write to one of the Lord's dear children. I am such an old wretch; and the devil and unbelief tell me to put down my pen. But there is a secret something within my soul that strives against these two enemies in my heart. O! My brother, I am a mystery to myself. And how sin and Satan strive to keep my soul from the Lord! But, what a mercy! He cannot keep the Lord from visiting my soul. What a salvation it is to save such a sinner! What an amazing love is the love of God in Christ Jesus the Lord towards lost and ruined sinners! Well it might be said, "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

Now, dear brother, if I am not saved wholly and solely in this way, in and through the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, there is no hope for me. Then, my dear friend, here I live; and here I hope to die. And what a thing it is, after so many deliverances and manifestations, that one should doubt the reality of these things! But, "though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." "Salvation is of the Lord." But I am travelling in a strange path, and I am trying to get out of it; but I seem to be plunged deeper into it. Still, the Lord saith he will turn again; he will have compassion according unto the multitude of his tender mercies.

But I must not run on so. The Lord bless you and yours, and all the dear friends with you at the chapel.

This is the prayer of

Yours in the Path of Tribulation,

T. GODWIN.

CLXVII.—TO MR. STEVENS.

Godmanchester, Sept. 22nd, 1875.

MY DEAR AGED FRIEND,—

I have spent many a pleasant hour with you in conversing about the things of God and the Lord's dealings with us, as a God of grace and providence; and the last time we came to your house was the sweetest time of all. How many times since then I have thought about trying to scribble you a line; but, feeling so much of my ignorance, and not having had any education, and never having been taught to read or write, I have refrained from writing you a line until now. May the Lord help me to scribble a line in a gospel spirit.

I am indeed become a poor feeble old man, and I fall about; but, blessed be the Name of the dear Lord, I have not yet broken any bone; no; neither have I been left to fall out of the hands of the dear Redeemer. No; notwithstanding all the powerful temptations of the devil, and the awful sins of my evil heart, here I am, struggling on against wind and tide. Sometimes the waves drive me back, and I lose all my little strength, and I seem ready to faint; but I have proved that the Lord "giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

I never passed through such hard conflicts as I have since I saw you last, both by day and night. I have often lost all my feeling religion; and sometimes think that I never possessed any of the right stamp. Satan has tried hard to make me give up the work of the ministry; but I can say that the pulpit is the best

place I find all the week. Although I have lost a great deal of the preaching power the Lord used to favour me with, yet still I do not wish to complain; for the Lord is good to worthless me and mine. But, between the power of sin and unbelief within, the temptations of the devil without, and the hidings of the face of the Lord Jesus, I must confess that my path is a trying one.

I have been very poorly in body. I have felt so much weakness and feebleness; but I feel a little better this week. I have been much engaged with old friends this summer, so that I have had neither time nor will for writing. But I have often thought of my last visit with you, for I felt my heart warmed and my soul lively; and when I feel so, the time passes on nicely, and my soul is all right in the best things.

Then, dear friend, we shall soon have to die for ourselves; and when we are favoured to feel that Christ died for us, then we are all right. For "in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

The Lord bless your soul with much of the anointing power of the Holy Ghost, to comfort your heart and soul in your last days. This is the desire of

Your unworthy Friend in the Lord,

T. GODWIN.

CLXVIII.—To MR. FEAZEY.

Godmanchester, Sept. 30th, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SON IN THE FAITH OF
GOD'S ELECT,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your heart, soul, and spirit.

I see by your letter that you are in a strait again. Well, the Lord only can make you deny yourself, and fellow him through evil report as well as good. I know you are in a fix in your situation. But, friend, act honourably towards your master, and towards your

God; and he will appear for you. You will feel it trying to give up your situation; and more so to keep in it. If you have many invitations to preach, you must in some measure be satisfied that the Lord is drawing your heart and soul into the work. You will need some confidence to cast yourself and wife and child upon the Lord. I have been through it, and know what I had to pass through for some years, when I had only about nine or ten shillings per week for preaching for nearly ten years, though I had something to fall back upon. At the end of that time, I had nearly spent my all; then I was tried indeed. But the gracious Lord appeared for me in a wonderful way and manner, and opened his bountiful hand to me, although I so much feared that I should be obliged to get in debt. But, bless his dear Name, he has ever supplied my need. Although my doubts and fears have been very high, at times, yet his mercies have been more than a match for my fears; and, having obtained help of the Lord, I continue to this day.

I trust you will be led to do right in the sight of the Lord; then all must be well. The Lord bless you, and make you a blessing to his dear people. Our united love to you.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXIX.—TO MR. KNIGHT.

Godmanchester, November 8th, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Peace be with you and yours.

It is now nearly twelve months since you and Mrs. K. paid us your short but sweet visit. Time is passing; and we are passing away with it, and soon we shall be no more. To be favoured with a good hope through grace is an unspeakable blessing indeed. But,

my dear friend, I feel the path to be very trying. Between the sins of my wicked heart, and the temptations of the devil, and the trials by the way, I find it is still a tribulation path. And I am sure of one thing,—that Satan and sin will not let my soul have much rest in this world. No; we must have our trials. The Lord Jesus promised his disciples: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

I trust this will find you all well in health. Through mercy, we are well. My wife has gone out a few miles this afternoon to see a few of the aged poor. We that have gold and silver, houses and land, must not forget the poor.

I began this scrawl yesterday. I had two friends come in, and I was obliged to put it on one side; and now I find it to be trying to begin again. My hand shakes, and my heart trembles. Still, as it is a long time since I wrote you a line, I will try and tell you a little of what I know. And one thing I am sure of,—I did not expect to live to prove myself to have such a hard heart, and to be so blind, unbelieving, and confused as I am, so carnal, filthy, and guilty. So that I am still learning that a free-grace salvation suits me well. And what should such poor ruined sinners as we do if the work were not done for us, and if the blessed Spirit did not work the life and power of salvation into our hearts and souls? My dear brother, I have been travelling through such a path of conflict, temptation, darkness, death, and sorrow; and how is it that I am here? I can only say this one thing: "Having obtained help of the Lord, I continue unto this day." My wandering heart and mind is a great trouble. I can retain and remember everything that is fleshly and bad from my childhood; but I forget the blessed things the Lord hath done and revealed to my soul since grace entered into my heart. O! How I shake and hate myself, and groan and cry out under a body of sin and death! And I often feel after I have done

preaching that I shall not be able to preach again ; I feel so empty, dry, and barren in soul. But I am kept hobbling on, Sabbath after Sabbath. But I sometimes think the poor things must grow weary of me. But we are kept together in peace. I sometimes wonder how it is the people bear with me as they do, year after year ; but still, it is the Lord's work to keep us together in peace and union. But I feel that I am not fit to live, nor yet fit to die. But the time is drawing near when I must die, and die for myself ; and I feel that death is a solemn stroke. But, still, when my soul is favoured to feel and believe that Christ died for me, then death is a sweet subject to my soul ; although my flesh draws back at the thoughts of it. " In due time, Christ died for the ungodly." Then, dear friend, we must class ourselves among that number.

The Lord bless you and yours. Kindly tender our united love to all the friends, to yourself, and Mrs. Knight and family.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXX.—To MR. J. WILSON.

Godmanchester, November 18th, 1875.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE BONDS OF THE EVER-LASTING GOSPEL,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and your dear wife.

I deeply feel for you in your affliction. The Lord will let us know that truth : " As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." The Lord hath greatly favoured you and yours, both in providence and grace, and also in your family, in giving your children such good health. We must have troubles, trials, crosses, and losses to make up the tribulation path. I do hope the Lord will soon remove the cause of your illness

from you, and enable you soon to get into your business again. I hope the Lord will smile upon your soul, and shine upon your path, and comfort your hearts together. I trust that your dear wife has returned home to you in safety, and found things better than she expected.

I find the path to be very trying. My wicked heart is a constant plague to my soul. I have but little rest, between the sins of my heart, the temptations of Satan, and the gloom and sorrow by the way. But, still, every day makes one the less I have to live. Under this trying conflict I am sure of this one thing,—that a free-grace gospel suits my soul well. For if the blessed Spirit did not work in my soul feelings after Jesus Christ, I should never have any hungering or thirsting after him.

The Lord bless you and restore you to your usual strength again. Our united love to you and yours.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXXI.—TO MRS. PEAKE AND MISS MORRIS

Godmanchester, January 26th, 1876.

MY DEAR ESTEEMED FRIENDS IN THE NEVER-
FAILING LORD OF POOR HELPLESS SINNERS,—

Many thanks for your kind letter, received yesterday. I was glad to hear your souls were favoured under friend K.'s ministry.

Through mercy, I was helped through my labours on Lord's day. My cough was not quite so troublesome. The Lord's day before, I told my friends that I thought I must give up, and they must get a younger man. They said they hoped I should not do so. They would like to see me in the pulpit if I could only speak a little to them.

We have had an awful calamity near us,—a celli-

sion on the railway. Thirteen have been killed, besides the wounded. It has cast a gloom over the two towns; and it has been a means of causing me to look back and wonder at the great goodness and watchful care over me and mine, who have travelled thousands of miles, in all parts of England, and have been preserved.

These things do not take place by chance. But what a wonderful God our God is, who keepeth covenant and mercy! Well might the prophet say, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage. He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy."

The Lord bless you both with health and strength, and enlargement of heart, and comfort of soul. We are getting on towards the end of our journey. And what a rich favour it is to have living faith put into the heart to enable us to believe that we are saved by God's free grace and favour, and that it is for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever! Then we must be landed safe in glory. But what a trying path!

Satan and unbelief try to reason out of us all our real religion, and to make us doubt the reality of it. It is indeed hard work to keep our standing in this slippery path; and we are constrained to cry, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." But God's great salvation is sure to all the elect. But I want to feel more of it in my heart and soul; for I have to dwell in a barren land where no water is to be found. But still, now and then, "he turneth the barren land into a fruitful field, and the dry ground into water springs; and there he maketh the hungry to dwell." But I greatly lack real spiritual hunger and thirst. When I am led back to remember what a spirit of hunger and thirst there was in my heart and soul, I wonder where it is all gone to; but I am forgetting the wilderness fare is death, barrenness, gloominess, and bond-

age. David did not like being as a pelican of the wilderness and an owl of the desert. He tells us he had eaten ashes like bread, and mingled his drink with weeping. "Because of thine indignation and thy wrath; for thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down." And do not we know something about this path? Has not the Lord lifted us up and cast us down? And we can go on, and say with David, "My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass."

The Lord help us to trust in him who hath brought us through many troubles, trials, and afflictions. His promise is never to leave us nor forsake us.

Our united love to you both.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXXII.—TO MRS. CUNNINGTON.

Godmanchester, February 29th, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED SISTER IN THE LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. This grace and power will strengthen you under your weakness, and enable you to stand under the power of temptation.

Many thanks for your very kind letter, which we were glad to receive yesterday morning, and to read the contents of it.

I am brought on my journey thus far; and I can feelingly join the poet, and say,

"Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and goodness known."

I have entered the 74th year of my age; and who could have led me on, and brought me through all my troubles, trials, sorrows, conflicts, and temptations up to this present day, but the faithful God that keepeth

covenant and mercy. Notwithstanding that I am brought down into great weakness, and am as helpless as a little babe, yet God our Father hath laid help upon One that is mighty, to help and save a poor old sinner like me. I still find the path to be very trying and perplexing. But, still, I believe that it is a right way to a city of habitation. I never once thought of having such a path to travel in forty years ago as I have now from day to day. But, at times, I am led to remember what the Lord said unto me about my shoes,—that they should be iron and brass; “and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.”

Since I began these few lines, we have had friends in; so I was compelled to leave off writing. So you must excuse this jumble. And my hand shakes so much that I cannot hold my pen. I am still poorly, but hope I am better than I have been.

The Lord bless you and strengthen you, both in body and soul. Remember us to your husband and friends.

I remain, Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXXIII.—To MR. WILSON.

Leicester, April, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and yours.

I hope you and the friends got on with Mr. Bray on each Lord's day.

I have had two trying Sabbaths with my cough; and more so on Thursday evening. The week before last, I thought I was gathering a little strength; but last week it was most trying, as there was such a change in the weather. I got through my pulpit labour pretty well, and had good congregations; and I think I am stronger than when I left home. I

have had some very trying nights, my cough was so troublesome.

I am engaged to preach here on Thursday, so that we do not expect to be home before Friday morning. We want to see whether the change will prove of any benefit to us. I never remember having such a cough so long ; but I may be worse ; therefore I desire to be thankful for my daily and hourly mercies, for they are many. And to have a good hope through grace in the precious atoning blood of the Lamb is a rich gift indeed. I have no other hope of seeing his face in righteousness but through his precious atoning blood and spotless righteousness.

The Lord, I am sure, hath blessed your soul with this standing in the truth of the gospel ; so that we hope to sing an everlasting song together.

Our united love to you and yours.

Yours in the Bonds of the Gospel,

T. GODWIN.

CLXXIV.—TO MR. WHITEMAN.

Godmanchester, November 28th, 1876.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

As I cannot come to see you, I will try and write you a few lines, although my hand shakes so much that I cannot hold my pen.

I hope that there is prayer in my heart for you. We do truly sympathize with you and your dear wife. May the dear Lord bless your souls together, restore to you health and strength, bring you among us again, and enable you to pour out your heart and soul to the Lord ; for the friends have heard you well in prayer. May the Lord give you a token for good, and say unto your soul, "I have loved thee, and gave myself for thee."

I cannot write much to any one ; but my desire is that the Lord may give your souls the comfort and

consolation of the gospel, so that you may sing of mercy and of judgment. We hear of you through your son and daughter, and are glad to hear that your mind is stayed on the Lord. The God of Jacob still have compassion, and give you peace and rest, and enable you to see and feel that the Lord Jesus Christ is the same in love, pity, and power, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He will never suffer your feet to be moved; for "they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever." Therefore, "fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; yea, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Our united love to you both.

Your affectionate Pastor,

T. GODWIN.

CLXXV.—TO MRS. PEAKE AND MISS MORRIS.

Godmanchester, November 30th, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND SISTERS IN THE EVER-LASTING SON OF THE FATHER, FULL OF GRACE AND TRUTH,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto your hearts, to comfort you in and under all your sorrows, fears, cares, and sinkings of soul.

We were sorry to hear through Jane this morning that you were both poorly. We are always glad to hear of you, and more so to hear from you, because you are my old friends, whom I have proved so many years. But the time is drawing nearer and nearer when we shall be called to die, and that for ourselves. But, dear friends, the Lord Jesus Christ hath died for us; and he hath swallowed up death in victory for us, and hath taken away the sting of death, and hath opened the gates of heaven for us. And now we are

crying, with David of old, "Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord."

But my soul is often cast down within me, under the power of indwelling sin and temptations, and under such clouds of gloom and darkness, and the power of unbelief. And the path is so dark, strait, and narrow, that oftentimes there seems to be no path at all. And here I am groping for the wall like the blind, and stumbling at noonday, and wonder where I have wandered to. I am sure that I can come in with the church of old: "They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in." Sometimes I have to go a long time before I can feel the spirit of hunger and thirst going after the bread and water of divine life; and I sometimes wonder whether ever there can be another such an old wretch as myself among the whole family of God, after so many years' experience, and having such a deep law-work in my heart and conscience, and a powerful gospel deliverance between forty and fifty years ago; and sweet gospel enjoyment for months together. But when under the hidings of his face, and the powerful temptations of Satan, I am left to call it all in question, and fear it was all a delusion.

O! My dear sisters, this is painful travelling indeed for a man who has lost all his own strength, and is brought to feel nothing but perfect weakness. But, bless the dear Lord, I begin to feel a little of divine strength bubbling within my soul while writing about these trying paths; so that I can say, like one of old, "When I am weak, then am I strong." So then I will glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

The Lord bless you both, and preserve your valuable lives, and strengthen you in soul and body.

Our united love to you both, and all friends.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXXVI.—TO MR. AND MRS. COMBRIDGE.

Godmanchester, January 11th, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND ESTEEMED BROTHER
AND SISTER IN THE LORD,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your hearts and souls, to comfort and encourage you in the rough and thorny path of tribulation.

After my long silence, I take my pen in my hand to write you a line. My hand has shaken so very much that I have not been able to hold my pen to write; and now my hand still shakes very much; but I cannot wait any longer. We are, through the Lord's free mercy and goodness, brought through another year, and have entered into a new year. I can feelingly say that I do not wish to pass through another such a year of trial, temptation, and hard conflict as last year. Feeble as I am, I am compelled to fight, although, at times, ready to faint. But I have hitherto proved that he giveth power to the faint, and strength to the feeble. I have proved that my strength hath been made perfect in weakness, so that I have hobbled through my labours every Lord's day since I left you in September until last Lord's day, when I got Mr. F. to come and preach and baptize; and then I received the precious jewel into the church. I was too feeble to go into the river. We had a blessed church meeting. The dear woman gave in such an experience as we do not often hear. We all had broken hearts and weeping eyes. We don't often hear such a blessed testimony. But she sank deep under the curse of the law, and then had a powerful gospel deliverance; so that her enjoyment was great indeed. I hope we have a few more whom the Lord is powerfully at work with.

I have not forgotten your great kindness to me and mine. I felt so much at home with you and the dear children. May the Lord bless you all, and return you

a hundred-fold into your own bosom, and eternal glory in the world to come.

We must expect new troubles and trials, and we shall stand in need of new covenant blessings. The Lord bless and give us patience to bear up under our troubles and trials, and keep us under all our temptations, and help us to hold fast that which we have, that no man take our crown. What a mercy it is, my dear brother, that salvation is all of grace, and that we are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, and that we have to cry, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe!"

The Lord bless you and yours with the best of blessings, and give you much of the anointing power of the Holy Ghost by the way, and continue to you health and strength. This is the prayer of

Your affectionate Friend and Brother
in the Lord Jesus Christ,
T. GODWIN.

CLXXVII.—TO MRS. P. AND MISS M.

Godmanchester, Jan. 17th, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIENDS IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

Through the tender mercy of the Lord, we are brought through the past year, through all our troubles, sorrows, and temptations; and here we are, brought through more than half the first month in the new year. I have been waiting in hopes of having something good to tell you; but you must have the old tale. I am a poor old shaky thing.

You wish to know how we got on at the baptizing. Mr. F. preached in the morning, and addressed the people at the water before he baptized the dear woman. She walked into the water singing. In the afternoon I received her into the church. We then had the ordinance, and a goodly number sat down. My old friend

F. sat down with us, and said he much enjoyed the service. He preached well in the morning. I did not go down to the water, as it was wet and cold; but I could speak with confidence in receiving her into the church. She gave in such a testimony as I seldom hear of both law and gospel, sin and grace, death and life. We were all favoured with warm hearts and weeping eyes. She thought, as she felt the saving power of salvation in such a sweet way and manner, there was no need for her to go into the water. But we had the ordinance on the following Lord's day after she was set at liberty; and as we make that a service, the congregation was present; and the Lord spoke that scripture to her heart with great power: "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and she could not wait any longer.

I believe we have more waiting, whom the Lord will bring in his own time; for there is a set time to favour Zion.

I see by your letter that our poor suffering friend Mrs. P. is taken home; and we shall soon follow her. What a mercy to be safely landed in glory! You and I have travelled together in soul matters many years; and I am sure that we must come to the same end. We have not only been made to feel ourselves sinners years ago, but we are kept sensible sinners daily; and we still feel that we want a daily Sacrifice, and the renewing work of God the Holy Ghost in our souls. So that we have eaten of the same bread, and have drunk of the same cup, and have been washed in the same fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness. We have been stripped of our filthy garments, and have been clothed in a glorious change of raiment. Yes, we have been brought to the King "in raiment of needlework;" therefore we must enter into the King's palace. Then, dear friend, notwithstanding all our filth, rags, and wretchedness, we are on the Lord's side, and the Lord is on our side. Barren and lifeless as we are, yet the root of the matter is with us, and we feel

the water spring up, at times. I can say that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my unprofitable life. We have passed through many changes since we have known each other ; and if we are spared a little longer, we shall have more ; and we have the great change to pass through yet. I sometimes think my end is near. May the Lord be with me then, and give me an easy passage over Jordan.

It did me good to hear that our dear friend Mr. B. has taken a farm so near to O. I do hope that in time to come he will be made useful among you. Give my love to him. Tell him I wish him prosperity of soul, body, and circumstances. But I must close my scrawl by wishing you every new covenant blessing, and good health of body. Our united love.

Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

CLXXVIII.—To MR. WILES.

Godmanchester, January 26th, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Hearing that you are unwell, and knowing that I cannot get to see you, I will try and write you a line. Although I cannot see you, I feel that I can pray for you and yours. May the Lord bless your soul with his lovely smiles, and give you a token for good, and tell you that he hath loved you with an everlasting love, and that the Lord Jesus Christ hath put away all your sins by the sacrifice of himself ; and this will enable you to endure the pains of the body. The Lord hath said, "If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." And Paul says that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Then, fear not; for the Lord will come and save you. For he hath said, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The Father hath appointed you the same kingdom that he appointed to his own dear Son. Then, dear friend, the conflict will soon be over, and then you will be out of the reach of the devil's temptations, and landed safe in glory.

Our united love to you both.

Your unworthy Pastor,

T. GODWIN.

CLXXIX.—To MR. COVELL.

Godmanchester, March 13th, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN
THE LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be with your spirit.

I have often thought of you since I saw and heard you. From continued weakness and infirmity, I have felt as though I must give up my pulpit labour; and then what shall I do? Well, at one time I thought, I will go to Croydon, and sit under friend Covell's ministry. But then I do not like leaving these few warm-hearted sheep. So I must watch and wait, to see what the Lord is about to do with me. But my path is become a trying one indeed.

I once thought, if I lived to be an old man, I should have so many sweet truths in my heart, so many milestones and way-marks to look back upon, that I should suck and draw at the breasts of Zion's consolations. Instead of this, I am travelling in a barren wilderness, where I can neither eat bread nor drink water; and the promises seem drawn dry. My heart is hard, my spirit barren, and my faith shut up; Satan is accusing; the power of unbelief broken up; so that I am fighting, and yet giving up, and laying down my weapons,

and running away from my post. Satan tells me that I shall never hold on my way, nor endure to the end; but yet, sink or swim, I venture on the Lord. He is God and not man; therefore I will trust in him; for he is my All and in all. And how sweet will be that rest which remaineth for the people of God!

Our united love to yourself and to all the faithful in Christ Jesus.

Yours in the old Path of Tribulation,

T. GODWIN.

Subscription price, Five Dollars per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 per Annum.
Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in Post Office Department
Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917. Approved for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in
Post Office Department Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917.

Published by THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright, 1919, by The American Medical Association

Second-Class Postage Paid at Chicago, Ill.
Postmaster: Send address changes to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 per Annum.
Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in Post Office Department
Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917. Approved for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in
Post Office Department Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917.

Published by THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright, 1919, by The American Medical Association

Second-Class Postage Paid at Chicago, Ill.
Postmaster: Send address changes to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 per Annum.
Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in Post Office Department
Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917. Approved for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in
Post Office Department Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917.

Published by THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright, 1919, by The American Medical Association

Second-Class Postage Paid at Chicago, Ill.
Postmaster: Send address changes to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 per Annum.
Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in Post Office Department
Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917. Approved for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in
Post Office Department Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917.

Published by THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright, 1919, by The American Medical Association

Second-Class Postage Paid at Chicago, Ill.
Postmaster: Send address changes to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 per Annum.
Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in Post Office Department
Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917. Approved for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in
Post Office Department Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917.

Published by THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright, 1919, by The American Medical Association

Second-Class Postage Paid at Chicago, Ill.
Postmaster: Send address changes to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 per Annum.
Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in Post Office Department
Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917. Approved for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in
Post Office Department Circular No. 1110, October 3, 1917.

Published by THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright, 1919, by The American Medical Association

Second-Class Postage Paid at Chicago, Ill.
Postmaster: Send address changes to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

